SELECTIONS

FROM

THE WRITINGS OF

MRS. SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO:

WITH A MEMOIR,

BY HER HUSBAND.

A. D. Mayo.

"The good, the loved, are with us though they die;
We think of them as angels in the sky;
But the deep firmament divides us not,
They 're with us in the densest crowd and in the loneliest spot.

"With voice, and eye, and with the thrilling smile,
They answer not as they were wont erewhile;
But when deep yearnings all our spirits move,
Their spirits softly whisper us, responsively, 'We love!'"

S. C. E. M.

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PREFACE.

This book has been arranged in obedience to the request of the numerous personal friends of Mrs. Mayo, and of the Religious Denomination to which she belonged. The only merit claimed for it is, that it presents a picture of a woman who truly lived the spiritual life in all the relations of human existence, and who only wrote that she might express that love for nature, man, and God, which filled her own heart.

I have prepared the memoir for those who knew her. They will understand that I could have written it only as it is, and will pardon any deficiencies in the execution of a work finished as in the presence of her whose absence has only chastened and deepened the love which has been my life upon earth.

The selections have been made with a view to present the best results of her intellectual pursuits. Many will doubtless be disappointed that favorite pieces are omitted; but such persons will recollect that, from the numerous articles she wrote, but a small proportion could be chosen; and that the present form of publication demands an exercise of critical judgment in the arrangement which is not expected in the pages of a popular magazine. I have selected those productions which appear to me to give the fairest illustration of her power in its different spheres of manifestation, anxious above all things to let nothing appear which she would not wish to see in such a collection.

To friends who have generously aided me by furnishing materials for the preparation of the memoir, I am very grateful. I cannot express my sense of their constant kindness to me shown in many ways. Their sympathy has done much for me during the few past months. May that golden chain which binds us together never be severed, till we are permitted, with purified affections, and stronger hands, to love and work together above.

A. D. M.

Gloucester, April 15, 1849.

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MEMOIR.

I HAVE been requested by many, whose opinion I respect highly, to write an account of the life of my departed companion. It is a work to which I am attracted, but from which I would gladly be relieved. With a chastened joy do I engage in it, for it leads me back into the past to an almost earthly intercourse with one who has done more for my soul than all others; yet how can I transfer that image of quiet loveliness in my mind to pages for others to read, or fix in definite words those varying moods of thought and feeling, and the graceful blending of light and shadow which gave expression to her character? It is almost sacrilegious to demand of us a minute description of those we love best; for perfect affection calls out a thousand delicate emotions in the spirit of the beloved one, which a single critical glance scares away. The soul will not willingly sit for its portrait; but punishes the artist, who would expose its beauties to the world, by giving him back a somewhat distorted expression of itself.

This difficulty, which attends every attempt to describe human character, is greatly increased, in the present instance, by the want of striking events in the life of the subject of this memoir. Until the time of her marriage with me, she lived in the most quiet of country villages, and in a home atmosphere of perfect peace. The last two years of her life were hardly an exception to this, for although brought more into daily contact with the world, she yet *lived* in her own house and the love of those nearest her. An unconquerable sensitiveness and diffidence prevented her from the complete expression of herself in society; so that many of those who saw her

every day, and loved her for what they saw, knew little of her inner life. Her character was built up year by year without violent outward experiences. The ordinary events of existence were incidents sufficiently powerful for the discipline of a spirit so apprehensive as hers. These, with the books she read, and her friends, complete the part of her life which turned earthward; — the temporary scaffolding, within which arose a spiritual temple, simple and beautiful in its proportions, wherein were always sounding hymns to the Father in heaven.

No one can require me to do justice to the worth of such an one; and this brief sketch is not written for the world's criticism. I will tell a few of the things I saw in her, and select from her correspondence a few characteristic passages. These, woven together, will form a picture which may suggest a few features of the original, to those who knew her. I do not pretend to estimate her nature; — character cannot be estimated. The most worthless creature is greater and better than the critical eye can detect; and virtue and beauty can be felt only by him who has opened his heart wide enough to feel their influence. I doubt not she had many imperfections, for she was human; but with those we have nothing to do; — it is by imitating the excellences of the good, not by avoiding their errors, that we reach heaven. I shall write of her out of my heart; for the affections are the only faithful reporters of the secrets of character. If the picture I present does not correspond to that in the mind of any one of her friends, he may use it as far as it is true for him; — one may have seen things in her nature which were hidden from the other. If a stranger, who first learns from these pages that such a being existed, shall be attracted by anything in her example to the more excellent beauty of holiness, let him thank God that I have written. If it is nothing to him, let him not say it is worthless; for there are spirits all the way from sin to holiness, and a word may be like a voice from heaven to one, which is inaudible to another.

Sarah Carter Edgarton was born in Shirley Village, Middlesex Co., Mass., March 17, 1819. She was the tenth of a family of fifteen children, four of whom had died in infancy.

Her father was extensively engaged in manufacturing pursuits, and was a man of great generosity and simplicity of character, and universally prized by his townsmen for his strong judgment, no less than his liberality of sentiment and hospitable manners. His partner, a second wife and mother of eleven children, two of which died in infancy, was a woman of that unconscious worth which requires no praise.

For many years after the birth of Sarah, the family lived together in a large mansion in the most beautiful part of the village. No situation could be more favorable, in many respects, to the development of her nature than this; for although her native village was not free from the vices which always appear among a promiscuous manufacturing population, yet the atmosphere of the household was a charm against moral infection. The character of the mother pervaded all its arrangements, and filled it with a quiet and unostentatious spirit of goodness, which preserved it untainted from the contagion around. Never have I seen a house in which that union, so happily styled, by a writer of our time, the "organic unity of the family," was so apparent. A perfect fusion of sentiment in a generous regard for each other, united with the strongest development of individual excellence, was there apparent. In this admirable school was she permitted to spend a great portion of her life; for, until a recent period, the family circle has only widened by the marriage of its inmates; — all the married sons and their families living near their father's house. To this providential domestic influence must we ascribe much of the spiritual beauty that, with advancing years, seemed rather to have accompanied, than to have been acquired by, the subject of our memoir.

Another influence, to which can be traced much of the purity and grace of her character, was the fine natural scenery of her native place. We find constant allusions to it in her writings, and one who knew her deeply could not fail to detect it in the simplicity of her manners and the freshness of her conversation. The village of Shirley is situated in a beautiful valley, bounded on two sides by hills, on a third by woods, rising gradually to a considerable elevation, and upon the fourth

open to an extensive plain which, again swelling upward, is lost in the high and fertile lands of Groton, Littleton, and Harvard. It is not large, and, in spite of its railroad and half a dozen factories, the most quiet of country places. But at the time of which we write it was even more secluded than now, being situated about forty miles from Boston, and away from the larger roads by which the travelling public reached that city. Among the woods of which we have spoken are several large sheets of water, fed by unfailing springs, from which the brooks rise which are the source of wealth to the village, as well as a beautiful feature in its landscape. These all terminate at the upper extremity of the place in one beautiful stream, Bow Brook, which flows through the valley, and after forming several mill-ponds of considerable size, passes off through green meadows into the Nashua. The factories are picturesquely situated upon its banks, at intervals sufficiently distant. Upon the southern side an elevated street runs parallel with the brook, at one extremity leading away to a village of Shakers and the town of Harvard, and at the other branching off into several ways, now but little travelled, winding through the woods. Upon the northern side of the village, the road comes down from the central part of the town, between hills, and runs parallel with the brook out into the plain. A short street, descending the hill, and passing over a bridge, connects the two we have already named. Upon the former of these, not far from the place where it branches away into the woods, at the foot of the hill which forms the southern boundary of the village, and overlooking the most beautiful portion of Bow Brook, stands the family mansion. It is a plain country house, with a plat of grass before it. Behind is the bank, rapidly descending to the brook. Beyond is a cottage, at a later period occupied by the family, and the "old red mill" described in a poem in this volume. From the pond above, the water flows over a dam in a broad cascade, then forms a channel and runs down the valley, bordered in some places by alders, in others overshadowed by tall graceful elms, and spanned by a long narrow bridge of rough timbers and boards. It dashes under this, then becomes calm and

widens again to another pond. The hill on the north overhangs it. These hills, on the north and south of the village, are perhaps the most beautiful portions of the landscape. They rise gracefully, being dotted with apple trees, and green at the earliest time of vegetation. The whole valley, in summer, is a mass of foliage and grass and water, full of flowers and singing birds, while the woods beyond, intersected by grass-grown paths and quiet roads, form an exquisite background. To the east the eye wanders out upon the plain, interspersed with pine woods, and rests at last upon the high hills rising with their cultivated sides up to the horizon. The dwellings are placed at moderate intervals, surrounded with gardens in usual country style. The old church and school-house, at the eastern extremity of the upper street, were then, beside the factories, the most conspicuous buildings among them.

Here was Sarah born, and here she spent twenty-seven years of her life, surrounded by the loveliness of nature, and living in a social atmosphere of rare purity. The peace of the outer and inner world passed into her soul, and her life thus became a quiet development into successive stages of simple grace and goodness.

Of her life till she was 17 years of age, I have been able to collect little that would be appropriate for a memoir. With but a few months' exception, she lived at home, engaged in the usual routine of school and domestic duties. The cares of her father's numerous family furnished constant employment for her mother, her two elder sisters and herself; thus giving her the discipline of household duties, so essential to the completeness of the female character. She always retained her domestic habits, and felt that she owed much to them. I have often heard her say that her best thoughts and highest periods of religious enjoyment came to her while engaged in these employments.

In the description of her friends we recognize the same nature in childhood that afterwards shone out so beautifully in her womanhood. Her manners were shy, and her temperament sensitive. She could not read aloud at school without shrinking at the sound of her own voice; and on those awful

times of trial for children, "examination-days," usually disappointed the teacher and "committee," by failing in the midst of a sentence, and sitting down in tears. Her diffidence in society was extreme, and she was so sensitive to the approbation of those she loved, that, while a mere child, the slightest rebuke would distress her for a whole day. Indeed, till the day of her death, an unkind word or suspicion always made her miserable, though it could not change her deliberate moral convictions. Beneath this yielding exterior lay concealed a strength of will adequate to any emergency; and many a duty, which more confident natures would cheerfully perform in the face of opposition, was done by her firmly, but with all the spiritual agonies of martyrdom. Thus, unfitted in her childhood for gay companions or noisy amusements, she clung to the few she knew and best loved for protection. Most of her time was passed with her mother and sisters; for she shrunk instinctively from the rudeness of many of her school-mates, and had at no time more than one or two familiar friends among them.

Yet this diffidence only revealed more beautifully the sweetness of her temper, being one of the surest indications of a superior nature. She was universally beloved in the village, and many whom she feared the most, loved her the best. Her excellence was acknowledged without hesitation and without jealousy. She was the best scholar at school, although her heart always failed her when required to exhibit her acquisitions. Geography and the natural sciences were her favorite studies, and among these she was most interested by Astronomy and Botany. She also read poetry with great taste and feeling.

As she grew up, a love for nature grew with her. She had a passionate fondness for flowers and animals of all kinds, and the earliest verses I have seen of hers were addressed to a favorite dog. She was a part of nature, rather than an admirer of it, and her spirit was bright or shadowy as the landscape about her varied in expression. Indeed, nature always addressed itself more to her inner than outer sense; — the surest indication that she possessed the poetic faculty. The man of

taste can admire the glories of creation, but he stands outside the show; — the poet lives within nature, and feels through his whole being the throbbing of her great heart, and looks out from thence upon the world and humanity.

Her love for a quiet life was of course developed with these faculties: The quarrels of her companions disturbed her, though she had little courage to assume the office of peace-maker, and the least confusion drove her to the shelter of the domestic circle or to her own thoughts.

Her education was such as she could obtain from the district school of the village. This, with the exception of one term of fourteen weeks spent at an academy in Westford, comprised all her outward advantages. But a nature like hers could not rest unemployed. Every book in her father's library was read and re-read, and the neighbors' shelves laid under contribution to satisfy the increasing appetite. The volume that, more than any other, formed her taste, was a large collection of poetry, with the title of "Elegant Extracts." This she read incessantly, and almost learned by heart. Her first attempts at poetical composition were acrostics, written when about 12 years of age, for the amusement of her school companions, and simple descriptions of nature. The latter were studiously concealed, and only came to light by accident.

As she approached the age of 17 her religious feelings became more prominently developed by her interest in the opinions she always afterwards advocated. Her nature was too essentially religious to show itself in any sickly manifestation of infant piety. She worshipped as a child only can worship; by reverence for superiors, love and kindness for companions, and a joyous sense of the beauty of the outward creation. Had she not lived in a time of controversy this state of beautiful unconscious piety would never have been disturbed; for Religion was with her preëminently a matter of feeling, and Theology always hateful to her. The instincts of her own heart would have guided her to the highest interpretation of Christianity. Yet circumstances called out a full expression of religious opinion. She was affected by the general interest in the discussion, then raging about her, between the defenders

of Calvinism and a more liberal faith. Her father's family were believers in the doctrine of the Universal Salvation of mankind, and the house the frequent resort of the ministers of that faith. She could not fail to be attracted by this aspect of Christianity. Her own soul had already taught her that "God is love," and affections so disinterested as hers could never rise in adoration to a Being who would sacrifice half his creatures to appease an infinite wrath; — even though such wrath were dignified with the name of Divine Justice, and such a Being exalted to the highest place in the universe and called God! She at once recognized, in the central principle of the Universalist faith, the great truth of Christianity; and with her Bible for a teacher, and her heart for a commentary, attained, at an early age, that beautiful religious trust which deepened and widened every succeeding year of her life. She never loved doctrinal disputation, knowing how fruitless are its usual results; and, though desirous that all should know the truth, never attempted to make a proselyte. There was a total absence of fanaticism, even in this early stage of her religious life; and the beauty of that confiding character, as it expanded into the active sphere of womanhood, in which no duty was neglected and no possible act of benevolence avoided, is a refutation, more powerful than theological libraries, to the remark, which is yet repeated, that a firm belief in God's saving purpose disqualifies for the practice of the moral virtues. Such a remark cannot be reasoned against, for he who makes it only proves that he knows nothing of the spirit of Christianity, and the highest motives of duty; — and the friends of this faith will always act wisely if they leave such opponents to the enjoyment of their own wretched logic, and endeavor, by lives of purity and disinterestedness, to show the spiritual resources of their inspiring belief. This did the subject of our memoir. If she ever wrote a controversial line she sincerely regretted it, and felt that it was a descent from the high ground of her faith, though her writings overflow with expressions of the spirit of her cherished doctrine.

I will say no more of this period of her life, for although the most important epoch in the existence of every human being,

it is that of which we always know the least. Expression comes with approaching manhood and womanhood, and long before this the character has been silently formed by the action of hidden internal forces. Her youthful experience was that of every superior nature, though the struggle was not so great by which she came up to peace as in many spirits of more decided intellectual conformation. With advancing years she had little to unlearn. Her childhood was simple and affectionate; the influences about her healthy, though destitute of artificial grace; and her poetic energy sharpened all her faculties, and preserved her sincere and free from the forced restraints and sentimental foolishness of maidenhood.

I now come to a period of her life more interesting and active, and in which she appears in new relations. At the age of 16 she began to write for publication. Her circle of friends also rapidly increased, and more of her time was passed away from home than before. Of course, with this came increased facilities for study and the reading of good authors; and, what she prized above all, frequent opportunities of enjoying religious privileges superior to those her own village afforded. It will be readily understood that she rapidly improved under such advantages. The succeeding eight years of her life transformed her from a timid girl to a self-possessed and accomplished woman, attracting all within the sphere of her influence by the charms of a character, in which gentleness and firmness, poetic sensibility and practical sense, the most profound religious sentiment and graceful manners, were blended in an unusual degree.

I fear I shall fail in my representation of this portion of her life. My acquaintance with her did not commence till the early part of the year 1842, and was then wholly interrupted till the winter of 1843 and '44. Therefore, the events of this period I have been obliged to collect entirely from her correspondence, and the recollections of her friends. These materials have been generously furnished me, but are quite fragmentary, and require a central point, such as in her subsequent history my own memory will supply, about which to be arranged. Yet it is not perhaps very difficult to catch the

spirit of her life, even from these imperfect materials. Her nature was so simple, intense, and continuous in its progress, that it is deeply impressed upon all she did or wrote. From the resources at my disposal I shall select, for the illustration of this period, such events and passages from her correspondence as seem to me to best indicate her mental and moral tendencies; though occasionally at the expense of continuity in the narrative.

The earliest traces of her pen I find in the pages of the "Universalist and Ladies' Repository," Sept., 1836, although I have an impression that she had written short essays and poems before for some denominational publication. The little sketch of "Annette Lee," however, is one of her earliest contributions. This was followed by other articles in poetry and prose, chiefly published in the "Repository," which were so favorably received by the readers of this magazine, that we find in the succeeding volume, 1837 and '38, her name occurring as a regular contributor. She also wrote articles for the other religious papers of her own order.

These little essays, tales, and poems, of course, are full of those imperfections from which no youthful writer can expect to be free; but they are valuable to her friends as giving a vivid picture of her feelings at this time. Her earliest productions have the merit of *genuineness*. Though often too luxuriant in expression, the sentiment is always pure and healthful, and appropriate to the age of the writer. The themes are commonly religion and love; but with a predominance of the former. In these, her peculiar faith shines out too strongly to be mistaken, though divested of all the repulsive features of a controversial spirit. Her heart was bursting with the inspiring truth, "God is love," and her pen could not be withholden from the expression of her joy. A condition of spiritual exaltation which would be unhealthy, even dangerous, to minds differently constituted, was her natural state at this period of her life. It did not become religious sentimentalism, for it not only existed in her thoughts, but constantly flowed out into her every-day life. Her tales of love are full of the same spirit, and in them the human affections

are never divorced from that union with the highest religious sentiment, which gives them their greatest depth and attraction.

Thus her early productions can be read with due appreciation only by one who knew her, or who regards them as a faint expression of an overpowering religious emotion, struggling every way, by life, and speech, and written word, to gain utterance. Of these I have selected a few for the present volume; but most of them will be found in the pages of the Ladies' Repository, beginning with volume five. Two of her little books, "The Palfreys" and "Ellen Clifford," tales for children, belong to this period. Two additional volumes were also collected, in 1840 and '41, from her magazine prose articles, under the titles of "Spring Flowers," and "The Poetry of Woman." Of these the latter is the most valuable. The literary merit of these works consists principally in passages descriptive of the affections, and the sincerity which pervades them. They mark a gradually elevated standard of taste, but must be read in the same relations to her spiritual condition which we have mentioned above. Her contributions to the literature of her denomination were very numerous. She wrote much more than her own judgment would dictate, and necessarily with great rapidity. The reasons for this were, the constant necessity laid upon her for expression in this manner, by the want of congenial society; a warm interest in the religious welfare of her own sex, which made her feel that her efforts, however feeble, should not be withholden; the solicitations of her friends, and a total absence of literary ambition. To these may be added a laudable desire to render herself independent of her parents in pecuniary respects, whom the burden of a large family and a series of misfortunes had placed in somewhat reduced circumstances; and, later, the wish to educate a brother, which she accomplished solely by her own exertions. Her letters are full of passages showing her own too humble estimate of her productions, proving that the woman was never lost in the authoress, and that it was rather to the absence of some one competent to direct, and the haste of constant publication, than to a deficiency

in taste, that faults were permitted to remain in her best productions.

Not the least advantage she derived from her appearance before the public, was the opportunity of increasing the number of her friends, and mingling oftener in congenial society. Her desire to be loved was a part of her nature, and would have compelled her to require sympathy under any circumstances. Now she was enabled to gain friends for her mind and heart, in whose society and correspondence, in connection with the circle at home, the great happiness of her life consisted. The beauty of her character was apparent in these relations as nowhere else. Full of confidence in the sincerity of others, disinterested even to absolute self-forgetfulness, she was at once the most unreserved and devoted of friends. Her love was easily won, and not easily lost. Her correspondence during these years is a beautiful picture of a life quietly spent in literary and domestic duties, and cheered by the affection of a constantly increasing circle of esteemed acquaintances. Of such a number, equally beloved, it is hardly possible to particularize; but we may mention the names of the Rev. H. Bacon and wife, Mrs. L. J. B. Case, Mrs. J. H. Scott, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sawyer, Miss L. M. Barker, Rev. J. G. Adams and wife, Miss S. E. Starr, A. Tompkins and family, Rev. A. C. Thomas, and Rev. T. B. Thayer. Others were not less esteemed, though, from the distance of their places of residence, she did not know them with that intimacy which could entirely wear away her constitutional diffidence. Several years later, a most precious addition was made to this number, in the person of Mrs. C. A. Jerauld.

In giving selections from her correspondence with these friends, I regret that I have been able to present so little, compared with the large number of letters she wrote.

Her epistles are all beautifully characteristic, and could they be presented in their natural order, would, in connection with her writings, give a complete picture of her mind and heart. But this cannot be done; for most of them are too exclusively personal to be admitted into a memoir. I have chosen such passages as appear to me to best illustrate her

life, while details concerning other persons have been generally excluded. The few events in her outward history during this period I shall briefly indicate in connection with these extracts.

In Feb., 1839, she writes to her publisher: —

"I have written as far as three chapters in a second book, which, if possible, I intend to finish in March. It will be somewhat longer than 'The Palfreys,' unless, like the starving poet, I am obliged to kill my hero, because I cannot afford longer to keep him — as a man kills his ox. Some persons have lamented to me that I did not continue the story of 'The Palfreys,' and, as you suggest, marry my young heroines to good husbands, which, however scarce they may be in actual life, are as plenty as blackberries in a young lady's fancy. But it was my opinion, at the time I wrote that work, that, as it was intended for children, its interest should be created by those simple and gentle affections that belong to childhood. Love does not have that control over children minor their teens that it does over 'children of a larger growth;' and they better comprehend a delineation of the sentiments that exist in their hearts *now*, than of those latent passions of their nature that are waiting for their call in quiet unconsciousness. I think, therefore, that it will not be expedient to write a sequel to 'The Palfreys,' but leave it for the imagination of its readers to make a sequel of their own. In my next work, however, which is intended for young gentlemen and ladies — not children — I will weave in a link of love, to make it the more interesting."

The sequel, however, as we have seen, was written in "Ellen Clifford."

Her love for the study of the natural sciences constantly increased, especially for Botany. In a letter to Rev. H. Bacon, Aug., 1838, she thus writes: —

"Tell E—— A—— if there is a single flower anywhere in the precincts of the parsonage, to pluck it, and press it in a book very carefully for her sister Sarah. I preserved the sea-weed she gave me, from Medford Lake, and it is very beautiful. Can there be any monitor more touchingly expressive than a faded flower — one that some dear hand has gathered and presented as a delicate token of love? How many, many such little relics have I preserved, and even the fragrance of their decay is sweeter than the freshness of life from those less cherished. I hope our wild flowers will not have all decayed ere you are with us.

'Our own dear wild flower ever loved
The other wild flowers best,'

says a poetess of her buried sister. So do I. There is an humble, retiring, uncultivated beauty in them, that is infinitely more touching than that which everybody sees and everybody praises in the brilliant daughters of the garden."

In the same year commenced her correspondence with Mrs. J. H. Scott. The friendship of this estimable woman was a source of the deepest enjoyment to her. Their letters are full of the most touching expressions of mutual confidence and appreciation. The following extract, written before they had met, is from the earliest of the series: —

"What pleasurable emotions did I experience, on my return from a six weeks' rambling, to find awaiting me a most affectionate epistle from my beloved friend in Towanda! I felt as though I could reach forth my arms to clasp her to my heart; and could I only press out all sorrows that ever make *her* heart feel lonely or depressed! I have often yearned for some few words of affection and encouragement from my elder and more experienced sisters, when doubts, and misgivings, and irresolution have made me falter. I have felt what a strength and support their approbation would afford; but diffidence, natural to one so young and secluded as myself, has long made me hesitate about introducing myself to their notice. I have, in this case, only to regret that I hesitated so long.

"Your letter, dear Julia, (I love that name,) while it afforded me the deepest joy, awakened at the same time emotions of painful sympathy. It is most painful to me to learn that the spirit is depressed and that its embodiment is weak — that your lot is to suffer, to endure, to weep, and to pray. My prayers shall be for your recovery to health and to happiness; and on these prayers may God yield his blessing. While I have health and friends, and a strong heart, I humbly beg my Father that he will make me grateful; and as for poverty, I have ever considered it a most blessed evil. Wealth would bring me indolence. I am one of that foolish kind who would love to lie all day under a green tree and dream Utopian dreams; but He who made me has work for me to perform, and I will perform it with gladness, knowing that it is for my own benefit I labor. I wish I could be with you a while; it seems as if I should love you so that you would be happy; and I, who am sunny nineteen, am just in that season of life when to live is to be full of gladness. I have often thought that grief and sorrow would chasten, and humble, and renew

me; but what grief could I specify from which I should not shrink, and plead for exemption? A sharp steel and a bitter potion are in the hands of the physician, but their effect is ever salutary — and His will be done."

That she had not studied the spirit of Christ's religion in vain may be inferred from the following touching letter, written to a friend upon the loss of his wife — also one of her earliest and dearest acquaintances: —

"There is nothing in this wide world I so much covet — nothing for which I would so readily exchange the most vigorous powers of my intellect, as the successful ministration of comfort to the bereaved. There is nothing so beautiful, nothing so glorious, in the life and character of our Saviour, as the delicate and soothing power which he exerted to reillumine hope and faith in the bosoms of the sorrowing. I feel at this moment what a holy joy that power of doing good must have constantly afforded him. When he stood with the weeping sisters at the grave of the beloved Lazarus, he, too, wept. Be assured, my brother, that this tribute of my sympathy is not denied to you. My whole heart is with you — its prayers, its tears, and, oh, still more than these, its earnest and sacred hopes. Much, very much, do I hope for you, my mourning brother. The night looks very dark and very drear to you now, but keep your spirit's gaze fixed upon the heavens, for there is a glorious Star heralding a holier and brighter day which leadeth to no night-time forevermore. The time is short for us to linger here — it may be but a moment. And we shall all of us be the happier to go, now that loved ones have preceded us. Let us strive to think of them calmly, even though sadly, as having gone to rest a few years before us. We must go to them soon — we wish to go to them soon; for what is there in the cares, or even the pleasures of life, that would keep us long from the eternal Home of Love?

"My heart sunk within me when I received your letter, informing me of the dangerous situation of our dear L——, and many and very fervent were the petitions that went up from my innermost soul for her and for you. And need we doubt that our heavenly Father heard them? But oh! He is wiser and better than I. He loved you both with a more perfect love than is possible with me, and knew that it was for the good of us all, that his gentle child should be removed from us. Let us, my dear brother, ask Him not *why*, but lean our heads on his bosom, and trust as in a faithful and tender Father, believing in our very souls that 'these light afflictions, which are but for

a moment, are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"I feel that I too need some sympathy, for have I not lost a very kind and faithful friend? She was very dear to me, and long will the memory of the pleasant hours I have spent with her in the most perfect intercourse of confiding friendship, linger in my heart, like some marked spots kept ever green by the waters of love. I little thought, dear L——, that my next meeting with thee would be in heaven! But if the separation be long, oh, joyous indeed will be the meeting!"

And to another friend, writing of the same person, she says: —

"Poor Mrs. ——! — no, I need not say that — dear Mrs. ——! she has left us to join truer and better friends; may we not lament our loss! Yet I am happy that I have known her, even though our acquaintance was but for the space of little more than a year. I have had one more proof of the excellence of human nature; she was an honor to it and to her sex, for she was pure and amiable. I feel for Br. —— deeply, painfully. The light of his life has gone out, yet he is not in utter darkness; there is a star left to guide him — he will follow that. The same day that you put on your bridal robes, dear M——, our beloved L—— put on her shroud! I would not make you sad, but oh! can I fail to write this lesson on the inner tablets of my heart? So do joy and sorrow go hand in hand through our earth; smiles are but channels for tears; the seal of love bears the device of cross-bones, and the motto, Death. But it will not be *ever* thus — there is a blessed home where we can say, 'We part no more forever!' I sometimes think I would enter that home before I have yielded myself to stronger ties than have yet bound me. But come my hour when it may, it will bring no pang save the thought that others will weep too bitterly for me. I would not have others suffer for me what I have suffered in the loss of those I love."

The following, written at this time, contains a characteristic portrait of its author's heart: —

"I am advancing steadily, though rather slowly, in my work — sometimes get a little weary and discouraged — who does not? — and then there is some kind ministry sent me from the Guardian of my happiness, and I am recruited to toil on again in the way of my earthly mission; fearful and trembling, it is true, but nerved with hope and faith, and cheered on by precious tokens of encouragement from those I trust and love. I have little ambition for myself, other

than to perform, as faithfully as I know, the duties required of me as a Christian woman, and to make the worthiest consecration of the gifts my Father has entrusted to my use. Others are ambitious for me; they would lead me to higher places in this world's honors than I have ever trod before; would that they might be nearer unto heaven! Angels in elder times came down to earth; would that mortals in later days might go up to heaven! And may they not — and do they not sometimes? We have some beings in our world who seem indeed to walk with God — so pure and holy, that we gaze upon them and love them as if they were visitants from the 'Father-land.' O, that there were no downward gradation, no descending scale! Yet, unholy as the world is, I love it; I am disposed to cast abroad many affections upon the things of this earth. Phrenologists would give me very large '*adhesiveness*.' Perhaps I can say what few can — I have never yet found a false friend — I never have known what it is to have an enemy. The world has been unto me good and kind. I have never been tried as my Master was, for he came and taught the doctrine of love. A blessed doctrine was that. It hath conquered enmity — it hath overcome malice — it worketh yet amid their ruins! Do not say I am a dull preacher — I seldom indulge in homiletics — but once in a while, under the influence of the prosing impulse, I fall into sentiment, and forget to extricate myself. * * * * *

"Perhaps I am too familiar — but why should I be 'starched up' with odious ceremony in addressing my brother? Why not indulge in the pleasant familiarities that belong to sisterly affection? Were I to be fettered now in chains of prudery, believe me, it would be the first time in all my life. Universalists are the last people in Christendom to be made cold-hearted by the formalities of custom, fashion, and propriety. I had rather be a nun, shut out from the sympathies of the world, than to mingle with my fellow-beings, and not have my heart free to utter its affections. It is so sweet to speak what one feels, and know that another feels it too — to utter the glad impulses of a warm heart, and meet no chilling repulse from the eyes of old duennas — to be free, familiar, social. I know you approve of a spirit like this. I am confident I shall always maintain it among those who understand me; for I was born in the country, in the shadow of the wings of Liberty, where there are no walls to shut in the buoyant heart; no tyrant, like Fashion, to put gilded fetters upon unresisting slaves; no servile bowing of the knee to Ceremony; no particular measure for the humility of a bow; no prescribed intonation of the voice; nothing fettered in the heart; nothing regulated in the manners! Here all is free; and I among the *all*."

To her friends Mr. and Mrs. Bacon she writes much this year. From these letters we extract the following passages expressive of various moods:—

"A happy, happy new year be thine! Who more richly deserves happiness — who more likely to receive it? Oh, my sweet sister, could the warm wishes of my heart be realized, never would a shadow dim your pathway, never would a thorn lurk beneath the rose-buds that border it along towards 'the valley of the shadow of death,' into which you and I must enter; but, blessed be God! leaning on the arm of One who hath travelled through it unharmed, and will lead us as safely — would I could say, as confidently — as he has trod! The past year has been a happy one to me; I think I may say the happiest one of my life. In it, I can date the commencement of those blessed friendships that can never cease to be the sunshine of my existence. I cannot look back, without a sigh, (though I am not wont to be sad,) upon the pleasures that have been borne away on the wings of Time, perhaps never to be renewed.

"Yet the new year is full of hope. I have entered upon it with a light heart — and should its dear, dear dreams be fated to pass away like morning shadows, may I learn to 'hang all my golden hopes upon *His* arm,' and carry my vision forward to a delightful home in heaven. I have been looking back upon the vanished year, and recounting the hopes that have blossomed, and the hopes that have been blighted in the bud. How glorious have the many spread their bright leaflets to the light of earthly joy, expanded, and fallen away, only to leave the golden fruitage hanging upon my heart, sweet as the honey of love! And what if a few have drooped away like idle things, though they were dear? Is there not another year at hand, that may renew them with even brighter promise, and more propitious fate? 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' and though the poet denies it, 'man,' and woman too, 'is' sometimes 'blest!' Excuse my moralizing strain. It is the privilege of New Year's day to be sentimental; even wise and good men recommend it as a suitable season to reflect upon the past, and meditate plans for the future. I have but one general plan, and that is, to live more worthy of my blessings than in years that are gone — to become holier, wiser, better, and, therefore, happier."

"How they pass away — the young and good! Oh, is it not 'a fearful thing to love what death may touch?' Let us, dear friend, place our hearts on the better home above, and make not our happiness too much on earth. It is hard, ah very hard, to keep the heart from idolatries. Is it not a crime to love too well? I sometimes fear

that I am guilty of bestowing too much on beings of earth, and that the penalty must be paid in scattering the dust of my heart upon their tombs. Have you never feared? I must, I will strive to lay the foundation of no lasting happiness here. I will love but for another and a better world. I will but choose here the loves for eternity! How hard to abide by this determination! And yet, I never build in my fancy any dreams of the future, where I hope even for days 'to rest in my love.' No, heaven is the home of my love and of my union. The Resurrection must be my bridal day, when I will be wedded to some pure spirit, not as in earthly marriages, but like unto the angels of heaven. Have you never thought of this? Aye, even you are not perfectly wedded here — you only can find the perfect union of your perfect nature in a land where earthly passion never intrudes. Is it not sweet to think of such a time, when the soul will be blended with the one spirit of its love, in a union so perfect that individuality itself will be lost in the all-perfect welding of angelic natures? I dream and think of it much; I love to make it the holy joy of my lonely and silent hours; I love to make it the sweeter portion of my darling faith — to write it on my heart as a talisman to keep it pure on earth, till it be utterly purified in heaven."

"'Beware' is a very good monitor, and rest assured that I shall pay all proper heed to it. Do not apprehend any danger to me — I grow strong every day. But I must place 'implicit trust' in those I love — I cannot help it. To doubt, with me, is to dislike. The safe way, with those we trust so confidently, is, to understand them. Fond hearts are sometimes allied to weak minds, that cannot discriminate between expressions of friendship and admiration, and those of a tenderer and more delicate sentiment. I think I can do so; but if I am deceived, the fault and its consequences will be my own. * *

"So many letters to write — three pages interlined to nearly all — visitors to attend to, of whom we have had not a few — calls upon the villagers — work for our large family — editorials to pick up — books to read — berries to cull — walks to take — flowers to examine — astronomy to attend to — Sabbath school and Bible class, etc., etc. — all these things have kept my mind in a constant excitement. Now I mean to be calm and think — reflect upon things a little. The danger will be, I shall be assailed by my inveterate habit of dreaming. Do you know of any specific? Were you ever thus troubled? * * * * * * Tell E—— I rise about seven o'clock — eat breakfast, wipe dishes, sweep, make bed, sometimes churn, wash and iron — make toilet, then cloister myself in the study till dinner; when this is despatched, and the dishes are again in the cupboard I return to

books and pen, and leave them not till night. Were she to look in occasionally, she would see me sitting in my arm-chair, with a sheet before me, a happy countenance — sometimes frowning for a thought — a pile of books on the table in front, work-basket, unanswered letters, a dish of berries, flowers, scraps of poetry, etc. etc., all in fine disorder. Sometimes sisters come in, and we enjoy a fine laugh together. Sometimes she might see me thoughtful, and perhaps sometimes in tears. I have things to make me weep — but it is for others, not myself, save when I am yearning for absent friends, of whom none is dearer than her own dear self. Some of my letters make me weep, for some of them are very sad. The clock strikes twelve — a warning to close."

"I believe I have not yet half answered your kind letter of Aug. 13th. You say some good things about romance and reason — a very pretty alliteration, by the way. Perhaps you deem that in the indulgence of the former, I throw the latter to the winds. It may be so; yet if it be, it is no longer properly romance, but idle folly, since romance, in the true acceptation of the term, is but the unsealing of the tenderest affections of the heart by the acute touch of the finest and most divine perceptions of the intellect. It is the union of the most refined capacities of the mind and heart. Romance is to reason, what the spirit is to its embodiment — giving it life, sensibility and grace; and therefore, the stronger and more vigorous the reason, the healthier will be the action, and the more powerful will be the developments of the spirit that refines it. You love romance, Br. ——, or else you would not love E—— A—— and me — (by the way, I would not be understood as meaning there is not an infinite difference in the degrees of affection bestowed upon us) — for that we are both romantic needs no other proof than that in a few weeks' intercourse we have formed a friendship that is only second to any attachment of which our hearts are capable. And is it foolish? Not unless all Heaven's operations in the heart are so. Love is with me a sudden emotion, and in almost every instance a lasting one. It is very difficult for me to subdue attachments, even when the objects are proved unworthy. I love at once, and I love forever — oftentimes when even I am ashamed to acknowledge how much, and how fondly. If I am at any moment led to speak reproachfully of those dear to me, the next moment I reproach myself a thousand times more bitterly. The general operations of my affections can be embraced in one sentence: I love at once, I trust implicitly, and, if deceived, live on in the love of the ideal which once I believed a reality. Where the revelations of the spirit are beautiful, I must love. If I meet with sympathy from hearts that are susceptible to every touch of divinity abroad in this glo-

rious world, how can I repay them, but by earnest and undoubting affection? If my confidence and trust be to them a blessing, for which they thank me with ardent gratitude — if they cherish it as a thing sacred, and win it by the sweet requital of their own, how can I do otherwise than continue it, and increase it tenfold? * * * * * * * You say, in your letter, 'Do not dream too fondly.' Thank you, dear brother — the advice is good, and I will follow it. I have no dreams for the future — none, I mean, that I cannot submit to see dispelled without sincere regrets. All I hope for in the coming years is, that I may fulfil the duty I owe to heaven and earth, and find my reward in the love of God, and the friendship and affection of the good and wise among mankind. When any more definite and fond pass before me too near my heart, faith gently draws her veil before them, and points my hopes to the will of God. Oh! is not that a thousand times more blessed than any dreams the human heart can devise? 'Thy will, O God, be done!'"

"What a blessed and holy thought it is that our heavenly Father has given us the power to do good to those we love! Oh, I have adored him more for this one gift than for all others that can be named — simply to feel that I may pray for them — that I may go into his presence, where he dwells alone, and plead with him, devoutly and tearfully, to bless, and sanctify, and save the loved ones of my soul — simply to feel this is all of heaven to me. Often, of late, has my spirit dwelt with His in deep communion for you, sweet sister; and I love to think — O, may He pardon me if I be presumptive! — I love to think that my prayers are answered in the safety and happiness of those dear to me. * * * * * I think, if we would only stop to count our wealth instead of forever craving more — if we would study our sources of happiness, and make ourselves acquainted with the true amount of enjoyment in our possession, we should find ourselves richer far than we are wont to believe. So much to minister to our intellect, so much to gratify our affections! How foolish, how sinful, to be always repining, and asking for what we cannot have! I do not know who has most to be thankful for, you or I; but this I do know, that we are both exceedingly rich. We are rich because we love and are beloved; what more do we ask? * * * * * You know something of the depth of my affections — you know how much they can bless me, and how much they can make me suffer. But I would not part with them for three times their worth in intellect. It is so sweet to love — to be always loving — to feel so much — to have your heart trembling for hours together with the mere consciousness of ardent affection toward something — I care not what, so it only excite love.

* * * * I am extremely well, and very happy. Nothing but sunshine is around me, now. I am always happy when at home. There is a spirit of love and joy that guards this dear spot, which defies all evil intrusions. If tears ever come, there is a voice of affection, speaking in many familiar tones, that speedily drives them away. But they do not come now. When I weep, it is for others, not for myself. For you and yours I pray; Heaven keep and bless you all!"

"Dear ———, my heart is full, to-night, and you must suffer me to scribble on as incoherently as I please. You know my peculiar capacities for feeling; you know I have times of overburdened sensibilities — times when my soul will gush out, or burst with its own fulness. These feelings are partly the effect of acute poetic susceptibilities, and partly the impulse of ardent affections. I sometimes tremble with the excitement of my own wild, rapturous dreams, and talk and write as though realities had made me thus to suffer or enjoy. I fancy things, and feel them true. Such is the condition of my mind this evening. I imagine myself entirely and unchangeably happy; so very deep is the emotion of joy within me, that I feel bewildered and oppressed; yet there is no outward circumstance to affect me thus. I sit at the fireside, as usual, with my sisters around me; the fire is bright, and the faces are cheerful. I, too, seem cheerful; but deep, down in my innermost being, there is a universe of joy, that cannot be described, — a something, that trembles and flutters within my secret soul, and urges it up to love and earnest prayer, to praises and thanksgivings, and glorious alleluias! I am capable of emotions as intensely blissful as they are at times agonizing; but I can conceal my joys more successfully than my griefs. * * * * * My dreams, my hopes, my plans, are all transformed. Mysterious influences have been invisibly working within me, and I am holier and happier within, than I have been for years, — happier, at least, than in any previous period of my existence. Yet the change is all spiritual and unseen. No future time will reveal it; the world can never know it. It is not a change of circumstances — it is feeling alone — it is the mind, the heart, the inner being. * * * * * I love that you should know that I am happy, and principally for this reason have I written as I have. I am living in romance — romance of the most sacred beauty. Not a shadow comes near it, not a thorn is mingled with its roses, not a murmur of its sweet low melody is in discord. A spiritual heaven is my own, to dwell in forever. All that you can dream of in your philosophy of pure celestial happiness is mine — all mine. No fear of any change is mingled with the deep still fountains of my joy."

This year she was invited to edit an annual, to be composed of literary and religious articles, from the best of her denominational writers. This she undertook with a reluctance which nothing but the solicitation of her friends could overcome. It was an experiment at least of doubtful success; yet she at last consented to make it. Her letters to the most prominent female writers of the order, soliciting contributions, were also letters of friendship, and generally resulted in permanent correspondence and intimate acquaintance. In one of these she thus writes of home: —

"When reading over the details of your numerous duties and engagements, I almost wonder where you find a moment for literary pursuits, and yet, wherever there is a natural fondness for such pursuits, I believe there are no cares, nor toils, nor pleasures, engrossing enough to prevent its gratification. My literary and domestic engagements are about equal. I have no 'cherubs,' but my 'host' has *eleven*, at home, some of them rather old for cherubs, too, the youngest eight years. I do very little visiting — scarcely attend half a dozen parties in a year, have considerable company from abroad during the warm season, and generally make one or two short excursions myself among those I particularly love. My home is very rural, and, in the summer, quite enchanting. Every one who visits me is called upon to fall into raptures with Bow-Brook, or receive the opprobrium of having a very dull taste. When you come to see me, be sure that you are lavish in your admiration of our sweet village."

And of her friends she thus writes: —

"What have I to do, but to think of the beings I love? They are never away from me — never. It matters not how intently my mind is fixed upon other things, *they* never leave it. It is made up of their memories; it has no existence independent of them."

To one who was afterwards very near to her, she thus introduces herself: —

"Presuming that you will at once surmise the object of my letter, I will pass, as I always love to, over all introductions and apologies, and tell you at once how very glad I am to feel free to cast aside, forever, I dare to trust, the name and the feelings of a stranger. Most delightful of all life's blessings to me, is an unreserved and ardent communion with the good and the intellectual of our earth;

and if I am in general somewhat too free, particularly in my epistolary intercourse, those who know me will not, I think, attribute the fault either to vanity, self-esteem, or a want of respect towards those whom I address. But there is always existing within me — and the feeling I believe is innate — a consciousness of the reality of life — a free spirit of companionship with the heirs of heaven, unfettered by any of those petty forms of fashion and prudery (falsely called propriety) which are prison-walls between human hearts, cold, impenetrable, unyielding. When I reflect, for one moment, upon the true nature of human life — its brevity, and the very little real importance that belongs to its interests or pursuits, except as they prepare the spirit for its immortal destiny, I am astonished, nay more, almost indignant, that foolish creeds, and rules, and ceremonies, devised by men, should set up barriers of ice between hearts that should flow together in one living stream of love, free, musical, and heavenward. It shall not be so with us, shall it, dear sister?"

And to the same person she writes again: —

"If I could feel conscious that in all my efforts, with the pen or otherwise, I could do the same amount of good to one individual that I have received from a single sermon, I would go to my grave satisfied that my mission was worthy of my toils, and had been well accomplished. * * * * * The more I love in this world of loves, the more I desire the home where I can *rest* in this love — where all can be ever with me — all the chosen, I mean — the dear elect, of whom you are one, — the peculiar objects of my earthly love. You shall make one in my heavenly coterie — may I, dear friend, be one in yours? I am about to commence Wordsworth's Poems, this week. I do not know how I am to get along without you. I know I shall weep if I find any very beautiful passage. I shall so miss the sweet assenting spirit that would beam from your eyes, could I but meet them. I had Miss B—— with me one little week, this fall, and we lived in the interchange of looks, and thoughts, and feelings, of this kind; then I have since been with you — so like — in cultivation of mind, and that delicate perception of the beautiful, that can only belong to spirits of the highest order of purity; and now to be alone! What if the poet-land be all beautiful and holy, and thronged with spirits truer than earthly loves? If there be not one with me there, who can feel with me that it is so, my heart will ache, and find its very enjoyment painful, unless participated. I do not know how to account for it, Mrs. C——, but I have been hearing your voice for five minutes past, singing that sweet little song I so admired: — 'Let us go to the Leal-Land, love;' and my heart is throbbing, as you saw it

once, and would fain go there with yours. Some day, love, will you be kind enough to copy that little song for me? — the words I mean. I intended to have done it myself, but forgot it."

Her religious struggles of this period are briefly noticed in a letter to Mrs. Scott, in the following words: —

"Between Heaven and my own heart have been witnessed many struggles known only to the searching eye of God. It is through such as these that I am becoming prepared for a perfect appreciation of the enjoyments of the unseen world, where the affections of an ardent heart will know no cold response, nor feel the pangs of partings and farewells. My trials are all within; having there their birth, and there the sphere of their operations. They are combats between reason and feeling — between duty and inclination; and, owing to the peculiar constitution of my mind, I suppose these struggles will always continue. Feeling a strong conviction of the proper course for me to pursue in my present life, I take upon myself duties and responsibilities which require of me greater efforts of intellect than I am, in many moods, capable of making. Yet, in my moments of sober reflection, I feel that it is right and well that I have driven myself into labor, — for what little talents I have were not given me for selfish gratification alone. While I can, I must make them available to others."

In the autumn of 1838, Mrs. Scott came to Boston, to attend the General Convention of Universalists, and there commenced a personal acquaintance, which continued till the death of the former, with increasing interest. We also find hints of other occasional visits; to the city, especially, and to Haverhill, the residence of Rev. H. Bacon, which he has described in the glowing language of friendship, in his affectionate notice of her life, in the Rose of Sharon for 1849. With these few exceptions, however, her time was spent at home. Here, surrounded by her father's family, working, studying, and walking, giving and receiving village calls, she was happy and content. Now and then the household atmosphere was brightened by the dropping in of a friend from abroad. Then all work and study were thrown aside, Bow-Brook, and the woods and hills explored, and a jubilee of the heart enjoyed for a few days, succeeded by the old quiet, — more delightful after the excitement of the interruption.

In the autumn of 1840 appeared the first number of the Rose of Sharon. She had worked upon this with many misgivings, being obliged to write a large proportion of the articles herself. Yet the success of the annual was so favorable, that she was encouraged to proceed, and continued to edit it till her death. Under her care it rapidly improved in literary merit. Her own best productions were always reserved for its pages; — it, therefore, contains the only series by which it would be just to estimate her increasing power of execution. The praiseworthy object of this annual, that it should be a yearly repository from some of the best writers of the denomination; its entire freedom from sectarian narrowness; and the excellence of many things contained in it; give us the right to claim for it a rank superior to that generally assumed by such publications. For the denominational literature it has done much, and perhaps even more, by the cultivation of a spirit of union and friendly intercourse among its popular writers. At her death it passed to the editorial charge of Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, whose fine taste and literary reputation are a pledge that it will be made yet more deserving the attention of the reading community.

Of the oppression caused by the unusual demand upon her pen this year, she thus writes: —

"If you have never been confined to a certain prescription of literary duties, you can scarcely imagine how perplexing it is. The very fact that I *must* do, paralyzes my mental powers; and I often waste hours in vain struggles to acquit myself of duties that require instant execution. The thought of how much lies before me in the six approaching months — the usual contributions to the Repository, the care of the annual, and a thousand subordinate studies and occupations — bring such a weight of anxiety upon my mind, that it seems fettered and motionless at times. A person of stronger intellectual energies would laugh at my faltering before labors so apparently trivial; but I am very willing to confess myself weak and timid. I care not for the labor, in itself considered; but the responsibility I am brought under, sinks my courage. However, my case is not so bad as it might be, for my friends are kind enough to help me bear the burden; and I believe, if I fail altogether, there will not be found wanting many to palliate my weakness, and encourage me onward once more."

Yet she turns from thoughts like these, to speak a word of consolation. To a dear friend, who was at this time watching at the bedside of a mother, she thus says: —

"I must write to you, for my heart is full. God be with you, my beloved friend, in all your trials. I would that I, too, could be with you, if it were even possible, that I might alleviate one pain, or brighten one moment by weariless sympathies. You will pardon my letter, if it intrude where it should not. Though I feel that I have love's privilege, I would use it ever gently, and with reserve. But you will not suspect me of officious condolence, and if you know anything of me, you will know that my sympathies are sincere. I love you far too well ever to breath a word to you that comes not from the soul. Therefore, I will tell you that my heart has often ached at the thought of what you might be, and probably have been, suffering at the bedside of one so dear to you. So much to me lives in the name of *mother*, that any word of pain or sorrow or death, connected with it, comes to me with a threefold bitterness. If there be any one on earth who has realized the excellence, the steadfastness, the perfect self-sacrifice of a mother's love, surely it is I, and those who share it with me; and all I can now conceive of human agony, must be met, in its strength and in its weakness, when my last farewell is breathed to that perfect friend! Heaven make that trial light to you, my friend, whenever it be imposed. * * * * Perhaps you will like to hear how time passes with me. As usual, and pleasantly. The little world around me is happy — so am I — happy, save in the fears, anxieties, and regrets, that I suffer for all I love; and those I would not be spared, even if I could. I keep at work, day after day, but it is little indeed that I accomplish. My labors are so lonely, so uninstructed, and so feeble, that I have many falterings and doubts in my onward way. Oh, what a trial it is to have a heart to do, and no strength; a will, and no power; a love, and no gifts! It is a difficult lesson for me to learn to be content with my feebleness. I have no desire to be great, but I wish I might do good, and bless everything I love; — my religion, and all who come within its brotherhood, and through them the world. But why should I write you all this? These desires are not new, not peculiar to myself; I wish I could say, my weakness in fulfilling them, is not. I feel very painfully at times how much less I accomplish than others would, in my place; but, though these self-reproaches are not the best comforters in the world, they will doubtless work their good; they at least incite me to perseverance. The care of the annual is once more returning. I ought to say the generous encouragements of friends, the past year, have made the approach

of this labor less fearful than on the former occasion; indeed, had it not been for those kind commendations, I should not dream of a second effort. I am most thankful — Heaven knows I am — for the goodness of those hearts that have blessed me thus; and doubly grateful towards those who assisted me in my task, and gave it all the success it was fortunate enough to receive. Will they do as much for me again? Mrs. C——, will you? If you can, you will, you are so good, and ever so kind to me. I am thinking of making you my *co-editor;* will you accept? How I would like it, and how light would the labor be, thus shared! Come to me when the flowers and birds are here, and we will dwell with them in green-wood bowers — and our papers and books shall be with us, and we will read, and talk, and form plans, and be the happiest wood-nymphs that ever watched over the flowers; and *our* flower — the dear little 'Rose' — shall be the sweetest and purest that ever blessed a dryad's care, and we will — Oh dear, why should I sketch so bright a picture? Can it ever be a copy from nature — a scene from history — *our* history, my beloved friend? Would, indeed, that it might be; but life is, for the most part, made up of darker views, and perhaps higher pursuits. Nevertheless, I cannot but often dream of hours like these; they seem so sweet, and unalloyed — so like a fairy life — in which, invisible dwellers in nature's holy sanctuaries, we should quietly work unseen blessings for the race of man, and bless ourselves in our deeds. You see how self predominates in these dreams; how I would draw you from all domestic ties, and make you a very girl with myself. I am very foolish, I know — a perfect *natural* — for in my baby-days I had the same wild fantasies floating in my brain, and the same dreamy desires for gypsy freedom. I would be one of Diana's maids of honor, and if it be true that she condescended to kiss Endymion, who knows but she would allow me to love some shepherd pastoral or divine?"

And again, to the same friend, she gives a characteristic revelation of her dependence upon the sympathy of friends for encouragement: —

"It is a week this day since I received your letter, and very welcome, indeed, it was, for it not only partially relieved my anxiety for you, but also gratified my heart by its pleasant words of kindness and affection. I would have answered it even earlier than this had I not been literally working on a treadmill of poetry for the dear admiring public. I have just stepped off for a day or two to chat with friends, and then back I must go again. Never mind; I go more willingly since you have so kindly encouraged me. It may seem foolish, but

it certainly is true, that a few such words of gentle approval have a great power to strengthen and soothe my heart. When you tell me that I ought to persevere and be patient — that I can do if I will — I feel that indeed I will not fret any more, but do the best I know how, and wait for the blessing of God upon it. Of this, however, enough; but I will say that if I could be blessed with your aid — if we could live and work together — if you would guide the 'barque,' and let me merely dip the oars; if you would suffer me to brush away the musquitoes that vex your ears, while you are kissing away the venom of some angry hornet from my lips, why, then, I should be ever very happy, let what evils would assail us. But can we ever be voyagers thus together? Will you come into my barque, dear friend, and glide with me along the shores of the river of Song, whereon are growing snow-white flowers and sweet-voiced reeds — flowers of which I will weave a beauteous garland for your brow, and reeds through which I will ever breathe to you love's own soft music?"

And to Mrs. Scott: —

"After all the flattering things you have said of me in your letter — flattering I say, not because I believe you did not feel them, but because I cannot but deem them the partial encomiums of one whose love veils faults and exaggerates merits — after all those flattering things, what can I find to write in reply? Oh, my dear friend, I can only say, that, flattery or no flattery, there is no voice on earth sweeter to me than your praises. I own I like well enough to be admired by the world — the compliments of editors, even, are not displeasing, inasmuch as they tend to give me confidence in my own powers; but it is only the private commendations of those I dearly love, that excite deep emotions in my heart. You can have no idea how utterly discouraged I become at times; how I long to throw aside my pen forever; how worthless I deem every production I have ever given to the world; how perfectly hopeless I am of any future improvement. And at such moments the sweet encouragements of those whose judgment I confide in, whose talents I venerate, come to my heart like the cool soft wind to the fainting wanderer of the desert."

Yet passages like the following show that she had just views of literary composition: —

"You have given me some very good and just remarks upon the popular habit which writers of the present day have, of throwing their thoughts carelessly to the press, without study or revision, — and you ask my opinion. Notwithstanding I plead personally guilty to the

same habit, I am not disposed, for that reason, to approve of it, in any department of literature. And yet, I think less of revision, than of care and study in the first composition. I know not how it is with others, but I know of myself, that, except in trivial verbal corrections, I never alter with any degree of success. The time that many spend in revision, I occupy in the original moulding of my thoughts. I presume there are few writers who would not laugh at the length of time I spend in composition — save now and then, when I am obliged to dash off at a stroke something to make up my 'quantum sufficit' for the Repository. But whether the study be before or after committing thoughts to paper, I do contend that it is every author's duty to use care and reasonable labor in the execution of whatever is intended for the benefit of the public; and that style should be as much studied as sentiment — since it is style that makes sentiment popular. What but the beauty and fascination of their style could ever have made so many licentious works popular? And how could the pure and elevated spirit of Channing's theology have penetrated and hallowed so many hearts through any other medium than the classic elegance and sweet ideality of the language in which it is embodied? — I believe there are a considerable number who make pretensions to authorship, who really do not know how to finish a composition; who seem to imagine that a display of pretty words, and a picturesque sprinkling of Ohs and Ahs make fine writing, without regard to elegance of arrangement or neatness of form and finish. What do such persons think of the tender simplicity of Wordsworth, or the rich economy of Irving? How do they appreciate the quaint *grotesque* of Lamb, or the sweet fanciful *arabesque* of Mary Howitt? — But I am no critic — (I wish I were, for private purposes) — and I am so fully aware of my own faults and deficiencies, that I dare not say what I think of others. * * * * * * I should write a thousand things to you, were we personally acquainted, which I do not feel perfectly free to discuss now. I cannot touch upon themes where I am not certain I shall meet perfect sympathy, for I am one of those unfortunate, or fortunate, mortals, who are made wretched by one unharmonious tone in the communion of love and thought."

In a letter to Mrs. Case, she gives a reason for the resolution she had formed of confining her exertions entirely within the limits of her own denomination; — a resolution from which she never departed: —

"I am gratified — I must not say flattered — by what you have written concerning my probable success in a more open and elevated

literary field. I confess I have myself often thought of going into the presence of the high and mighty ones, but not to speak of my probable speedy expulsion — I have always restrained my ambition by the thought — if I should be kindly received, if my name should become known to the gifted and the wise, surely I am in no way competent to sustain the dignity that would be imposed upon me. I am a timid, shrinking, simple thing, grown up like a weed without care or cultivation, ignorant of the great world, its rules and ceremonies, and idle pomp. Oh dear, Mrs. C——, a few such thoughts have soon tamed all my aspirations, and I have felt, that instead of venturing further, I would draw myself more closely beneath the sheltering wings of our own household of faith. I know there would accrue advantages to those works with which I am associated, were I favorably known to the literary world — but not yet — I am too conscious of my infirmities."

From her correspondence of 1840, I extract a few other characteristic passages: —

"A faithful discharge of my editorial duties requires me to be industrious and studious, qualities quite incompatible with visiting and journeying from scene to scene. I can do nothing of an intellectual character unless my feelings are all quiet. Excitement, of all things, wears most upon my mental energies as well as my physical strength. Perhaps you are not thus weak; but you will be generous enough to consider that from my infancy up to the age of twenty-one, my life has been, with very transient interruptions, one continued scene of seclusion and quiet thought. Any infringement upon these long-established habits bewilders my brain, and excites my nerves, so that for weeks, ay, sometimes months after, I do not recover my wonted repose of feeling, and serenity of thought."

"My dear friend, do you not think I ought to learn deep and solemn lessons from histories like this? You know not how deeply my heart is impressed by these truths. I feel that I ought to kneel down at the feet of God, and ask him to lay upon me a portion of the heavy burdens that are wearing away the strength of those who are dear to me. I feel that I ought to sacrifice my own sweet peace and richly-blest affections, that I might suffer as others suffer. But no; God has given me these precious blessings in trust, and I must be faithful in the vigils he has bidden me keep over them. But oh, may he grant that, if his mercy shall some time remove them, I may imitate the patience and hallowed serenity which is so beautifully manifested by those whom now I see afflicted and weighed down with grief!"

"You will begin to think me either a very forgetful or a very careless girl, I fear; but the truth is, I am *so* busy. I wish you were here, in my pleasant little study, and could look into my multiform engagements, since my return. Here, on my table, lies Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' — second volume unread, but waiting impatiently for a perusal — also my Bible, which I study when I can, and my French books, which I have not looked into, save for reference, since I came from Marblehead. The last Expositor and Knickerbocker lie also untouched. But these are by no means all. My great stuffed green velvet arm-chair is full of books, five volumes of which treat of flowers. These make now my daily study, as you will perceive in future numbers of the Repository, in which I shall publish a series of simple lessons upon botany, my favorite science. Then my 'Herbarium' claims a portion of my time, in pressing and attaching flowers, and writing down their analysis. But you will be weary of hearing all my occupations, for I assure you I have but made a beginning of the long account. Suffice it to say, in excuse for my long delay, that every moment of my time is busily employed, and yet half my duties remain unperformed. I owe very many letters to very dear friends; but I keep putting off from day to day, in hope that the time may come soon when I shall have more leisure. But I doubt whether leisure ever comes to me, for study is never done, and I am so far, so very far behind what I ought to be, that I am frightened to pause a moment, to think of my real ignorance. * * * * * I must regret that circumstances have required me to publish far more than has been worthy of the public eye. I have been a good deal dependent upon my literary efforts, for the few luxuries of life which they have procured me. I have been obliged to write, that I might buy books to read; to write much, ere I could read at all. And so I have plunged into many errors and mortifications, which, under other circumstances, might have been spared me."

To a newly-married couple she writes: —

"Now I have threatened you sufficiently with a visit, I must tell you upon what condition, only, it is to be inflicted. It is this; you must permit me to be just as undignified, and rustic, and wild, as I choose to be; you must not call me company, nor expect me to say a single author-like saying. You must let me be so unpoetical as to eat, — Byron notwithstanding; you must not forbid my working in the garden with brother farmer, in his yellow bandanna, nor romping out of doors without my bonnet, when the passion takes me. All these things you will remember and observe, and then you may be

sure the visit will be a long infliction. Do you begin to feel fatigued already? Oh no! dear M——, I am sure, if we are well, we shall have some very happy hours together. I have never known any with you that were not so. I shall learn of you to do the graces of the household, which wisdom will be necessary for me, though who knows but I shall have a house some time? If I do, I mean it shall be somewhere in a range with the hill-side and sea-shore parsonages. But whether I have a house or not, it matters little, so that I keep the happy heart that beats so lightly in my bosom now. I have a very pleasant home here. I wish very much to have you see it in the beauty of summer. Art has done but little for it, but nature, in our little Bow-Brook valley, has put on her sweetest dress; and trees and shrubs and flowers fill up the borders of a most musical stream, whose melody makes the charm of my little 'studio,' from early spring till frozen midwinter. The birds, too, haunt the vale, in multitudes; and the frogs make the sweetest and most plaintive serenades that can be imagined, through all the warm spring nights. My little study, — shall I sketch it? It is at the back of the house, and has but one window, where the sun never enters. This window looks down a hill-side into the vale, and upon the brook, from the point where it rushes over a mill-dam, till it enters a small and pretty mill-pond. Almost opposite, across the brook, rises the steep, high hill, which shuts in the view, and is crowned with trees, and clothed with the greenest of all grass. Some twenty or thirty beautiful elms, a profusion of wild elders and shrub willows, a picket-fence, a bank wall, and beneath the window a nursery of fruit-trees and currant-bushes, make up the minor beauties of the scene."

"This tediously warm weather almost unfits me for the slightest exertion. I am actually gasping for a cool breath. I sincerely pity all who are encompassed by the brick walls of a city. I find that Nature and her holy solitudes become dearer to me every year. Her temples are almost my only sanctuaries. Her wide-spread and deep-toned volume has become to me almost as sacred as the revealed word of God; and the more I study the silent and beautiful mysteries enshrined within it, the more sure, and earnest, and hallowing becomes my faith in the unshadowed and unfathomed goodness of the great Creator."

"It has been said that joy hardens our hearts to the sorrows of others. I think it is not so. My sympathies are never more acute than when I am happy; and it is not less to me that you are bereft, because my cup of blessedness is full. From yesterday's papers I first learned your loss — learned that the silver cord of that loved spirit was loosed,

and the prisoner free! Doubtless the bitterest portion of the bitter cup had been already drank; but it is not a little thing to feel that all our tender offices of love are needed no more forever; that the eye that turned to us with petitions for comfort, can never look on us again; and that we are no longer necessary to the peace of the fondest heart that ever beat for us, and which would have beat for us when all others became estranged and cold. I have felt, and do still feel, great anxiety for you. I know not how much you have been called to endure, nor how capable you are at present of upbearing yourself through renewed trials. I am concerned lest you may be sick, or otherwise suffering; and in this uncertainty, I cannot think of you without painful solicitude. It seems to have become my destiny to love you very much; and though that love may be to you but as the pleasant incense of a summer flower, it is to me what the fragrance is to the flower — a part of myself."

"I do believe, my dear S——, (I am going to moralize a little — but don't be frightened,) I do believe that there is nothing in life so beautiful and elevating as the cultivation and improvement of the intellect in connection with the moral sentiments. I do believe that one who really and heartily loves communion with high thoughts, has resources of pure and satisfying happiness, unknown to, and exceeding those of any other propensity or faculty of our being. I care not in what sphere the mind may range, whether it be in the fields of natural science, or in the subtler, and, may be, loftier element of metaphysics; whether it revels and soars in the glittering light of imagination, or plods diligently along the solid paths of mathematics. I care not where its course may lie, so that it be upward and onward; for its ultimate destiny is to glory, its every day wanderings are amid satisfying joys. You will think I am assuming the office of Mentor, if I go on in this way; but I do assure you I but speak from my own convictions, and with a feeling that there is useful truth in what I write. I speak not of fame — no woman needs fame to make her happiness; but I do speak of that diligent and persevering application to study and thought, which are necessary to fame, and which inlay the mind with treasures that time cannot corrode, nor sorrow destroy. In a few years we shall be young no longer, and the amusements of youth will fail to please us. May be our friends will forsake us for a holier kindred in heaven, or will grow cold and careless, and we shall find no sympathy in all this heartless world. But the stores of the soul will yet be ours. The green fields and the gentle flowers will be our friends — high thoughts will dwell with us continually in our loneliness; and even if the whole outer world is with-

drawn, deep in our own spirits we shall find a glorious company of bright and beautiful visions — of hallowed and elevated memories — of deep and tranquil reflections, and of well-grounded and unwavering faith."

To her sisters, while upon a visit to the city, she writes: —

"Please *transfix* the roses, and phlox, and eglantine, that I may enjoy their beauty when I return. And do not let my little tree die. I have been so worried that I dreamed of it. I thought some one had cut off the top, and nearly killed it; and I leaned my face upon mother, and said, in a most pathetic voice, with tears in my eyes — 'If my tree dies, I shall die too.' Was not that a very affecting dream? I dream as much as ever, and a good deal about home."

Of Carlyle she thus speaks: —

"What a remarkable power of laying things bare has Carlyle. I have read histories in which the details were more clear and systematic, I think, than in his of the French Revolution; but never one in which the 'unveiled heart' was pictured with such a Daguerreotype fidelity, nor where the veil of its hidden worlds was so completely rent, and the struggles of Diabolus with the Angel of Light so clearly revealed. I hardly know with what party to league myself, though I stood with Mirabeau till he fell; and then I was lost in the hubbub, and watched only the motion of the guillotine, as it rose and fell with increasing rapidity, till even the 'sea-green monster' himself left his mutilated head upon the machine he had worked so long with such dire success."

A larger proportion of her time than usual was spent from home during this year. In June she went to Boston, to read proof for the "Rose;" then we have a record of a few pleasant weeks at Marblehead, in the family of Rev. H. Bacon; at Malden, and other towns in the vicinity. Immediately upon her return home, she started, in company with her parents, upon a journey to New York and Pennsylvania. The object was to visit friends, attend the Universalist Convention at Auburn, N. Y.; but chiefly to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Scott, at her residence in Towanda, Pennsylvania. In a letter to a friend, she thus sketches her journey: —

"I enjoyed the sail up the Hudson. We had a delightful day for scene-gazing, and had the views been less celebrated, I should

have been perfectly bewildered by their richness. I almost thought Niagara would have lost a portion of its glory on this account, but I was mistaken. Then came the valley of the Mohawk, and the wild romance of Little Falls; after these, the beautiful inland villages of New York — as Utica, Clinton, Syracuse, &c. At this last place, we took the canal for Rochester, and of all conveyances, I must pronounce this the most perfectly detestable. My miseries, however, were occasioned quite as much by the disagreeable company with which we were imprisoned, as by the inconveniences of the boat. If it were not for mere shame, I would tell you I spent the first day in sitting down at mother's feet and crying, while I pretended to be busily engaged with my pen all the while. However, those two unhappy days ended, we found ourselves landed in Rochester at early dawn. This is the most beautiful city I have ever seen — Lowell not excepted. I have no space to describe it here; neither Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch took his last leap. I spent two days with my brother, at Greece, six miles from the city; a public house, called the Garden Resort, being connected with a large garden, containing a green-house and several hot-houses, and filled with the rarest plants, many specimens of the most beautiful of which my brother gave me to send home. Br. —— and wife, with some Providence friends, joined me here, and by way of Buffalo we went to Niagara together. Buffalo is a fine city, but, for beauty, will not compare with Rochester.

"The sail down the Niagara river was one of the most luxurious seasons of my life; and Niagara itself — let me not speak, for I shall only make myself ridiculous. I was at the Falls three days, during which I enjoyed more than in any other period of my life of equal length; and many times a day does the memory of what I then saw come to me like some rich and holy dream of a better world. I have a stronger desire to visit Niagara now than I had before I became a witness of its glory."

From Niagara she proceeded to Auburn, and thence to Towanda, Penn., the residence of Mrs. Scott. Of her impressions there, and her return to Utica, she speaks briefly as follows, in her memoir of her friend: —

"In the autumn of 1840, we spent a few weeks with Mrs. Scott at her pleasant home in Towanda. It was the delicious Indian summer — everywhere beautiful, but thrice glorious when resting down upon the mountains and river scenery of Pennsylvania.

"We found Mrs. Scott much changed, even from the wasted ap-

pearance she presented two years before. Her health was very poor, sometimes quite confining her to the house, and at the best subtracting much from the enjoyment of her rides and rambles. Nevertheless, we were much abroad, visiting her favorite haunts, riding over the rough mountain roads, exploring the sweet islands upon the bosom of the river, and realizing in full the dreams of previous years. We visited, together, the home of her childhood; and as we stood by the banks of the Susquehannah, and looked up at the rugged Alleganies, that wall in that beautiful valley on either hand, or cast our eyes around upon the lovely islands, the swift mountain streams, and the emerald meadows asleep in the bosoms of the hills, she related, in her glowing and piquant manner, the adventures, the *gypsyings*, and the romantic dreams of her girlhood. These sylvan communings had a charm in them, never to be forgotten. They were held with the divinity at her own shrine, and before her own incense-breathing altars; for, to modify slightly the words of another,

> 'Her pen had linked with every glen,
> And every hill, and every stream,
> The romance of some poet-dream.'

"But however fascinating to ourself the reminiscences of this visit, they can be of little interest to the general reader. We found all that was lovely in the poet, beautifully illustrated in the daily life of the woman. Genius was with her no glittering mirage, hovering over a barren and arid life; it was like the rainbow mist uplifting itself from the bosom of a pure and fertilizing stream, and soaring up to heaven, in incense-wreaths too sweet to be wasted on an earthly shrine.

"We rambled through the mountain passes, and bathed our brow in the silvery waters of her native valley; we stood with her by the bed of the dying, where, on her own sweet voice, the departing spirit was wafted up in triumph and rejoicing to the throne of the Father; we sat at her side through the simple family devotions that were wont to ascend from her own fireside; and in all these varied scenes and acts, it is sufficient to say of her that the POET and the WOMAN were scarcely different phases of the same pure, gentle, yet lofty and fervent SOUL; that the Priestess wore into the Holy of Holies the same Urim and Thummim that dazzled the eyes of those who saw her only in the outer court of the Temple; and that, as of the Master she loved, so might it be said of this faithful servitor, that,

> 'In every act, in every thought,
> She *lived* the precepts that she taught.'

"On our return to Massachusetts, we besought Mrs. Scott's com-

pany as far as Utica, N. Y., the residence of a mutual friend, in whose family we purposed visiting. Although very unwell, she was prevailed upon, by our entreaties, to undertake the journey. The route was delightful through the villages of Athens, Oswego, Ithaca, across the Cayuga Lake by steamboat, and by railroad from Auburn to Utica. We arrived safely; but the second day of our visit Mrs. Scott was taken ill, and for nearly a week confined to her chamber. As soon as her strength would allow, we returned together to Pennsylvania; and, though fitter by far for her couch than for the confusion and fatigue of public travelling, her perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous was never more active than through the various adventures of this comfortless journey."

From Utica she returned home, where the annual Thanksgiving was celebrated with feelings of unusual happiness, after so long absence.

From a series of published letters we extract the following details of this pleasant journey, the longest she ever made.

"Clinton, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1840.

"Br. Bacon: — Shall the wanderer send home a token of the sunshine in her path, of the bright things and the beautiful that flit before her in the fields of nature, of science, and of art? Here am I now, in 'classic Clinton,' at a distance of some hundred miles from my eastern home, in a pretty village, and a transient resident in an abode enlivened by every charm which youth, and beauty, and intelligence, and love, can throw so radiantly around it.

"Were you ever in the town of Worcester, Ms., one of the most beautiful of New England villages? It was at this place I joined the wild career of the 'Iron Horse' through the land of the ancient blue laws to Norwich on the Connecticut. At Oxford, a few miles south of Worcester, the cars were crowded to overflowing, with a camp-meeting congregation; and neither a very serious nor a very cultivated congregation did it seem. There was an intermingling of the Ethiop and the Indian, wild Irish and wilder Yankees, all bustling with excitement, some singing crazy hallelujahs with lips polluted by many draughts from the intoxicating cup, and others huddling together in groups, discussing the various incidents of the day. I looked around in vain for one countenance on which rested the reflection of the smile of God, or where lingered one token of pure and trustful communion with the spirits of heaven. And I fell then into a silent soliloquy upon the practical tendency of Camp Meetings, and of the propriety or impropriety of the attendance of young and delicate

females, where they are subject, not only to the rudeness of an excited and sacrilegious crowd, but also to the physical dangers arising from night airs, and an encampment upon the damp ground — dangers from which at other times, and in other scenes, they would shrink with feminine affright and abhorrence. Camp meetings, again, are subject to noise, and riot, and profanity, such as are not met in the consecrated temples of worship; for though to the pure, the intellectual, and the refined, and to those spirits on whom nature has bestowed the dowry of true and delicate feeling, there is a superior sanctification, and a most hallowing influence in the glorious temples which God's own right hand has built, yet to the great mass of callous human hearts, sanctity is conferred only by human dedication, and by the symbolic representatives of worship.

"We entered the crowded saloon of the 'Belle' at seven o'clock. It is not one of the most pleasant scenes in life to be the inhabitant of a little stifled berth, with a mass of beings around you, some dozen or two of them children, breathing through a summer night the close, hot air, shared in common with them all, and serenaded by cries of infants, the noise of the engine, and numerous other discordant sounds such as words can feebly describe. At such times sleep is a friend, but a friend often vainly wooed. At about four in the morning, I perceived that my companion was dressed for a promenade upon deck, and I speedily followed her example. It was delicious to inhale the pure sea-breeze once more, and to gaze upon the starry light of God's beautiful heavens. Morning had not yet begun to dawn, and vessels coming out from the bay glided by us like tall dark spectres, and fell into our wake as we hurried on between the faintly visible shores of the Sound.

"At dawn of day we were in the beautiful bay of New York. The sky was flushed with a crimson light, bordered with purple and gold; standing up against it, the forests that lined the shores looked intensely green, and down upon the calm surface of the water was mirrored the whole brilliant scene, — a most glorious panorama. Sloops and schooners studded the bright arena, their sails spread out in the crimson light, looking like the wings of a rose-colored swan, as their bright prows cut apart the glowing waves. The boat drew up at the wharf about seven in the morning, and we stood for the first time in the great city of New York.

"It was a fine cool morning when we next followed the 'Iron Horse' on his watery path up the glorious Hudson. The white mist was lifting its silvery wing from the river, and from the green hills on the shore, letting in the earliest rays of the sun upon the green

waves through which we ploughed our course. The pen of the traveller, and the pencil of the artist have so often sketched the beautiful scenes of the Hudson, that little remains to be told by a pen so feeble as mine. Indeed, so often had I studied the pictures and read the descriptions of the Palisades, the Highlands, the Catskills, West Point, Newburgh, &c., that it seemed to me like revisiting the long absent scenes of childhood. West Point exceeded my expectations. It had more of the grand, the unique, and the beautiful, commingled, than I had ventured to imagine. Historical associations were abundant, and romance, also, had thrown her chains around the spot. Kosciusko, the noble hero of the revolution, the patriot of Poland, and the friend of America — *he* has left a consecration here which may not soon depart. And Washington and Putnam — but why enumerate, or why attempt to describe with so dull a pen the holy reminiscences which will live forever around this classic spot? May the glory of its name pass down undimmed to future generations, as a landmark of heroism and of liberty.

"I entered the pretty village of Clinton about sunset of yesterday. I was thankful to find myself so fortunate as to be in season to attend the exhibition of the Female Liberal Institute. This school is under the charge of Miss L. M. Barker, and I knew I had every reason to expect high gratification. The church was crowded at an early hour, and I learned that there were as many people who went away unable to get admittance, as were contained in the house. I attended a theatre *once*, I have been present at many school exhibitions, but I never witnessed any scenic representation which for beauty and interest would compare with the evening exercises in the Free Church at Clinton. They commenced with prayer and music; after which original compositions were read by the authors.

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"The music by the young ladies was very fine, and did credit to their instructress. The song by Miss Jane Barker was a beautiful thing. To those who were present we need not commend the performance. 'The lords of creation' told some truths which made the gentlemen who were present look rather serious and apprehensive. It was a spirited execution.

"In conclusion let me observe, that the Clinton Female Institute is one of the best seminaries in our country. Its worth should be better appreciated by our denomination, and a more liberal patronage bestowed on it by those who have daughters to educate. Do they know that their children would lose nothing of a mother's tenderness, nothing of a mother's watchful anxiety, under the charge of the excel-

lent and talented lady who stands at the head of this seminary? Do they know that there the *mind* will not claim the exclusive care of the teacher, but that the *affections*, the warm young *heart*, will be nurtured, and guarded, and refined? Do they know that *love* is the only governing principle by which they are directed, and that the lady of whom we speak, possesses an almost magic power of winning trustful and ardent attachment? I speak not for praise, but for *truth*, and I beg the consideration of all parents who feel any interest in the intellectual and moral education of their daughters. Let them make a trial — I *know* the result.

"Excuse, brother, this hasty letter. It has been written in the midst of innocent merriment, and I am conscious of having very imperfectly expressed myself. Nevertheless, I believe you will be pleased to hear of my wanderings, and will grant indulgence in view of the circumstances under which I write. More anon.

"Very truly your sister."

"Greece, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1840.

"Br. Bacon: — This is to be a rambling letter, partaking very much of the recent life of its writer; and though I address you now from western New York, I may, before I finish, find myself some hundred miles from here. *Greece!* there is magic in the name, and to *me*, a little in the place. It is a small village, six miles west of Rochester; and the place at which I am for a few days a resident, called the Garden Resort, is, in a certain character, beautiful. It is connected with a large botanic garden and nurseries, where a lover of the minuter beauties of nature may find ample means of gratification. But apart from this — 'the waveless horizon!' as Mrs. Hemans used to exclaim, of Wavertree, I think. The waveless horizon! I do really weary for a hill, but no hill is to be found. I confess I am no great lover of the softly beautiful, and though the fields may be green and rich, and the forests dense and magnificent, there is a monotony about a level country from which no vegetable luxuriance can redeem it.

"I cannot suppose that the details of my journey here will be interesting either to you or to the readers of the Repository. From Madison county to Syracuse it was performed in a stage-coach, which, if one wishes a view of inland scenery, is decidedly preferable to either rail-cars or canal boats. We had some fine specimens of country luxury on our route, particularly about Cazenovia, and upon the borders of the lake. I prefer a sheet of water like Cazenovia lake, to one of more magnitude; for a mere expanse of water without the

relief of verdant shores, has the same monotony of which I have just finished a complaint.

"As the disagreeable things of life should be kept in the back-ground as much as possible, I will pass over two days in a canal boat though we passed through much of a truly luxuriant country. There were some scenes perfectly Arcadian; winding streams, over-arched by trees, soft green vales, and velvet slopes — everything, in short, to make up a fairy picture. Our landing was at Rochester, the most beautiful city I have ever seen. The streets are very wide, neatly paved, and kept in a cleanly condition, which last particular cannot be observed of *every* city in the Empire State. The dwellings are generally fine, and each has its shaded yard, with a portico covered with honey-suckle and woodbine, or some equally tasteful decoration, which mingles up the country with the city in a manner and degree I have never seen elsewhere.

"I took a walk one evening to Genesee Falls, made memorable by the last leap of Sam Patch. The scene was romantic, but the water was so low in the river, that the ledge of rocks was completely bare. It was the home of a waterfall — but the waterfall was not at home.

"Niagara, Sept. 14.

"I left Rochester on the 10th, in company with Br. W. S. Balch and lady, and some friends of his from Providence. We reached Buffalo that evening, and remained till afternoon of the next day. Buffalo is a pleasant and a busy city, but the day was gloomy and cold, and my feelings hardly did justice to its beauties. Moreover, my thoughts were at Niagara, and I was impatient to be there also.

"We took the steamboat down the river. It was a rich day to me. The beauty of the shores, and the deep mighty river, of an intense green, whose hue kept constantly changing as it met the glance of the capricious sun, formed one of the most original and unique scenes I have ever witnessed. We passed on the west side of Grand Island, and Navy Island, the *rendezvous* of the Canada patriots, took the rail-road at Fort Schlosser, and reached the Cataract House about the middle of the afternoon.

"I have been here now three days, and shall I give you my impressions of the falls? Nay, rather let me retrace my many walks, and tell you what I have seen. We passed through two streets, which looked like any other earthly streets, and stopped upon the bridge leading to Bath Island. Here the only view we have, is of the rapids, which are, indeed, sufficient of themselves to awaken the deepest enthusiasm of the soul. Above and below you, the deep waters are

dancing and leaping, in garments of mingled silver and green; the under-tides of the broad and mighty river are continually upheaving, and crowding their angry billows to the light; you stand in the midst of an eternal song, whose tones are swelling and deepening above, around, and beneath you; the spray of the Great Fall is veiling your vision on the west; a scene of sylvan beauty and quietude is before you on the south; the waters of the vast inland seas come rushing with hosannas of triumph from the east, and behind you only, where at such times they should be, lie the works and the haunts of men.

"Having registered our names at Bath Island, we crossed another bridge to Iris Island. This is more than a mile in circumference, and, apart from the wonderful scenes connected with it, is one of the sweetest spots in the world. The soil is of exceeding richness, giving birth to every variety of flower and shrub. The trees are old and majestic, casting a heavy shade over the island, and kept constantly fresh by the shower of spray that is falling over them, and working its way silently to their roots. From the bridge we ascend a little hill, and take the pathway to the right. Completely embowered by the massy branches of the trees, the only tokens of our vicinity to one of the greatest wonders of the world, were the occasional glimpses of foam which met us through interstices of shrubbery, the soft mist which fell over our brows like the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the deep, wild, unearthly roar of the fallen giant, as he gathers himself up for a less furious race through the narrow defiles below.

"Having reached the western verge of the island, we again turn to the right, down a steep rugged path kept always wet and slippery by the spray, and stand upon a point directly above the Cascade, or middle fall. Here was our first view. And what did I feel, think you, at this vision of the mightiness of God? I am ashamed of myself, or ought to be, I suppose, but really, for a while I was not conscious of any sensation. I did not feel disappointed, as I was told I should; I did not feel surprised, neither was I deeply impressed. I wished my heart to stop beating till I could go away and be alone — I wanted darkness and solitude around me — I could not feel when I was expected to feel — I never like to equal people's anticipations. Is not this a natural trait in human character?

"Our next course was along the side of the island to Biddle Staircase. Here we descend one hundred and thirty steps, and find ourselves in a pathway leading to either fall. We turned to the left, and followed the narrow pathway along the ledge to the foot of the Great Crescent Fall. I lingered on my way picking the most beautiful wild flowers of the season — Gentians and Scutellarias — loving them

better than ever, that they, at least, would be companions with me in my insignificance.

"I think that, with one exception, no point of view was so impressive to me as this from the foot of Crescent Fall. I did not wish for solitude here, for solitude was in my heart; I did not wish for darkness, for everything was in oblivion save that leaping ocean. If ever I stood alone with the Infinite, it was here. The gentlemen of our party ascended the rocks just below the fall. The mist so shrouded them from sight that they appeared to us like faintly defined shadows — spectres wrapped up in shrouds of vapor. When they rejoined us, Br. B. gave us a glowing description of a rainbow which threw itself within his grasp — and I, who am always eager in *ignis fatuus* pursuits, begged him to let me go and see it. After some hazardous toil over slippery rocks, I stood triumphantly upon the highest, in search of the rainbow. Just then the wind changed, and blew the spray over us in torrents. We could neither see nor breathe, but making our way precipitately back to our natural element, stood before our party like two Nereids from the sea. This was my last attempt to get hold of the rainbow.

"In the evening we stood upon Terrapin Tower, erected just above the centre of Crescent Fall. The moon shone out clearly, and lighted her holy covenant bow above the waters. Nothing in nature is so purely ethereal as the lunar bow. The tints were so faint and soft, they might be deemed the *spirits* of colors, from which the embodiments had passed away. The arch was at first broken, but soon became distinct and perfect. The fascination of the scene is utterly indescribable. Moonlight is bewildering in a — brickyard; — what shall we say of it, then, at Niagara?

"From Terrapin Tower we re-crossed the bridge to Iris Island, ascended its steep bank, and took the path which leads up the river. At first we walk along on the summit of a steep precipice, many feet above the river; — the bed of the river grows higher and higher, till we come at last to a sweet little cascade which leaps down between Moss and Iris Islands, and goes dancing on like an infant to its mother's arms. The scene here, by moonlight, is one of entrancing softness and beauty. The grandeur is all gone by; the brain, wearied with its efforts to grasp the magnificence and glory of the giant cataract, yields itself to the dreamy loveliness which meets the view on every side; the only sound is a deep, calm, steady rush, as of lofty winds through a forest top; and, subdued by a thousand sweet and sacred influences, the heart sends forth a tribute of tears, and feels that it is purified for many an after hour.

"On Saturday morning, we crossed to the Canada side. The view is very imposing from the boat up the river. Probably there is not a finer point of observation than this, for here we have the whole at one glance. Ascending a winding road up the precipitous bank, we turn to the left, and after a little walk, find ourselves standing upon Table Rock. This is the most celebrated point of view, but owing to previous excitement, I do not think it struck me so impressively as several others. The longer I stood here, however, the more irresistible became the fascination. There was a strong impulse to fall in with the mighty current, and sleep forever at the foot of Niagara.

"Having been provided with suitable dresses and a guide, Br. Balch and I prepared to pass 'behind the veil'—in other words, under the Great Fall to Termination Rock, a distance of two hundred and thirty feet. The roar and fury of the wind rushing out to meet one at the entrance, is somewhat formidable, and not a little strength is required to stand up against the combined assaults of spray and hurricane, and the intrigues of slippery and treacherous footholds. The path is quite narrow, and through fear of crowding my guide quite off the rocks into the fearful abyss, I shrunk closely to the wall, till the torrents came upon me in such fury I was in danger of suffocation; and had not my colored friend drawn me very gallantly to his side, I am not sure I should have been alive to tell my tale. We found, on turning to look for Br. B., that he had disappeared. Had he fallen? It was a fearful thought—I turned a terrified look at my guide, but he only smiled mischievously, and replied that at any rate we would go to Termination Rock. Resolved not to be daunted by the singularity of my situation, and the awful fury and thunder of the elements around me, I hastened onward, catching a breath when it was practicable, and when it was not, thinking of the dearest friends I have in the world as though it were for the last time. Just as my resolution began to fail, and I was going to be humble enough to solicit my guide to return, he exclaimed, pulling me forward, 'Here is Termination Rock! we can go no further.' I had not dreamed of being so near the end of my watery pilgrimage, and having learned some lessons of distrust in my dealings with guides, &c., I looked at him rather sceptically and queried, 'Is it?' To convince me, he placed my hand upon the rock, and having felt around it, to be sure I could get no further, I turned away satisfied, and hastened back to earth; not, however, without pausing a few moments to consider the actual terror of my situation. To stand thus in a narrow and slippery pathway, walled on one side by a stupendous ledge alive with torrents, and on the other by an impen-

etrable mass of rushing foam, which shuts out even the light of heaven, seemed to me no ordinary or safe position. Beside other impediments to breathing, there is a strong smell of sulphur within this cave, which occasioned some wag, in one of the Albums, to express his belief that it is the entrance to the infernal regions. I must not forget to observe that, in emerging to daylight, we found our friend safely awaiting our return, after which he also entered and explored an arm's reach beyond me.

"But time and space forbid a longer description of my adventures. There are many scenes of interest disconnected with the falls, which I have visited — such as Lundy's Lane battle-ground, Church Service of Her Majesty's 93d Regiment — (a most imposing scene by the way,) the Whirlpool, Mineral Springs, and the like. This morning I have been out to take a farewell view. A most glorious rainbow came down upon the waters as a token and a benediction to encourage me onward; and with a heart of heaviness, and a melancholy feeling that Niagara was forever lost to me, I turned slowly and sadly away."

"Towanda, Oct. 15, 1840.

"Br. Bacon: — Immediately after writing you my last, I was present at the United States Convention of Universalists, at Auburn, N. Y. But as you have long since received and published the records of the meeting, it will be of little use for me, at this late hour, to give you a long description of its proceedings. It had its social joys as usual, greetings of ancient friends, and congratulations of such as had been previous strangers; warm graspings of warm hands, and cordial utterances of cordial hearts. The services were all interesting, and of a nature to elevate and refine. Strangers who were present will remember with gratitude the hospitality of the friends at Auburn, no less than the beauty and tranquillity of the place. They will remember, too, the happy throng of worshippers who gathered about the sanctuaries, and were fed with the bread of life from heaven.

"It is a pretty ride from Auburn to Ithaca. The road is almost a perfect level through the whole distance, with a wide extent of rich country on one side, and the wooded shores of the lake upon the other. From the summit of the hill at Ithaca I had the most delightful view I ever witnessed. The sweet Lake of Cayuga, winding away among the wild old hills, and reflecting the face of heaven with all its smiles; the gallant 'Simeon De Witt,' ploughing the azure tide, and the pretty village, with its elegant edifices rising upon the hill-side, made one of the sweetest pictures in the world.

"Owego is another fine village; and here I was first introduced to the beautiful Susquehannah. You will laugh at my epithets of 'fine,' and 'sweet,' and 'beautiful,' but I assure you there is no getting along without them in description. Were I in a mood of poetry this morning, I would sing the charms of the winding stream and the giant hills; but to speak of the Susquehannah and the Alleghanies even in sober prose will be enough — one must judge from their very names that they are beautiful.

"The Susquehannah is a shallow river, but its bed is bright with sand and glittering pebbles, and all along its course it is broken and turned aside, at intervals, by little grassy islands, shaded with moss-grown trees, and carpeted with flowers; a thousand silvery creeks run singing to its bosom, wild tales of their mountain homes; and the stout old sycamores bend their vernal brows to the music of its eternal hymn. Dear Susquehannah! I have learned to love thee as I love my own native streams; and if the favorites of nature may be adopted, thou shalt have an equal dowry of my life-long affection.

"The Alleghanies are a bold, rich line of mountains, standing out in their beautiful pride, and curving the gentle river at their will. Sometimes they thwart its course, and send it back for many a rugged mile to some wilder and more romantic pass, leaving the soft vales, that would have loved its companionship, to the tamer converse of the birds and winds.

"Dense forests, that man has never yet dared disturb, make their dwellings upon these mountains; and while I now watch them from my window, it is after the spirit of autumn has thrown over them her 'coat of many colors,' — a token of her love. The mellowness of October sunshine is not the only light that makes them glorious. On a cool, moonlight evening, the white mists will rise up like a spirit from the river, and bend over them, wrapping them in a mantle, ethereal as the 'drapery of dreams.'

"It was a warm day in October, when I ascended the most beautiful of the Towanda hills. It was but a path, and a very rugged one, through which Julia guided our patient quadruped. Over the stones, and ledges, and rotten timbers, that obstructed our way, the good old fellow toiled with willing steps, encouraged by the approval which reached him from behind, and eager for the rest which he flattered himself was before him. Sometimes we were open to the burning rays of the sun, and sometimes we passed beneath the shade of fragrant pines, where the grass grew soft and green, and the ruby-like winter-berries gleamed among the faded leaves. The wood-aster, in its morning garb of purple, stood bowed like a desolate child of sorrow — the last of the race of flowers. The soft wind crept beneath

the scalloped oak-leaves that lay crumbling upon the ground, or shook the silvery aspen that stood in its light, coquettish garb beside the solemn pine, or whispered mysterious words to the witch-hazel in its autumn dress of green and gold.

"The summit reached at length, we bridled Rosinante to a young sapling, and buffetted our way through the tangled bushes to the brow of the mountain. There is a ledge of red mineral crowning this hill, and it overhangs its perpendicular sides with a bold threatening posture, which makes one shrink from passing along the base, lest he be crushed by its giant leap. Upon this platform, which looks as though it might have been the stand from which the Titans delivered their martial orations when they warred with the Thunderer, we sat down and had communion with the universe.

"Still, solemn, glorious, was the whole world. The air seemed palpable with richness. The wild caw! caw! of the lonely crow, and the rustle of the tree-tops were melody enough. We did not care to speak — to *live* was all we asked. From the recesses of the hills above us, came down their smiling daughter — bright Susquehannah — opening her arms to embrace a little tree-fringed isle, and hastening onward again, holding it fast to her bosom, and singing it to rest. The fertile plains, and slopes, clusters of white houses, the bridge that spanned the river with its snowy arch, the mountains vicinal and remote, made up the scene we loved. Peace be with it forever!

"I have spoken of the beautiful and majestic scenery of northern Pennsylvania; will it be amiss to add one word respecting the hospitality of its inhabitants? At many of the taverns in this part of the country, I have noticed upon the sign-boards the inviting terms, '*Traveller's Rest*,' '*Stranger's Home*,' &c. These terms might well be applied to every dwelling which I visited; and it is characteristic of the villages here, that if strangers enter them for a transient residence, they are immediately waited on by the villagers, and earnestly invited to their houses. Parties are given in succession by them all, which the stranger understands as a tribute of respect to himself. This is true hospitality, and shows a commendable cultivation of kind feelings. What is a little remarkable, also, religious differences are not regarded, but the stranger is welcomed, be he Jew or Gentile, *bond* or *free*.

"Utica, Oct. 20.

"Jolting along in a stage-coach over one of those frightful 'Narrows,' which are met so often among the Alleghanies, we suddenly came in sight of the valley of Sheshequin.

"'There,' said Julia, 'is my childhood's home; is it not beautiful?'

"'Very, very beautiful,' was the reply, as I turned to gaze enchantingly upon its loveliness; and the words of Moore came instantly to mind, with a peculiar power and expressiveness:

> 'There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!'

"Below us, far down a precipice, lined with shrubs and Irish huts, ran the silvery river of our love. In its bosom rested a pretty island, with slant trees reclining above the waves. A sand-bar reached from this to the shore, forming, in the dry seasons, an excellent path, and always sufficiently near to the surface of the river to tempt the feet of an untrammelled mountain maiden, in her search for poetry and peace. This little isle was a favorite retreat of the girl-poet, in the wild luxuriance of her early life. Here the shadows of the green trees fell soothingly upon her brow, and here her eyes gazed down into the shadowed water, and found a rich similitude of their own soft, melancholy depths.

"'The vale of Sheshequin is as beautiful as Wyoming, only much smaller,' remarked my friend. 'It is a comparison often instituted by travellers.'

"'I should love it better for being small,' was the rejoinder; 'I love little scenes and little things the world all over. There is sublimity in space, but beauty is made up of little parts. A tree, a knoll of flowers, a singing brook, a bird, a butterfly, a bee — are not these a picture? I love things *near;* a wavy horizon is beautiful, but give me to dwell in the shelter of hills, where the far-off is not known. I love not distant things; fancy must bring the beloved ever near me, or I cannot feel for them, and they are forgotten.'

"From the river at Sheshequin, smooth, rich lands slope off to the mountains, giving place to a pretty village of white houses, separated by cultivated farms. The hills are chiefly wooded to the summit; one or two only are bare to the sunbeams, breaking open the forest to a pleasing variety of scene. A deep gorge in one of the mountains affords a channel to the 'wild mountain stream,' so sweetly sung by '*I know who*,' — and is filled up with grand old forest trees, and darkness like the witchery of twilight.

"Leaving Sheshequin with a sigh, we were hurried on our winding way to the precincts of the Empire state. I shall never forget one scene that broke on us at night, as we drew near to Owego. We

were upon the banks of the river. Far up its winding course rose a hill, and upon the brow of that hill rose a light — a yellow gorgeous light, oblong at first, and flaming like a fire. Its reflection in the river was like a lance of silver quivering in the unknown depths of the night. The stars looked on in silence. Dimly defined, the black trees stood giant-like against the sky — virgins with their lamps, awaiting the bridegroom. The company in the stage were silent, and we adored.

"A half-day on Lake Cayuga — what shall be said of it? What shall be said of the broad green lake, with its varied shores? Seated upon the deck of the elegant steamboat, chatting as we went, Julia and I passed one of the richest days of our lives. Silence was upon the waters, and mirrored in their green depths lay the rainbow-dyed woodlands, that fringed the shores. Pretty villages, with their white-church spires and green elms, intervened between the wilder country of forests, charming us with a continued variety of rich and beautiful scenes. The wild ducks were sailing along near the shores, or flapping their white wings above the waves. All the world was shut out — we were on a little sea alone — alone, save the company of travellers that wandered about us on deck, making up little groups, on which we occasionally commented sagely, calling to our aid the philosophies of Lavater and Gall, and arriving ever at incontrovertible conclusions.

"At Auburn we seated ourselves in the cars for Utica. The travel on the Western rail-road is immense. The bustle at the car-houses is sufficient to craze a stoic, would the anxiety of looking after baggage allow one to be disturbed by it. The only incident that disturbed the serenity of our ride was of a painful character, yet one of frequent occurrence. Four sheep were run over, and had their legs broken, and their bodies sadly mutilated. Poor things! they looked at us so reproachfully as we passed, I had no heart for the remainder of the ride.

"Our sojourn at Utica has been in a sick chamber; poor Julia the sufferer, and I the nurse. Thank Heaven, she is recovering, and the cloud is passing off from my soul. I return with her to Pennsylvania. You may hear from me once more ere my return to Massachusetts. Very truly your sister."

"Clinton, Nov. 8, 1840.

"Br. Bacon: — When last I wrote you, I was on the point of starting for Pennsylvania, with an invalid friend. Nature seemed kind to us, for never shone there a fairer autumn day, than that on which we rode to Syracuse. The rate at which they travel on the western railroads, allows a passenger, if he have a quick eye for the

beautiful, to note whatever of interest lies along the way. I well remember one little scene which brought me a strange thrill of home-sickness, it was so like the Indian summer landscapes of dear New England. 'A nut-brown slope,' glowing in the yellow beams of the setting sun, crowned with lordly trees, whose vestures were of green and crimson, and gold, and carpeted with the withered leaves of the walnut and the fading sycamore, glided past me like the fairy pictures of a magic lantern, yet not without leaving an impression of beauty upon my mind, which long years will fail to obliterate — an impression so clear and bright, and so very true to the sweet original.

"I dreaded coming once more to those formidable mountain roads to which I had so complacently said adieu some two weeks before. We reached Towanda, however, without accident, but instead of the warm welcome and warm dinner we were expecting, we found the house locked, and our friends all absent. We learned, after several fruitless inquiries, that Dr. —— had gone in quest of us that morning, and had missed us on the route. Here was one dilemma. Another was how to get admittance into the house. Thank fortune! there are more entrances than one, as many a rogue has discovered; and we seemed, in this instance, to be illuminated with a portion of the lucky sagacity belonging to that ancient race.

"Autumn is a coquettish dame, after all. She attires herself in magnificent beauty, and cheats us into confidence by her bland and serious benignity; but no sooner do we acknowledge ourselves her humble slaves forever, than she knits her matronly countenance into gloomy frowns, and assails us with all the virulence of a shrew. I was just beginning to flatter myself that I was an especial favorite, and in this happy state of feeling took seat in the pretty carriage alluded to in my last letter, for a thirty miles' ride to Owego. For a few hours the sun smiled on us faintly, but about noonday the white, feathery flakes were covering us with mantles beautiful as ermine. Our route was through what is usually termed a *new* country; burnt stumps were yet remaining in the fields, and log cabins (*realities*, and no shams, as Carlyle would say) peeped out from every bit of pine woods that had been suffered to survive the general vandalism. The only beautiful things I saw in all that ride were a few green hemlocks crowned with chaplets of new-fallen snow.

"Every little village that we passed containing a half-dozen dwelling houses, was ornamented with two 'liberty poles,' one of hickory, the other of pine. A 'log cabin' was usually perched upon the top of the latter, reminding me of the house which Jack the giant-killer is said to have found at the top of his bean vine. We passed by all

the taverns bearing coonskin signs, or other political insignias, and stopped at a quiet looking domicile which seemed professedly neutral.

"A country tavern is *sui generis* in character. There is no other house of refuge at all similar. It may, perhaps, be worth the while to give a slight description. The room into which I was conducted seemed to be kitchen, dining-room and saloon-general. There was nō appearance of paint about the house, but the yellow deal boards were clean and polished, and the floor bore traces of soap and sand. Lines were strung across the ceiling, on which hung circles of pumpkin, strings of apple, skeins of yarn, and newly dyed stockings. A bed stood in a recess beside the chimney, half hidden by a checked curtain which hung before it. A huge log rested on the iron animals appropriated to such service, and ashes lay scattered profusely over the blue stone hearth.

"The landlady was a stout, rosy-cheeked young woman, just entered upon her matrimonial career. She rose and curtsied to me as I entered, offered me a chair, and bustled about to disengage me from my hat and cloak. Having performed all the kind offices which my situation demanded, she informed me, with a simpering sweetness, that she should build a fire in the other room for the new folks — she never could bear to have them about where she was cooking.

"The process of ignition having been successfully performed in the 'other room,' I was invited to take a seat with the 'men folks.' This honorable apartment proved to be the bar-room. On the posts of the bar were pasted notices of 'mass meetings,' 'truths for the people,' etc., etc., in large capitals, pointed off with 'marks of admiration,' as we used to call them at school. One forlorn little sheet lay upon the bench, filled with that incendiary trash which takes the name of *politics*. I have forgotten now to which 'party' it belonged. The 'men-folks,' who proved to be merely my *compagnon du voyage*, offered me a low arm-chair which stood before the fire. The landlord soon appeared with his hands full of mammoth apples, evidently belonging to the class of *None-so-goods*, *Seek-no-furthers*, or *Ne-plus-ultras*, which he laid temptingly before us. An economical expedient, thought I, to give us apples *before* dinner. After chatting awhile, and getting comfortably warm after a tedious ride in the snow and wind, our alimentiveness was gratified by a summons to dinner.

"This meal had a character of its own. I noticed a struggling smile upon the countenance of my friend as he passed me a plate of hot cream cakes. 'Our host,' he remarked, 'is one of those tender-hearted men, who think it a sin to kill poor innocent animals for food.'

A cup of tea, two varieties of sweetmeats, a loaf of tea-cake, and an apology for pumpkin pie, completed the course; much such a table as we find in a Yankee farm-house at tea-time.

"Have you ever, Br. Bacon, travelled in New York, in late autumn or early spring — the season of mud? If not, it will be quite impossible to give you an idea of the condition of the roads at these times. I started from Owego in the stage at two o'clock in the morning, and rode till one of the next morning, over what is called one of the best thoroughfares in the state. But such joltings and thumpings were never before endured. A truce to rich soils, thought I, if we must take such mud with them. Give me the sand and gravel of New England — the hard roads and rough old hills. How local prejudices will cling to one through all wanderings and in all places! How much better everything is in our own country than elsewhere! The rivers are so much clearer, the flowers are so much more abundant, and the people, too, are so much more moral and intelligent. I have vexed myself, many a time during my journey, by breaking off in the middle of a sentence, and losing all recollection of my subject, at hearing the name 'Massachusetts' spoken, by some fellow-passenger in a distant part of the steamboat or car, while canvassing the probable results of election.

"I do not know whether the Grecian mythology contains any class of divinities presiding over mud-holes, but I do think I might have stood for a personification of a mud-nymph, on my arrival at this village last week. Fortunately, there are some sagacious people in this world, who do not judge of character from appearance, or I should have been mistaken for a mere earth-worm; whereas, they treated me as though they thought I had, at least, some aspirations after a soul.

"For geological research, I know no portion of our country more interesting than New York. Fossils and petrifactions abound throughout the state. Spars, crystals, and ores are of every-day occurrence. In a ramble of yesterday, one of my companions found a perfect impression of a butterfly upon shale. Following the windings of a delightful little stream, we came to a ledge of ironized stone, whose surfaces were everywhere impressed with shells, worms, and leaves. The specimens I bore away were more precious to me than so many lumps of a far richer mineral. They are building the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, of vermicular limestone, brought from an extensive quarry at Trenton. It seems to be a mass of petrified angle-worms, inwrought with lime and shale. Surely, there are

'sermons in stones;' and for magnificent speculations who could ask a richer field than these vast quarries of petrified animals? Understand me — I speak of *mental* speculations, *not* 'out of the pocket.'

"There is a good deal of fine local story about Clinton, and some one of antiquarian taste should take measures to rescue it from oblivion. Many reminiscences of the powerful Oneidas are of melancholy and romantic interest. Scott would have desired no richer material than is furnished in the history of the Kirkland family, to have woven a tale of thrilling interest and beautiful originality. The old family mansion standing among trees upon the hill-side, and the small enclosure of graves behind, where repose, in one still, holy slumber, the ashes of the beloved missionary, his beautiful and eccentric daughter, and the old Oneida chief, would present outlines for a rich picture from the pen of the antiquarian wizard of the north. There is talent *here* which should be at work upon some of these fine old fragments.

"Utica, Nov. 15.

"Prithee excuse me, should my ideas prove somewhat languid this early morn, for the evening before last I rode some eight or ten miles to a wedding, and last evening was again in the excitement of a party. A wedding is not so rare an occurrence as to require a formal description, but I assure you the ride which took us there, was something altogether novel and unique — to *me*, I mean, for the residents are accustomed to such things. We travelled, at the rate of about two miles an hour, through a succession of fathomless mud-holes, alternating with corduroy roads, (which are constructed, you know, of logs thrown across the street, with little regard to equality of surface,) and in a portion of the day when our best guide was the light of our eyes. But with good drivers, and good resolution, we arrived safely, the very hour we were wanted; for upon *our* arrival depended the tying of the knot. They do these things *sans cérémonie* in New York. A two weeks' publishment is not considered necessary to inform the public of the matrimonial intentions of the parties; and I doubt whether in New England it is not somewhat superfluous. I am sure, at least, that the public usually receive the information without the assistance of a town-clerk; whether it be always authentic, may, perhaps, be questioned.

"The '*party*' alluded to was given by Br. T. D. C——, to the young people of his society, on the eve of his departure from their midst. It was a social little gathering of warm-hearted friends; and the kindness with which they spoke of their pastor, and the regret which they manifested for his loss, were evidences of the existence

of those qualities of mind and heart which are so necessary to endear a minister to his people.

"New York City, Nov. 20.

"I have been a sojourner in this city of Manhatta, as Irving would choose to designate it, for the space of five days. As a city I like New York, principally for two things: the width of its streets, and the hospitality of its inhabitants. I am not designing to 'puff' the good denizens of that goodly city; but I do not like to pass by in silence what seems to me a distinguishing and very beautiful feature. I love the free, cordial, sincere manners of the people, so little restrained by ceremony, and yet so truly polite. I love many things about them, which I have not space here to specify.

"On Monday evening my friends took me to the Rotunda, where Catherwood is exhibiting his beautiful panoramas of Rome and the Bay of Isles. I think I here first fully realized the magic power of that art which can throw an illusion upon the senses too strong for reason to dispel. To feel myself in any other place than Rome, while gazing upon that wonderful representation, was impossible. Did not the narrow streets lay directly beneath me, with their bronze statues, and their processions of human beings? Were not the crumbling ruins and isolated arches standing before me upon the hill-side? Saw I not the Palace of the Cæsars, the splendid ruins of the Coliseum, and the magnificent Church of St. Peter? The 'golden Tiber'—lay it not there like a thing of life, winding about amidst the Roman hills, and losing itself in the hazy distance? Saw I not also the distant Alps, the Apennines more vicinal, and the Tarpeian rock almost at my very feet?

"We had a musical *soirée* at Br. Sawyer's last evening. The performers were all foreigners—German, Italian, and Spanish. The rich, mellow voices of the singers, the magical execution of the pianist, and the low dulcet tones of the guitar, were enough to subdue even so unmusical a piece of workmanship as myself. We had a sweet song from the Italian. The only words I could interpret were '*cara*,' and '*amore*.'

"Universalism seems very prosperous in this city. 'All things work together for good to those who love God,' it is said. 'New Jerusalem' certainly looks not very desolate in the absence of the deserter; neither does 'Mystery Babylon' seem miraculously illuminated. A few shouts of defiance have been recently heard from some valiant Babylonish sentinel, and occasionally a little trumpeter sends forth a warning blast—'Beware! beware of the fatal consequences!' But still bravely and beautifully waves the banner of

love from Zion's tower, and on it is blazoned this glorious motto — 'Glory to God in the highest! On earth *peace*, and *good will to men*.'

"In the ties of *this* gospel, your sister."

"Shirley Village, Dec. 25, 1840.

"Br. Bacon: — Perhaps you, and the readers of the Repository, will not object to a Christmas letter, even if it be not received before the middle of February, since it is not designed to be an *occasional* letter, appropriate to the day, but simply a collection of reminiscences of by-gone things.

"I have been reflecting somewhat upon the propriety of occupying the pages of the Repository with personal adventures, for I very well know that circumstances, of great import to one's self, are frequently of little interest to others. I have decided, however, to conclude the account of my journey, by describing a few scenes and incidents which I encountered after leaving New York, knowing that you, at least, and a few other personal friends, will be gratified by the details.

"There had been a furious storm the night preceding my departure from the city. The tumult of the contending elements, tossing the shutters of my windows to and fro, and the excitement of mind naturally attendant upon the prospect of a return to my own home after an absence of three months, kept me awake the greater portion of the night. Added to these, there was a large fire opposite one of the windows of my chamber; the bells were ringing, firemen were shouting, timbers were falling, and the blaze streamed in brightly upon my face, leaving me no alternative but to 'cogitate' upon the probable consequences of the destruction going on before me.

"At dawn of day the floods of rain had ceased to pour, and I found myself conveyed on board the Nimrod — the latest descendant, I suppose, of the renowned hunter of old, the mighty founder of mighty Babylon. The fog detained us a while in a dubious state of uncertainty; but shortly after seven we were ploughing the green waters of the 'bay.' The drizzly, murky atmosphere kept us shut up awhile in the saloon; but getting weary of gazing at others, and being gazed at in turn, I soon went out upon deck. I had read the morning 'Journal of Commerce' through, from beginning to end; not only all the statistical reports, steam-ship arrivals, and foreign intelligence, but the marriages, deaths, ship-news and advertisements. It was time now to 'admire the prospect;' but unfortunately for this anticipated resource, the fog entirely obscured the shores of the 'Sound,' and the eye had no alternative but to gaze into the mystic depths of the

mist, or follow the up-heaving and down-falling of the grum-voiced waves. Most of us, however, had shortly something of greater personal interest to attend to, which required our presence in the cabin. Wordsworth has very beautifully described the effect of the motion of natural objects upon the spirit and manners of a youthful maiden :

> 'Nor shall she fail to see,
> Even in the motions of the storm,
> Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
> By silent sympathy.'

"This is certainly a very exquisite passage, let the critics say what they will of the 'Lakers;' but for once I am free to confess, that 'the motions of the storm' produced anything but a refining influence upon either form or temper; and all the 'beauty' that was 'born of murmuring sound,' passed into our faces in a hue of utter paleness. We remained below deck till we arrived at Bridgeport.

"I was expecting to meet a friend here, who was to convey me to Massachusetts; and therefore sat very leisurely watching the crowd in their bustle for baggage, and their removal into the cars, which stood waiting to convey passengers to New Haven. I cast about a few anxious glances for the familiar face of my friend, but perceived none but strange and singular countenances. There is always a good deal that is droll in a throng of human faces. I heard it remarked once by a sensible gentleman, that though Cruikshank's illustrations of 'Boz,' and Johnston's cuts for the 'Comic Almanac,' would at first thought be pronounced extravagant caricatures, he had noticed in crowds as much deformity of feature, distortion of form, and ludicrousness of expression, as were exhibited in these singular pictures. He may be correct in a degree, but I think not wholly so, for we never see a nose brought quite in contact with a chin, nor a forehead receding suddenly from the eyes. And so far as my own perception of the ludicrous may testify, there is more of the truly comical in slight contortions and irregularities, than in very perceptible deformities; for where the sense of the beautiful is wholly outraged, or where our feelings of compassion are called into action, we lose sight of the ludicrous in emotions of disgust or of pity.

"Two hours I remained in the saloon of the boat, awaiting the appearance of my friend. The crowd had long since dispersed. The crew of the boat were occupied in washing the deck, and the stewardess stood near me scrubbing the windows. The rain came down in torrents, notwithstanding that the sky was clear in the west and south, and the sun was shining brightly. 'Is there a tavern near?' I inquired of my sociable companion, who kindly sympathized with

me in my disappointment; for I began to be solicitous for a home as night drew near. 'O, yes, two or three,' was the reply; 'there is one right across the street; Mr. and Mrs. H. keeps that. They 're very nice folks.' I felt that her recommendation was a good one, for if a poor black woman had reason to call them 'nice folks,' they must be kind of heart.

"As I was about bidding adieu to 'Nimrod,' I met the captain, who courteously offered me an umbrella and a guide, and in due form I was ushered into the public parlor of the W**** Hotel. I had now found a home for the remainder of the day and night, and had a disposition to obey the scriptural injunction, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' Mine hostess soon entered, and betraying a very pardonable Yankee curiosity to know my origin and destination, I generously made known so much of it as would enable her to give me some information of my best route to Massachusetts. Nothing satisfactory being offered, I spent the evening reading stories in the 'Lady's Book,' and chatting a little with the kind-hearted landlady.

"Bridgeport is a very fine little village, as I discovered the next morning, on my way back to the boat; and I did not regret the opportunity which was afforded me of seeing it. I had formed a very sudden resolution of returning to New York, and taking another boat to Norwich the same day.

"It was my only possible means of reaching home by Thanksgiving, and I had a childish desire of being present at this domestic festival. It was a rich and beautiful day. The ocean slept like a weary child, and the shores of the Sound, in spite of the desolations of the frost-spirit in the interior, were still green and sunny. We had a gay company of ladies, dressed in the rich velvet hats and shawls of the season, with graceful plumes and comfortable little muffs, and it seemed to me no idle admiration to scan these curious manufactures of the artisans of fashion.

"The captain and waiters of the boat, recognizing me as having been on board the preceding day, were uncommonly courteous and attentive, and proffered me every necessary assistance in getting to the other boat. I should feel myself unjust to neglect giving my testimony in favor of the African character, as it exists in the waiters both in the hotels and steamboats where I have had an opportunity for observation. There is a propriety, gentleness, and sincere kindness of heart about them, which may be said to form a distinguishing trait of their character, and I know not that I have been more keenly touched by any kindness I have ever experienced, than by many little unsolicited offices of courtesy from the children of the sunny clime of Africa."

"Having made a transfer of myself and chattels to the 'Charter Oak,' I felt very secure and happy, and began to think a steamboat a very decent home under favorable circumstances. I had two hours to myself before the time appointed for leaving the wharf; but as I was not familiar with the streets of the great emporium, I chose to remain in the boat. Taking up a Bible which lay upon the table, I found written upon a blank leaf several denunciatory quotations from Watts, relating to 'the day of days, the awful day,' and that beautiful creation of the imagination called 'hell,' and warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I passed the listless moments in scribbling a few verses on an opposite page, under the motto, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'

"It was very amusing, after the passengers began to assemble, to listen to the rival cries of the news-boys. Some of them ran over the list of contents, others recommended the low price of their journals, and the clamor grew incessantly louder till the bell rang, and warned them away. Having passed between the shores of the Sound twice within as many days, objects began to look very familiar in my third passage; but I think I never witnessed a more beautiful sunset than that which shone over the waters in this November eve. I stood a long while at the stern of the boat, watching the strangely curdled hues that flickered along the sides of the furrows that we cast up as we went, for they were to me new and full of beauty. A brilliant rose-color brindled over the rich green, and serpentine streaks of gold trickled along the edges of the snow-white foam; the clouds above were gorgeous as is their wont on an autumn eve, and the red sun, as though unwilling to withdraw the glories of his presence, lingered along the western sky, and cast his rosy smile upon the white dwellings which rose up behind the evergreens of the island. Sloops and other small craft were gliding gently up the harbor, the wild geese sported nearer the shores, and everything in heaven and on earth, and upon the sea, assumed hues and forms, and attitudes of exquisite loveliness and grandeur.

"At three o'clock in the morning, after a rather hazardous passage up the Thames, the boat stops at Norwich, and passengers crowd into the cars for Worcester and Boston. We had gone twenty miles on the railroad, when suddenly we came to a pause, and an officer of the cars entered with the pleasing intelligence that one of the baggage crates had been lost off the track, and it was necessary to send the engine back for it. Two hours we sat not very patiently awaiting its return; but once more on our way, nothing happened to disturb our serenity till we were safely deposited in Worcester. Twenty-four miles in the stage, over a muddy road, seemed the most

tedious part of my homeward journey, for one's impatience increases always as the object of one's wishes is more nearly approached.

"The heart makes some things beautiful to us — more beautiful than the most elaborate workmanship of nature or of art. The affections never yet clung to one earthly object without investing it with a touching loveliness; and, indeed, nothing ever yet was beautiful which the spirit could not love. I saw in the distance the outline of a familiar hill. What grace was there in its gentle undulations, what delicacy in its faded hues! I caught a glimpse of a dancing stream, and its tiny sparkles had as strong a sway over the spirit, as ever yet had the splendid magnificence of Niagara, the brightest beam of the gentle Susquehannah, or the lordly tide of the romantic Hudson. And I knew then that though there may be streams of radiant beauty wandering abroad o'er all the land, their deep, mysterious spring is in the human soul. The bleak and barren highlands were beautiful to Scott; '*If I could not look upon the heather once a year*,' said he, '*I believe I should die!*' "

Of the three following years I have few events to relate. Her life flowed on in the ordinary channel, and to outward appearance nothing disturbed its peace. But, doubtless, the work of spiritual growth was then proceeding; for our times of outward rest are often most fruitful in mental and religious experiences. The editing of the "Rose" was continued, and she also wrote the usual quantity for other publications, besides a miniature volume, "The Flower-Vase," consisting of original and selected verses, illustrative of the language of flowers. She also edited the Poems of Mrs. Scott, and prefixed it with a memoir. From her correspondence at this time I select the following.

Of an article written by a friend while in great affliction, she says: —

"There is a beautiful spirit in that article, which I have often dwelt upon since reading it; it is the true spirit of our own rich and sunny faith, which never seems to us so really beautiful as when smiling in the heart of the mourner, and sitting like an angel at the entrance of the tomb."

Of her occupations at this time, she says: —

"I am leading a very quiet life, this winter, and am quite resuming my old habits of seclusion and industry. I have recently added to

my books the 'Family Library,' which now embraces over a hundred volumes. Most of them are new to me, and treat upon subjects of which I am peculiarly fond — particularly the natural sciences — though I am not at all scientific. Of course I have enough reading to do. And then I am trying to study French a little — just sufficient to translate passably well. I have read a few 'livres' of Fenelon's Télémaque, and a little in Dupaty's 'Lettres sur Italia.' But I am a most uncouth and disgraceful translator, I assure you, at present. Added to these things, I am trying to write something for the next 'Rose.' I am getting quite disconsolate over my attempts. I believe I never did write so poorly as I am writing this winter. I have given up reading poetry, I get so vexed with my own rhymes at the 'odious comparison.'"

Of Wordsworth she thus writes: —

"For your very excellent letter, received through Br. ——, I can hardly thank you enough. What a comfort it is to have such friends, who will write so kindly and affectionately, and always so encouragingly. Every day I think how blest I am in this respect, and I really cannot imagine how I could get through the world at all without them. I suppose, however, I should make friends of the hills, as Wordsworth somewhere recommends, and confidants of the flowers and rocks; for to live without some kind of sympathy, either real or imaginary, would be impossible. Wordsworth — by the way, I was pleased with what you said of him, and have taken to the study of his poetry with a new delight, since I know that you are also learning to love it, (an illustration of the power of sympathy, and of the thirst for it mentioned above.) I am sure Wordsworth will do you good — judging from my own experience — for there is something in his pure, gentle philosophy, in his calm thought and sunny faith, which acts as a sedative to every perturbed feeling of the heart. Every expression is so pure, simple, and unaffected, every thought so passionless and intellectual, it is a luxury to the mind to follow his meditations. His affections seem to be always of the gentlest and most refined character. I do not know that there is a trace of passion in anything he has ever written; but yet how much of benevolence and tenderness! How he delights to take up the characters of the lowly and simple, and invest them with poetic interest. He enters the by-lanes of life, and rescues from oblivion the humbler specimens of humanity — the Peter Bells, the pedlers, idiots, and peasant-girls, that interest his benevolent mind. He unveils their hearts, and exhibits the operations of outward nature upon their moral feelings. He enters into their griefs, and interests himself tenderly in all the circumstances of their

fortunes. It is for this expansive benevolence and intellectual purity that I so much love him; and there is also much beauty of language to make his poetry a pleasing mental exercise. I think he has great felicity of expression at times, an arrangement of words almost unequalled in their harmony and significance." * * * *

"Do you read Wordsworth? I must talk about books, for it is all I have to think of now-a-days, and when I talk about any *one*, I usually select him. I know of no one whom I think ought to be so universally admired, about whom there is such a contrariety of opinions. Some ridicule him; and those I always set down as having no 'fellow-feeling,' and of course incompetent to perceive his excellences. Others, without reason, I think, call him too metaphysical and meditative. Others, again, love, honor and admire him — and of this latter class am I. His 'Excursion,' long as it is, is full of beautiful, gentle, refining morality. It is *ethics* in verse — and most musical verse it is, too, — sweet, lulling, and full of tenderness. But I have no room to eulogize, — and eulogize I shall, if I keep on."

Her confidence in her own power does not increase. She writes thus to a friend: —

"I think I never before succeeded so little to my own satisfaction, as now. There is such an unattainable excellence constantly before me in the writings of the great and gifted, that my pen falters in every line it would trace. My versification is all tame, spiritless; my prose seems either too simple, or too artificial; in short, I am dissatisfied with all my efforts; and for that reason particularly desire assistance."

To Mrs. Scott, now very ill, she writes: —

"You must not think I was not alarmed and very sorry to hear of your illness, because I have allowed more than a week to pass without answering your letter; indeed, I was greatly grieved at the tidings, but glad that you were able to give them to me yourself. I cannot but hope you are much better, ere this, and able in part, at least, to resume the duties and the enjoyments of health. Poor Julia! you have a hard lot of it, to endure so much in the way of physical suffering, and so much, too, of mental trial. Yet how much blest above many are you, in the abundant consolations of our pure religion. Oh, my friend, I may say to you and with you, what in this wide and erring world would be pleasant, or even supportable, without the comforts and energies of our holy and immaculate faith? Every day does it not grow brighter, and stronger, and more consoling? Who

would ever love without it, — and who could live and not love? I cannot understand how those can endure the burden of life, who place their dearest hopes, their boundless affections where they dare not feel they may have an eternal rest."

The approach of spring draws from her the following : —

"Spring has come again at last, and I am feeling its influence in every thought. I know not how the first vernal days may affect you in the city, but for me the year has nothing more delightful than its first softening airs and singing birds. Spring brings me headaches, and lassitude of limb, but with these a spiritual delight, that is a threefold compensation. A flock of little birds came about the house on Valentine's day — their wedding-day, you know, — and have remained ever since, singing the sweetest little melodies you ever heard."

She writes thus to a friend who is oppressed by discouragements : —

"No one knows better how to feel for you in seasons of melancholy than I, being constitutionally subject to frequent and unconquerable depression of spirits, like that of which you speak. I am very sorry for you, knowing too well, that of all sufferings nothing is more difficult to be endured, — nothing more life-wearying in its effects. I know your confinement and cares must be very great, a species of martyrdom at which I fancy I should prove no heroine, having, from my youth up, led the wild bird-life of which you give a reminiscence in your little poem. But though this may be the gayer, I do not consider it the nobler, life. Toil, self-sacrifice, and devotion to those we love, as well as to the general good, are our higher destiny; and though the air may be colder there, it is but to make the spirit hardier, that it may take bolder and stronger flights toward the Eternal."

And thus, to a young friend in the ministry : —

"I am glad to hear that you have so pleasant a location. I trust it may be a long and happy one, if it so suit the pleasure of Heaven. That you will do good, I doubt not; and I presume the responsibilities of a pastor's charge will be favorable to many yet unawakened energies of your mind. The consciousness of important duties, and their claims upon the intellect and the heart, are of most essential service in the formation of a great and good character. Particularly are they good, though difficult, for the young and inexperienced : and though we sometimes may feel bowed down with the burden of cares, there will be many an after hour in which we shall bless God that we have been tried."

In a letter written December 22d, she gives a domestic picture: —

"I really wish you could make me a visit this winter, I am so comfortable; and that you may give your 'pictures' all possible *vraisemblance*, I will furnish you with a few outlines. Our sitting-room is what was last summer our dining-room, and has undergone no other alteration than the addition of a striped carpet, (to gratify my love of colors,) and the loss of one of the book-cases, which belonged to my new-married brother. Here my sisters and I, with a good fire in our little stove, enjoy almost uninterrupted tranquillity. Mother occupies her little sitting-room adjoining, for father likes the light of an open fire, and the children a place where they can make a noise. You must not paint me in the picture 'reading aloud,' for I fancy my Latin declensions and conjugations would have little interest for my companions; but you may paint me knitting my brow over the difficult text, or puzzling my brain to spin out something upon paper. Before dinner, I read history; after dinner, Latin; and the evening I devote to writing. This arrangement I have followed for several weeks, and find it very convenient. If I gain any time by unusual industry, or facility of thought, I improve it in any miscellaneous reading that I like. All this looks very systematic, but I assure you the rules are not very rigidly enforced, my mistress being one of the most indulgent creatures you ever met. You know Fowler marked my chart, self-esteem 5—6? The fact will account for this long string of egotism; but I have not written it so much in self-praise, as to convince you that my life, though secluded and quiet, is not idle. You, who are always reading, and thinking, and writing good and beautiful things, are so silent about them in your letters, that I feel quite ashamed of the display I make to you, as though I were really one of the wonders of the age. This living so much by one's self does, I verily believe, induce selfishness, if not self-conceit; and I know not to what extent it might increase, did not occasional contact with superior minds distinctly remind me of my insignificance."

January 8, 1842, she thus writes: —

"Do you hear ever from our friend —— ——? I fear she thinks I have grown indifferent to her, and I hardly blame her if she does, for, shall I confess it, I have not sent her a single line since I left ——, last July. It is too bad, but I have neglected nearly all my friends in the same manner. I have no excuse for it, except engrossing occupations and a growing disinclination to my pen. To tell the truth, it has become a great task for me to write at all, and nothing that I

attempt succeeds to my satisfaction. I quite dread to think of the 'Rose,' and my contributions to the Repository are almost a subject of terror to me. I wonder if this be indolence, or whether it may arise from some other cause not quite so derogatory to my character for industry? I love study as well as ever; but I dread the eye of the world upon my soul, and it seems to me that my thoughts have lost their freshness, and that, instead of giving pleasure to my friends, I shall only weary them with hackneyed thoughts and feeble expressions. Is this all fancy? Your generous partiality will doubtless tell me so, but perhaps others, who love me less, will be more inclined to agree with me, in thinking that my productions are, really, very unprofitable. * * * * You say I write much of disappointed love. I do so, dear —— ——, not from any personal interest in the theme, but because, so far as my acquaintance with the human heart extends, there is much secret suffering from this cause; and I trust I never speak in a manner to minister to morbid regret, but rather to point out its uses, its sanctifying influence upon the heart, and to recommend, as far as may be, its best and most successful remedies. Perhaps I make it too frequent a theme; but you know it is my nature to be interested in love, and out of the abundance of the heart the pen writeth. * * * * I am very glad that your little book has been so successful. I know it must be a gratification to yourself, and certainly it is to all of us who love you. Yet I can fully believe what you say, that your happiness depends more on being a faithful wife and mother than a writer of books. I *know* that for myself I should greatly prefer to excel in those relations, had Heaven so disposed my fate, than to be the author of the most admired book ever written; still, my dear friend, I and many with me would exceedingly regret that you should entirely relinquish your pen — for it is the chronicler of sweet tales, and a gentle minister of purity and love."

Of her winter employments she writes: —

"Now that I have told you what I have not done, I will show the brighter side of the picture. I have written poetry for the 'Rose,' and have prepared articles for the Repository, to last till May. Some twenty or thirty letters, also, I have written, and one or two little pieces that I intend sending to the 'Star.' And this is all. But I have done better with reading. The girls made me translate 'Corinne' to them aloud, which occupied the better part of two or three weeks, in my blundering manner. But it is a fascinating book — a story of passionate, suffering, wronged affection, with a tragical *denouement*. I have despatched something like twenty volumes of history and biography — and am now reading Gibbon's Rome aloud

as often as I find opportunity. In poetry I have run from Scott to Byron, from Shakspeare to Mrs. Hemans, and, indeed, enjoyed the society of almost all the good masters of the English lyre, as often as leisure has allowed. As to novels, I have not looked in one except 'Corinne,' and thought, when I finished that, it should be a long while ere I opened another."

In the same letter, in excusing the melancholy tone of a portion of it, she says: —

"It was a cold and gloomy day yesterday; the weather had its influence upon my feelings, and I find, upon looking over my letter, that I have allowed some foolish things to find admittance. Everything depends upon the weather. This morning I am as bright as a lark, and as happy as a kitten, and can hardly realize how it is possible I ever should be sad. So you must never be disturbed by any little shadows of melancholy that steal over my feelings when writing to you — for it takes but one hour of cheerful sunshine to chase them all away. So variable is my temperament and mental constitution, I could not be placed in circumstances so wretched that I should not have many bright and joyous thoughts; neither could I be in anything so blessed that I should not have occasional days of gloom. Perhaps you, yourself, have some knowledge of these 'caprices' of feeling; if so, you will be able to understand me."

In April she writes: —

"I have little to write that will interest you; I go out occasionally to see and hear the dear brook, which is more musical and foamy than ever at this season. I find a few flowers, also, almost every walk I take; but it is yet too early to meet them in great abundance. I write a little occasionally — scrub house also, and make over old dresses to look as well as new. Thus passes away my life, perhaps as usefully as if it were more bustling and showy."

In one of her earliest letters to her new friend, "Charlotte," of whom I shall say more hereafter, she thus writes: —

"Your second letter was received most welcomely, and before I had broken the seal, I said to myself, 'Well, Lottie is a good girl, to answer my letter so promptly;' but after I had opened and perused it, and found that it was written before the receipt of mine, I thanked you still more; for it proved to me, what I fully believed before, that my dear friend was not one of those calculating compensation bodies, who must always have a 'quid pro quo' — and 'a tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye.' It was a proof, too, that you loved me, and

thought of me; and that was very much to one who craves affection so exorbitantly as does your simple friend, Sarah. Yes, dear Lottie, I do believe in 'spiritual magnetism.' Firmly as I believe the mysteries of the mesmeric science, I do not yield it half the faith, nor esteem it half so wonderful, indeed, as that power within us which can work such mighty spells on the spirits and hearts of those that love us. And why should not a 'pair of black eyes' be haunting you, when those very eyes, some forty miles distant, were gazing in fancy upon your dear form, and calling up in various pictures, the varied expressions they had in former hours seen flitting across your face? Had it been otherwise, Lottie, I would have abjured my faith. Your story was, indeed, *ghostly* enough. I do not 'commit myself,' however, upon a subject in which I have had no personal experience. Have you ever read Scott's 'Demonology,' or that other book in the Family Library, which treats of all kinds of magic and spectral apparitions? There are many very marvellous stories recorded in them, and the attempt made to explain them upon philosophical principles — such as optic derangement, &c.; but these explanations never fully satisfied me, and I am still as much as ever in the dark. I have tried a great many times to 'see a ghost' — to invoke spirits to appear; — but for some inexplicable reason they refuse to do my bidding, till I am at last in such a 'miff' with all the host of goblins, that if they had a wish to show themselves they would be withheld by a dread of my anger. Spirits are really very mysterious things; and I have learned to look upon them as much greater mysteries since I became a believer in Animal Magnetism. That one person's mind should gain such a spell over another's, as to draw it away from its body, and lead it to remote places which it had never visited, and bid it discourse of things and persons there located, of which neither mind had any previous knowledge, if it be true, is surely the most wonderful fact ever brought into the sphere of human comprehension. I leave others to explain its philosophy, while I sit still and marvel. * * *

"There is one thing I envy you, — and that is, your privilege of attending lectures. I think I would even consent to give up the beauties and quietude of the country, for the literary advantages of Boston. The lectures of Mr. Dana must have been exceedingly interesting. There are a thousand beauties in Shakspeare, and every other great poet, which one would never discover without the aid of some finely cultivated poetic mind — of some miner who is skilled in digging up intellectual gems, and giving them the polish of an artist.

"I wish we could be together to read Spenser and Shakspeare and

Milton. It would add much to the interest which they inspire, and I fancy we could mutually aid each other in eliciting their numerous beauties. I have read 'Comus' since I returned from Lowell — the second time within a year — and may I say that of all Milton's poems this is my favorite? 'Paradise Lost' is a very great and marvellous achievement of genius — but it never wins my love, though it commands my admiration. So the 'Midsummer Night Dream' in Shakspeare, possesses for me a peculiar charm.

"I have been reading Dickens' Notes of Travel in America. It has his usual wealth of humor, and is, I believe, in almost every respect, just, if not generous. He shows in it his warm, kind, benevolent nature. I love him for the severity, or justice, I might say, with which he has written of slavery; of the Philadelphia Solitary Confinement System; of Prison Discipline; of American 'spitting;' of Shakerism, (we have Shakers in our town, so I can vouch for the truth of his representations,) and last, but not least, of the vile newspaper depravity which now prevails throughout our political world. May his strictures be duly felt and regarded. Coming from an Englishman, and an author so extremely popular as Dickens, they will, I think, effect greater good than anything that could be written by an American."

To the same person she gives a picture of her home: —

"What a long time of beautiful weather we have had, pleasanter even than summer I think. I have taken one very pleasant walk, and only one, since my return. You don't know how much I wished you with me to enjoy the splendid landscape. From the top of a high hill directly back of our dwelling is seen one of the prettiest and most extensive scenes of woodland and water, and intermingling hills, that was ever my lot to gaze upon; and when colored with the splendid dyes of autumn, nothing can exceed its gorgeous beauty. Next summer, when you pay me that visit, we will have some delightful rambles 'through bush, through briar' — will we not?"

And she thus expresses her pleasure at the acquisition of such a friend: —

"Your very kind letters have both been received, and read with more than usual interest. I do love your warm, free heart, that dispenses so liberally of its sweet treasures to one who prizes affection above all other earthly gifts. I have not been unmindful of you, although time has been hitherto so fully occupied as to leave me no opportunity to answer your first good letter. Your pleasant face is

before me often in my busiest moments; it mingles with my sweetest visions; it is a new and welcome star in the sky of my heart, whence some have already gone down, and others glimmer and grow pale. Long beam it brightly there, to cheer my hours of sadness, and guide me on to fountains of happiness and strength."

To the same: —

"Do you have any good laughs now-a-days? I am afraid my face will grow sharp and elongated if you do not come soon to throw into it the reflection of your own merry humor. Somehow or other, there does not seem to be anything to make fun of here; and unless I have some one to help me, I seldom get into much of a frolic. Here I sit from morning till night — no, I don't *sit* all the while, but stay — doing nothing in the world more comical than washing dishes, sweeping floors, eating, drinking, and scribbling. Once in a while, sisters and I have a funny time — but we have to use the same thing over so many times we wear it all out before anything new suggests itself. I think, if you were here, you might keep us in new ideas."

In March, 1843, she writes: —

"To-morrow is the anniversary of Mrs. Scott's death. A year since she was taking her farewell of all she loved on earth; where is she now? Whenever I think of her, it seems to me that she is present — that she knows my thoughts; and I have a feeling of reverence and awe, very like that I used to experience in her personal society. The spiritual state is to me a most solemn mystery. I have no definite ideas respecting it, but yet no distrust of its entire peacefulness, and superiority to what we now experience. I have a strong longing to *know* something — but such knowledge is, I suppose, very wisely forbidden."

At the close of a descriptive letter to Charlotte, she says: —

"So one picture follows another in my soul, like a moving diorama — now it is a laughing eye, and now a pale and thoughtful brow. Everything that is beautiful in expression, no matter in what human face divine I meet it, is daguerreotyped into my heart, and becomes a material for thought, fancy and affection."

April 24th, 1843, to a dear friend: —

"Dear ———, you don't know a beautiful rainbow is this moment dazzling my eyes, as I lift them in the direction of Providence — for even from here I can look towards your dear city — and when I

turn to my paper, my eyes carry there the bright and beautiful reflection, so that my letter seems covered with rainbows. Is there meaning in this? Oh, let there always be rainbows between you and me, dear friend!"

In June she writes: —

"I am busy—busy—busy—with the uncompleted 'Rose.' When I look into the garden, I envy the roses there for the ease with which they grow. But I love the work. If I could dismiss a few of the perplexities, I know nothing more gratifying than the preparation of my little annual pic-nic. But when copy fails, and I have nowhere to turn for a supply but to my own brain, I confess my hand and heart both falter. But it is so much pleasanter and easier to think and write in the cool, quiet country, than in your good, generous, but noisy, dirty city, that I have no words to express the pleasure I feel in being able to remain at home during this delightful season."

Also, the same year, the following: —

"I wonder why it is that I do not write letters with the ease that I once did. Is my mind less fertile, or my heart? I have not outlived all sentiment, I trust, but I am in a transition-state, that most uninteresting period of human life, when my mind seems striving to settle itself into some regular habits of thought, and my heart is, I know not where, — afloat on the tide of life, knowing not where to make its haven, — not yet satisfied with its search among things of earth, yet feeling more and more convinced that the sole heaven is above, and that thither its course should tend. I do not grow better as I increase in years. I rather feel that I am worse; that I am more giddy and thoughtless; that I am constantly sliding back from the goal of moral excellence whither my better judgment would lead me. But into this strain I will not lead you; for if I am not good and wise, it is my own fault, and I have no claims on the sympathy of those who are so. I am very happy, but there is a question in my mind whether I deserve to be so. I do little to merit so much sunshine from heaven.

"I wish you were here to ramble with me to-night. We have had some fine showers, and the trees are so green and beautiful, I am longing to be out in the shadow of them. I never realized the charms of the country so fully as now, after my long visit to the hot and dusty city. I hope I may always have a home amid the beautiful things of nature. Art, literature, human society, — these all united, would not supply to me the absence of green fields and run-

ning brooks; much less would they reconcile me to the loss of country quiet, which is, I believe, a part of my very soul. I trust heaven is not the *eternal city*, but the *eternal country;* that would convey to my mind far sweeter images of beauty and peace, than any description I have ever read.

"After all, to how little of the really beautiful within us can we give clear utterance! How much there is in our souls, of God and heaven — how much of love and grief, for which we can find no words? And are not these thoughts and feelings worth more to us than all that we ever uttered? These, at least, can never be poured out and wasted — never can be wounded by rudeness, nor crushed by scorn. They are like beautiful night-dreams that fill us with joy and delight, but which can never be shared with or imparted to another. You ask me what I am doing, and thinking. Really, it would be a strange catalogue if I were to tell you all. I have as much washing and churning as Debby* had to do, and, what is provoking, I can never manage to look beautiful or graceful about it. Then I read some novels too, Miss Bremer's in particular, and take some solitary strolls, but none by moonlight. As for thinking, why, sometimes I think of *you*, but I would not have you imagine I do such a foolish thing very often. Sometimes I think sad things that make me cry, but much oftener glad and gay things that make me laugh. I do not indulge in excess of feeling on any subject when I can avoid it; and, above all things, I struggle to keep down fallacious hopes, — to dream of no joy that cannot be mine, to foster no unquiet wish for blessings God withholds. And so the world goes on, and I strive to think it goes smoothly; but I cannot but rejoice, all the while, that there is a happier one prepared for us in the end; one where the soul sins not, and the heart is never lonely. My literary occupations are often a source of pure pleasure to me, though making them so public a thing is a trial to my feelings, that few can understand. I know that all sensitiveness of this kind should stand rebuked by the voice of duty; but I sometimes suffer so much from a sense of my situation in this respect, that a refuge under some green sod of the church-yard, with no name to point out my hiding-place, seems of all things most desirable. But this is foolish; and if my heart go not forth into the world to lose its delicacy, those who know me will not judge me harshly that my name is there, even though it be sometimes rudely spoken."

During this period, she was once called to apply to herself that consoling faith which she could so eloquently recommend

* A female character in one of her tales.

to others. Her friend, Mrs. Scott, died March 5th, 1843. Many years of ill health had somewhat prepared her for the loss; and in her correspondence she often speaks of the event as anticipated. And when it came, she was found cheerful, and full of trust, as becomes one who has learned in prosperity to rely upon that power whose chastenings are blessings. Yet she deeply felt her present loss; for in the society of this friend she had found her earliest and highest sympathy. In tastes and opinions they greatly resembled each other, though very different in temperament.

It was the dying wish of her friend that she should edit her writings for publication, and this was accordingly done. The volume appeared in the autumn of 1843, and consisted of selections from the poems of Mrs. Scott, to which was prefixed a brief but affectionate notice of her life.

After such a tribute it would be impossible for me to add anything to the adequate representation of the character of this lamented woman. I have known her only through her friends, her poems, and correspondence. And there are few whose spirit has so impressed itself upon everything with which it came in contact, as hers. Possessing a temperament constitutionally ardent, and sensitive to the slightest impressions, dependent to the last degree for happiness upon the love of friends, yet upborne by an enthusiastic love of truth, and a noble heroism in the endurance of suffering encountered in the way of duty; with a ceaseless longing for an ideal excellence, which, in the feeble state of her health, doubtless, hastened the termination of her earthly existence, she could not fail to win the interest and love of all who knew her. I should say, that enthusiasm, in the best sense of the term, was her prominent characteristic. She lived with that intensity of being which, although we are unable to resist its charms, makes us tremble for the mortal part which feebly holds so much power and aspiration. The acquaintance was peculiarly valuable from this difference in the temperament of the two friends; for never was one more happily constituted to soothe and allay the fever of soul than Sarah. The atmosphere in which she moved was full of peace; and Julia was

not the only one among her friends who has blessed her for the calm influences which have enveloped him in hours of great mental and moral unrest. Mrs. Scott was, also, admirably qualified to cheer her companion, and supply that motive power in which natures so quiet are usually deficient. This contrast only cemented their love more firmly; a love which, interrupted upon earth, is now, we trust, consummated in a higher state. Sarah never could forget a friend, and, through her subsequent life, her affection for her earliest literary associate constantly increased.

In the death of Mrs. Scott, the religious order of which she was a member sustained a loss that has never been repaid. Her poems are peculiar and excellent of their kind. In the sphere of domestic and religious sentiment, she must be acknowledged to stand at the head of the female denominational writers. Most of her productions were written under the pressure of affliction or illness; and if, at times, the sufferer or the invalid appears too prominently, the compensation is more than given in the cheering faith which brightens her saddest meditations. The published volume of her poems is one of the books to which we often go for that refreshment afforded by the union of elevating sentiments and a poetic imagination; and to her may unhesitatingly be given the name so rarely deserved — a Christian poet.

Compensation is the law of our earthly existence, and it did not fail in this instance; for the year succeeding that which deprived Sarah of one friend, gave her another in the person of "Charlotte." I think her acquaintance with Miss C. A. Fillibrowne, began in the summer of 1842, and it was not long in ripening to a devoted attachment. There is a record of a week spent by them in Lowell together, at this time, in the society of friends, which in their correspondence forms a constant topic of pleasant reminiscence. The freshness and sincerity of Charlotte's nature at once gained the heart of her friend. Her sparkling humor and quick perception of the ludicrous were an additional attraction to one who was all her life a most devoted disciple to the religion of wit and mirth; while a congeniality of literary pursuits added the last

bond, necessary to cement this happy union of hearts. Sarah also was the elder, and, in many things, the instructor and advisor of Charlotte. Their correspondence is beautifully characteristic, and a model of a high sincere intercourse between friends, possessing the rare charm of discussing the most common details of news and domestic life, in a spirit and tact as far removed from the sentimental as the prosaic. In the summer of 1843, Charlotte spent several weeks at Shirley village. The friends, with Sarah's brother, led, for a few weeks, a life of perfect gypsy freedom. Every pond, and stream, every hill-top, or path running away into the woods, was explored; whole days spent out of doors; or, if anything detained them within, employed in a manner that would have upset the gravity of the most severe advocate of household discipline. At the close of this time, they went together to the city and employed their leisure in reading or visiting the rooms of artists, to which they were generously admitted by some friends who are now among names the best known in American art. I regret that the strictly confidential nature of this correspondence prevents me from extracting largely for the present memoir. Of this friendship, increasing in strength and beauty, till it was also interrupted by the death of Charlotte, I shall say more in the progress of my narrative.

In the spring of 1842, I saw her for the first time, at Shirley village. Coming from a distant part of the country, and not being in the way of the periodical publications for which she wrote, I had never before heard her name. My acquaintance, therefore, began with the *woman*. I met her but twice, once at the house of a friend, and a second evening at a small family party in her own home. I was attracted by the quiet, womanly grace of her manners. She did not converse very freely, though her remarks were characterized by beauty of expression, and especially by a vivid power in description. But the great charm about her was, the unconscious expression of a beautiful soul, which no diffidence of manner, or hesitancy of speech could repress. She impressed every one who came near her with a perfect confidence in the quiet affectionateness of her nature. Her deep tender eyes, and

her face, from which a cheerful and sympathetic expression was never absent, could not fail to win the heart of the most indifferent. And I was also impressed by the perfect unity of spirit which seemed to pervade the family circle; a unity so complete that the thoughts and feelings of each seemed to be anticipated by the rest, almost before they could be uttered. Soon after these pleasant evenings I returned home, and neither saw or heard of her until the winter of 1843–4.

During this period, up to the commencement of the year 1844, her mental and religious culture had steadily advanced. Her acquaintance with English literature was greatly extended; and she had made considerable progress in the study of the Latin and French languages. She also acquired a very correct knowledge of botany, and read many popular works upon the other natural sciences. History was not neglected, and biography, and fictitious reading were frequent subjects of attention. Her library had increased, and when I saw her first, consisted of four or five hundred well selected volumes.

Among the modern English poets, her favorite author at this time was Wordsworth. His quiet flow of thought, and his hopeful spirit, accorded well with her own temperament. The beautiful simplicity of his diction, also, was an object of her admiration, and the influence of it can be traced in the formation of her later style, which in prose and verse is characterized by ease and purity. She retained her love for Wordsworth till the close of her life, although afterwards more attracted by other poets. Shakspeare was also her constant study. She had already outgrown an early fondness for the poetry of Byron and Mrs. Hemans; repelled from the former by that diseased selfishness which must at last destroy the interest of every genuine mind in his writings; and from the latter by the false view of life and the religious sentimentalism which, like a jingle of harsh bells, so often break the harmony of her thought and versification. For the poets of the school of Pope she had no respect, and Moore and the tribe of sentimentalists were equally offensive to her. I think she then read Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and Burns, almost to the exclusion of others. In prose, she was principally attracted to

Carlyle, Lamb, Scott, and Channing. She had also frequent opportunities, during her visits to the city, to cultivate a taste for art, by examining the best works, in the company of competent critics.

Of her progress in spiritual things, we can judge by the highest of proofs, the increasing beauty of her character. Her religious sympathies were becoming broader, and, though her attachment to the faith of her childhood deepened yearly, it was displayed by a growing aversion to sectarianism. She had little sympathy with those who would make the doctrine of God's Universal Love a foundation for narrow religious clanship, and though never exerting herself in a public manner to intrude her own opinions upon others, she cherished in her heart the longing of the highest spirits of our time for a more complete unity of Christendom. The Christian trust with which she met the loss of her friend Mrs. Scott, is a proof that she had overcome the fear of death, and attained that faith which prepares one equally for the discipline of earth or the employments of the future.

Early in the year 1844, I went to Shirley village to spend a college vacation in teaching. Our acquaintance was renewed, and very soon ripened into love, which resulted in an engagement of marriage. From this time I shall fortunately be able to speak of her from recollection, as her correspondence becomes less available every succeeding year; and I trust, the frequent appearance of my own person in the narrative will be excused, when it is remembered that henceforth the history of our lives was too closely interwoven, to be separated. Our literary pursuits were upon common ground; — we studied and read and wrote together, and in all spiritual things were of one mind.

Love with her was a passion that carried with it her whole nature. It did not begin and end in dreams of unattainable earthly felicity, or unfit her for the realities of life; but was manifested to others chiefly by increased desire for mental and moral culture. Thus we may truly date from this winter a new epoch in her life; for afterwards she studied with more regularity and care, and read with greater discrimination, and

her exertions for excellence in literary composition were more intense and sustained. In this she was aided by the sympathy and advice of her brother, then in college, and of another friend, to whom we all owe more than I can ever express, and whose public labors in the vineyard of the Lord, faithful as they may be, can never bring to him a more sincere tribute of affection, than our united love, now hallowed by the departure of two of our little company. Neither can we forget in this connection others, who are bound by the same ties; — friends gained at this time, or henceforth more dearly loved because better known.

This winter was not so much devoted to literary pursuits as usual. The marriage of her elder sister called for more than ordinary exertion in domestic duties. Yet was a foundation laid for much future improvement. She passed many evenings in reading, in company with her brother and myself. Her range of authors was much enlarged by the opportunity of obtaining books from the libraries of Cambridge and Amherst. Among those read this winter I remember the works of Joanna Bailie, Macaulay's Essays, and Percy's English Ballads. Beside these, we read much of Wordsworth. Those golden evenings are woven up into a picture which will never lose its bright colors — evenings more welcomed after days of toil in the village school-room, when we read and talked together, and after our humble manner contemplated the employments of future years, and imparted and received aid in the Christian life. Well may I remember them, for then first was I awakened to the reality of spiritual things, and the floating aspirations of my youth concentrated into determined purpose. Through my love for her I was unconsciously led to the love of God, and the longing for a high and Christian life.

At the close of my school term, we separated. Her brother John went to Cambridge, and I to Amherst, and she returned to her usual employments. Preparations for the "Rose" occupied her during the spring, interrupted only by a short visit to Lowell, and by an increase of domestic employments. The family circle was now broken by a new household arrangement. Two of her brothers yet lived in the old mansion, which was

converted into a hotel to meet the increasing wants of the village, through which a railroad was now building; and the remainder of the family, father, mother, one sister, and three younger brothers, removed to a pleasant cottage, separated from it only by a garden. This removal was commemorated by a little poem, written in her happiest manner, which will be found in the selections of this volume.

Early in the summer I was obliged, by complete prostration of health, to leave college and suspend my studies. My debility was so great that I did little, through the summer and autumn, but travel and use various other methods for recovery. Sarah went to Boston to superintend the printing of the "Rose." During this absence from home, most of her time was spent with her sister at Waltham and with her friend Charlotte, then married to Mr. J. W. Jarauld. A few days were also passed at Medford with Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, then in deep affliction for the loss of a beautiful child. New ties had only deepened her attachment for old friends, and the days passed with those beloved ones, are described, in her letters to me, as among the happiest of her life.

She returned home in August, and I saw her a few weeks in autumn, in company with one of her female friends. My own health not being reëstablished, I returned to spend the winter at home. She was employed during the remainder of the autumn and winter in the preparation of a little volume of poems, in study and domestic employments.

During this year she wrote little for the Repository. The "Rose" contained the usual number of articles from her pen, most of which are superior to the average of her former productions. The most obvious improvement is in her style, which is more chaste and expressive than in any former year. "The Fables of Flora," is a little book, edited at this time, containing the fables of Dr. Langhorn, interspersed with several of her own. Many of those are among the most graceful poems she ever wrote.

The study of French was resumed this year, and never afterwards suspended. Her reading in the language was confined principally to the plays of Moliere. Botany and History

were also continued, and Moral Philosophy begun. To the authors read in the winter of which I have before spoken, I may add Wilson and Channing. She also began to read the poetry of Coleridge and Tenneyson. These writers, especially the latter, were closely studied from this time. Among American writers, Dana most interested her. I have never witnessed more unceasing endeavors for improvement than in her during this year.

This period was not wanting in circumstances to develop her religious character. The accession of every new friend, was a new call to duty, and human ties only bound her more firmly to heaven. My own illness, and absence from study, were a source of equal anxiety to us, and in addition to her own sorrow she was obliged to exert all her energies to cheer me, and avert the unfavorable consequences of the extreme dejection attendant upon nervous derangement and bodily weakness. Her domestic duties increased, and often interrupted her literary pursuits and correspondence. Sickness in her own house was also added to her trials. But these only aroused the hidden strength of her nature. Always cheerful and hopeful, she labored without intermission, and often beyond her strength. We heard no word of impatience or complaint, and the times when care was pressing most heavily upon her were those when the sunlight of her presence was beaming most cheerfully upon all around.

From the few letters she wrote to friends this year I select the following passages. Most of her correspondence was with myself, but few extracts of which can appear in this memoir.

An illustration of her spirit of Christian liberality we find in a note to Rev. H. Bacon, now editor of the Repository: —

"Respecting an alteration in the name of the 'Repository,' what I shall say will not be worth much in your decision. I do not think, however, that I should advise the addition of the word 'Universalist.' Let the principles of pure Christianity be freely set forth in the work, and none but a bigot, or persons of narrow views respecting the true motives of Christian labor, would complain because the sign was not held out to tell them that we belonged to a sect. I am as much —

yes, *more* a Universalist than ever — but I will have the whole world to range through if I wish, and be limited by no walls of party."

And in a letter to myself she says : —

"I sometimes almost wish I were a man and a minister. The first step I would take would be to the battle-field ; not to war against false theories, but to strike hard blows at the sectarian bigotry that builds up such high walls of partition between those who should be of one household. It is not altogether bigotry, either, that does the mischief, though it had its birth in bigotry ; it is a sort of distrust which those of one party feel towards those of the same sentiments called by a different name. I have been secretly indignant upon this subject for a number of years, and I think it possible the fire will blaze out one of these days — not very fiercely, I dare say — but sufficiently perhaps to throw light into a few minds that are waiting for such light. I know, from what you have said in your letter, and elsewhere, that we sympathize upon this subject, as we do upon every other."

In April, she writes : —

"I think you cannot in the city feel the luxury of a day like this, so much as we do in the country. The air all soft and balmy, the sun faintly beaming through the thin clouds — the birds singing so gayly — the brook rushing joyfully through the alder-copse — the green grass visibly growing — everything, in short, so gladsome and so animate ! And then, in the midst of these, to have a healthy body and a happy heart !"

To her friend, Mrs. Bacon, she writes, after returning home from Boston, where she had come to deposit the body of her child : —

"I was not surprised at what you told me of the change in your feelings since your return home. It was unavoidable. The heroic calmness with which you met and struggled with your first days of trial, made demands upon your nervous energies which could not be always supplied. That moments of weakness and spiritual agony have followed, is no evidence that your faith is not still sufficient to console and support you. The body will in a measure control the spirit ; and when our nerves give way, we have no power to struggle with sorrow. Joy will return to you, my dear friend — I know it will. Time will accustom you to Mary's absence, and though you will never forget her, or wish to shut her from your thoughts, you

will find other duties supplying the place of those you once owed to her, and will not find it so difficult to live without her, as it is now, while the void is yet unfilled. It seems cold philosophy, I know, this idea of bringing other affections into the place of those that are bereft; but our Father has placed us here to find our happiness in blessing those around us; and when he takes any of these dear objects away, he signifies by the act that our duty to these is finished — that we have done them all the good we can — that other objects of kindness and interest must come in to claim the cares that they no longer need. Oh, we have a priceless faith! We lay our loved ones in the arms of God, and feel in our deepest souls that all is well with them. We have no fears for their future welfare. We know that they are, and will be eternally, happy. We know that we shall soon meet them again, *never to part*. When we commune with God, we feel that we are communing with one who has our treasures in his keeping. Were Mary absent from you upon earth, you would have constant fears that some ill might betide her. But now you know that evil can never touch your immortal one. For your earthly child you dread sickness and sin; for your heavenly child you are confident of unbroken purity and bliss. For your mortal child you fear an early death — for your immortal child you are sure of eternal life. True you can never with your fleshly eyes behold the darling you have lost; but in the spirit-land you shall behold her again, and clasp her in your arms with an ecstatic bliss you could never feel had you not been thus early separated. Is there not rich consolation in thoughts like these! — Do not struggle strongly with your grief. Give way to your tears when you feel like weeping. Struggle with despondent thoughts as much as you are able; but do not try to put on smiles when you do not feel them, nor, indeed, make any violent efforts to suppress nervous emotion. This feeling that one ought not to weep, is productive of evil. We ought to insist upon calm and trustful thoughts; but if tender yearnings fill our souls, it is better for us to weep till we are relieved, than to irritate ourselves by efforts to restrain our tears."

A few days after my return from my autumn visit, she writes to me: —

"This has been a glorious day — both in the inner and outer world. S—— and I walked up to the 'Old Dam,' where we came so near falling into the stream a week ago. It was very still and beautiful there, with the sunshine around us, the glory of the woods, and the soft ripple of the stream over the mossy stones. We sat down and

talked of you, and wished most intensely that you were with us. After dinner we took another long walk by Bow-Brook near its juncture with the Nashua. After our return I wrote another little fable, upon the subject you suggested. I will send you a copy of it. Will you not tell me its faults? — for I know it has many. I have spent several hours upon it, but am afraid it is good for nothing, after all. We have read more of Wilson to-day. He is full of poetry which might inspire me perhaps, if it would but stop in my head instead of running down into my heart so swiftly. To-night we have listened to Tennyson. Reading him is like entering a glade, half sunshine, half shadow, where many strange wild birds are singing that you never heard before."

In a letter to a friend she gives a picture of herself: —

"I have come once more to my 'pretty green-covered table,' which occupies the place that the plants did when you were here. We have removed all but a few of the most healthy to the cellar, and those that remain stand on the window-seat before me. A vase of green laurel, and a bottle of Cologne water, (your gifts,) occupy the centre of the table — and surrounding these, are scattered a large quantity of books, papers, an inkstand, pens, pencil, pen-wiper, and a portfolio, belonging to the 'gifted authoress.' The last mentioned 'sundry' sits in a flag-bottomed chair, dressed in a ninepenny calico and black silk apron, with some new bugle-tasselled hair-pins dangling on her neck, and a gold pencil stuck in behind the jet breast-pin at her throat. Her hands bear strong marks of apple-paring, having, with mother's and sister's aid, just accomplished the important business of making a large barrel of apple-sauce; and one eye, I regret to say, looks quite unlovely from a painful inflammation in the under lid. Considering all things, however, your 'sis' looks rather genteel, and feels very comfortable and happy."

She thus speaks of Channing: —

"I account Dr. Channing the greatest man, the noblest philanthropist our country has produced. To me all glory of statesmanship, all greatness of military skill, all pride of scholarship, seem mean and earthborn contrasted with a conscience so upright, and a spirit so liberal as his."

The beginning of the year 1845 found us quietly established in our respective homes, pursuing our favorite studies. Her brother was with her, having engaged in teaching during

the winter months, and she enjoyed his society, with that of a few others, who were interested in literary pursuits. Perhaps this was one of the calmest and happiest periods of her life; for she could look back upon an active and useful past, and forward to a golden future. Her anxieties for my own health were relieved, and her hopes elated by the rapidly developing mind of her brother, for whom she had engaged in so many difficult labors. A letter to her friend Charlotte, contains a graphic picture of her at this time: —

"I am now free from any pressing engagements, either literary or domestic; but have laid out a course of study for the winter, which, if I faithfully follow, will keep me very busy. I am still pursuing French, which I shall not quit till I have mastered it; and added to this, I have just commenced German under John's instruction. I get a lesson in each every alternate day. Evenings I give to writing, and the study of the poets. I am now engaged on Wordsworth and Dana. * * * * * Do you think you can come and make me a visit, this winter, after the cars run to Shirley? Why not make your arrangements to return with me, when I am down? It will be but a two hours' ride, and we will have such a cosy, pleasant time, with John and Mayo to help us make fun. Think of it seriously, and resolve to come, will you not? We have pleasant dances in our village occasionally, which you would like to attend. * * * * * You ought to peep into our pleasant little room, this evening. You would see mother sitting in one corner, knitting, John and Charles at one table, studying, Mary near me, sewing, and I seated with dignity at my own pretty round table, over which is spread a green-flowered cover, and on which lie numerous books; a dish of green mosses and laurel, gathered and arranged by Mayo, occupies the centre of the table; beside this stands a little blue Cologne-bottle; next, my well-filled portfolio, a box of wafers, and an excellent steel pen. As for me, myself, I am attired in a new dark ninepenny calico, black silk apron, gold chain and pencil, breastpin, spectacles, hair combed over my ears, and two bugle-tasselled hair-pins, dangling down upon my neck. Is not the picture enticing? * * * * * I have filled my sheet, and it is now time to go to bed. I am sorry that, after so long a silence, I have found nothing more interesting to write you, but I live so much in my own little world of thought, that I know nothing of what is going on about me."

In January I accompanied her to Waltham, the residence of her married sister, and Boston. A pleasant fortnight was passed in visits among her friends. I recall it with greater pleasure, as it was the only time I saw Charlotte. A week spent at her house is an event in my life not to be forgotten. It was beautiful to witness the affectionate intercourse of these women, so unlike, yet so engrossed in each other's love. All the reserve and thoughtful repose of Sarah's manners were no proof against the irresistible merriment of her friend, — a gayety that never concealed her depth of feeling, but rather seemed its most appropriate manifestation. Other friends were also visited, and then first did I know him who has been to us ever since more than a brother, and whom we loved as much for his generous heart, as we admired for his gifted intellect.

We returned together to her home, refreshed by our excursion, and desirous to carry out those plans of improvement that had been suggested by contact with other minds. At her solicitation I was persuaded to renounce my intention of returning to college, — a measure which, in my feeble state of health, would have been attended with great danger. I also now matured the plan which had long been floating in my mind, of devoting my life to the Gospel ministry. Her joy at this determination was a new incentive to efforts of self-culture. I returned home, full of hope, and with the means furnished by the kindness of friends for pursuing my studies alone until I should be able to avail myself of other advantages.

The remainder of the winter and spring was passed by her in diligent study. One mournful event, however, interrupted the quiet of the household — the death of "Lizzy," a beautiful child of her brother's. A poem descriptive of this gifted little creature will be found in the present selection, written a year before. But she had now attained that perfect faith in God, which could sustain her under any affliction. Two of her dearest friends had already been taken away, and the death of this little one was but the beginning of a series of family bereavements, each of which found her calmer and nearer peaven.

The winter passed rapidly away. In March, she writes thus to Charlotte : —

" It is really spring in the country. The snow is all gone, except a few small spots, and the birds are singing, you can't think how merrily. My heart is really quite thawed out, and begins to flow like Bow-Brook. Have you no yearning to visit this little stream once more? Why will you not, unless new and important ties forbid, pay me and the stream a visit this summer? It will take you only two hours to come; and you can run home any time when you are tired of us. Please give the subject a serious thought. * * * * I have nothing to write you, for I see nobody. From morning till night I may be found at my writing-table, at the south-east corner of the cottage sitting-room, sometimes reading German, sometimes French, sometimes English, and occasionally scribbling a piece of rhyme, or a letter to a friend. I enjoy myself as well as I ever did in my life, and perhaps as well as I ever expect to; for I have few cares, except such as are pleasant to me, sufficient leisure to pursue my favorite occupations, and agreeable hopes to throw their sunshine over the future."

We were together again in April, and made a short visit to the city, then returned to our homes; she to begin the yearly labor upon the "Rose," and I to commence my theological studies. During the summer she was employed at home upon the annual, it being the first season she could remain in the country while it went to press. In August, she accompanied her brother and myself upon a tour through the northern portion of Massachusetts and the southern towns of New Hampshire. It was her first opportunity of witnessing the finest country scenery, and the days she spent among the mountains and in the fine woods of this beautiful region she never forgot. We journeyed upon the top of a stage-coach, and enjoyed fully the pleasure of this mode of travelling; carried through long tracts of quiet woodland; sweeping over a high hill, from which a wide region of variegated country was visible; now whirling up to a village hotel, or riding for miles by the side of a brook, leaping over the rocks. We returned to Shirley village in the last days of August, and there the melancholy intelligence awaited us that *Charlotte was dead!* So are joy and sadness mingled in our cup of existence. Yet we could thank God,

that we had been permitted to enjoy those weeks of communion with him through the loveliest sights and sounds of nature, before we heard that she had gone away; and her memory was always associated with those scenes, to which it was not an inappropriate conclusion. We parted from each other, with more elevated purposes and chastened spirits, as men go out from hearing a concert of rich harmonies, closed by a plaintive melody; looking their adieus, lest they should break the spell by spoken words.

It was Sarah's intention to write an extended notice of the life of her friend for the "Rose of Sharon," and the materials were once collected for it. I know not why the work was never completed. I regret, with many others, that a volume of her best productions has not yet enriched our denominational literature, and hope we shall yet see it, accompanied with a tribute to her memory, from some one of those who can best do it. For she was a true woman, full of a woman's gentle and deep affection. The quality most apparent in her character was sincerity. There was no cant in her, and she possessed a happy humor, which was not seldom employed in exposing it in others. Though unusually gay and social in her manners, she was yet subject to frequent periods of the deepest depression. Her life was not free from trials, but she knew how to endure them without complaint. She was in truth a woman whom to see once was to love and remember. Her intellect was singularly fresh and productive. A brightness, like the sun shining through the young leaves of beech-trees in spring, was over everything that came from her pen. An unconscious grace in her poems, and a happy ease in her prose, declared the true artist. Had she lived, it is sure she would have become a distinguished ornament in the company of our female writers. Her love for Sarah was the deepest feeling of her heart. She felt that to her she owed sympathy, encouragement, and strength. Neither was she destitute of other friends, but during the latter portions of her life was surrounded by those who understood her, and assisted her greatly in spiritual things. She died young, but few of us can lament that a soul so rare, con-

fined in a body so delicate and sensitive as hers, should be set at liberty, in the earliest period of its eternal development. A little poem in this collection expresses the feelings of her friend. I also copy the touching letter written to her husband: —

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind and excellent letter. It was a great relief to me to hear from you, after the experience of so severe an affliction. I had for many days been intending to write to you, to express my sympathy for your loss, and should have done so soon, even had I not received your letter.

"Our dear Charlotte is indeed gone, but gone, we sincerely trust, to a better and happier world than ours. Charlotte lies not in the dusty graveyard of the city, but lives in the sweet fields of that Canaan beyond death, which is the 'promised land' of us all. And though it is pleasant to give a beautiful shrine to her loved remains, and to stand beside it with the tribute of regretful tears, yet it is well for us to think of the tomb as the depository of her *body* only, and to remember that nothing of *Charlotte*, of her heart, her soul, her mind, ever descended there. She has no consciousness of the grave. When her eyes closed upon the faces of those she loved here, they opened upon the faces of God and his angels.

"Your home must indeed be desolate, and it is for you and her mother, not for Charlotte, that I mourn. It will be a long while before you can cease to miss her sweet face, and her lively conversation. Such vacancies in the heart can only be supplied by time, and perhaps never fully supplied in this life. But we have the precious privilege of looking forward to a life, not far distant, in which we shall clasp our beloved ones to our hearts again, with the full assurance that we shall never be separated more — that our union will henceforth be eternal. What could we do in times of such sorrow, if it were not for this faith? Surely there is nothing in life we ought so much to cherish and cultivate as a deep, true, living and ever active faith in the glorious immortality to which we are all destined. We ought always to accustom ourselves to think of the dead as dead only in body, — or rather as spirits which have cast off a worn-out garment, and ascended with purified affections to the home of Eternal Love.

"I have lost a very dear friend in Charlotte. I shall miss her greatly, both as a correspondent and as one with whom I have been accustomed to pass many gay and pleasant hours. She will be a great loss to our denomination, too, for her talents were of a superior order, and were constantly developing themselves with time. My

'Rose' will miss her sweet melodies sadly. I shall be very glad to examine her manuscripts, and hope I may find some relics there that will be new and acceptable to the public. I intend writing some little memorial of her for the next volume of the 'Rose,' something that will preserve her name beyond the transient notice of newspapers and magazines.

"You did not speak of Charlotte's mother. I suppose she will continue to live with you for the present. *Her* loss is truly irreparable. For an aged and widowed mother to lose an only and grown-up daughter, seems the greatest of earthly calamities. I do, from my deepest soul, pity the griefs of one so deeply bereaved. Do please tell her from me, how much I feel for her. I shall be in Boston at the time of the Convention, and shall certainly call at your house. I had anticipated great pleasure in sharing with dear 'Lottie' the joyful greetings of that occasion. She will not be forgotten by her numerous friends who will meet together at that time. I shall be happy to hear from you at any time when you feel like writing, and you need not be at all timid about uttering all your feelings to me. I know how you loved Charlotte, and how painfully you must deplore her loss. And your little child, too, — it was indeed hard to lose both at once. May God bless and comfort you, and all others who share your grief. I am happy to hear you are to give her dust a resting-place at Mount Auburn. Two of my dearest friends will then lie side by side in one tomb. How similar their fate!"

We separated about the first of September; she remaining at home, and I going to the city to continue my theological studies. A few weeks brought us together again in Boston, where she had come to attend the United States Convention of Universalists. There she met many of her old friends, and enjoyed much in their society, and the various religious services of the occasion. Nearly all her family also accompanied her. On the last day of the Convention her father was attacked with sudden illness, and with great difficulty removed to his home in Shirley village. Sarah immediately followed, and with unwearied devotion attended him during his sickness. His disease, a fever, rapidly increased in violence, and soon placed him beyond hope of recovery. On the Sabbath evening preceding his death, she wrote me a letter, from which I make the following extract. It will express, better than any words of mine, that beautiful repose of soul which nothing could now disturb: —

"My heart prays for you continually. I am happy in loving you, and happy in loving God. Life seems beautiful and peaceful to me. If there be any storm or tumult in the world, it is without, and not within. God's presence is too holy for any discord to intrude, and this day, at least, I feel that I am truly with him. Enfolded as we are in the love of God, and the love of each other, what cloud can ever darken our golden atmosphere, or throw a single abiding shadow into our hearts? * * * * * I have been reading to-day Channing's divine sermon upon Christian worship. I was directed to this particular discourse, by an index of your own, which I found so kindly left in the volume. I read it with the deepest delight, and I trust also with the greatest profit. It expresses fully and clearly that kind of devotion which I told you I wished so much to cultivate, and which I so feebly and vainly endeavored to describe to you; that devotion which consists in an ever-constant, ever-conscious communion with the Father of spirits; which studies his perfections in the design of transfusing them to the spirit wherein he dwells; which sees God everywhere, and most of all in man, his sullied image. Pray for me, that I may cultivate this holy devotion, for in the exercise of it lies all the purity and felicity of heaven. My prayers go up for you to-night, that God will send you health, and strength, and heavenly peace; that he will anoint you with power and grace to turn the hearts of men to love and practise goodness. Oh, may you be a faithful and useful minister of eternal truth! — so shall my heart be satisfied in all its longings, and you be blessed with the richest and holiest blessings that lie in the gift of God."

The sufferings of her beloved parent were at length terminated. He passed away, leaving a household whose Christian sadness was but a mellowed shade of Christian joy. For God's spirit came in there when the soul of the husband and father departed, and they felt that there was nothing but temporary absence to deplore. In reply to letters of sympathy from her friends, Sarah wrote the following, which truly reflect the spirit of all the inmates of the bereaved home: —

"Your kind letter was very welcomely received. Thank you for this attention in our season of bereavement. Our dear father is indeed gone — we can never again look upon his earthly countenance. But we think of the immortality and the incorruption which are now his, and we are truly comforted. Poor mother is, of course, deeply afflicted. A happy union of thirty-five years has been suddenly inter-

rupted. How vacant must the world seem to her, — no, not *vacant*, for she has many dear children and kind friends, but how sadly she must miss *one* voice, and the kindly beaming of *one* face that ever gazed into hers with the most devoted love! I wept for father while he suffered, but I weep only for mother now. But she is calm and cheerful. She is remarkable for the firmness and placidity of her mind, and for the strength of her faith, which never falters. She has the best of consolations in her religion, and in the love of her children.

"Father's death seems sudden to us, though he was sick nearly three weeks. We did not give up hopes of his recovery until about three days before his death. After the fever got hold of his lungs, we saw but too plainly he could not endure. His mind was quite wandering and confused during the whole of his illness. He knew every one, but could not hold a rational conversation. His mind was a good deal interested in some imaginary philanthropic scheme, of which he was the leader, and by which he sought to unite all men in harmony. 'As the world was now,' he said, 'some were too rich, and some were miserably poor; but if men would only join his society, they would all be well enough off, — everybody would be free to cherish his own opinions, and there would be nothing but harmony.' A night or two before he died, while my sister was watching with him, as it was very dark without, a little bird came fluttering up to the window, and beat up against the glass, chirruping in a strange manner, unlike any bird she ever heard. One cannot help feeling, however free from superstition one may be, that such little messengers come from the spirit-land, to beckon the dying soul away to bliss. Father's corpse wore the most serene and benignant expression I ever saw. It made me happy to gaze on it, after watching his countenance through so many days and nights of extreme suffering. Oh, there is something touchingly beautiful in the death of the good! There are times when father's death fills me with the most solemn and intense happiness, for I seem really to *see* him in that blissful world where, I doubt not, his ransomed spirit now abides. The time may come, — doubtless it will, — when death will touch me more sorely than it ever yet has done, but I do most earnestly believe there will ever be to me a sweet mingling of holy joy in the bitterest cup I may ever have to drink."

"I did not give up the hope of visiting you, until within an hour before leaving Boston. I received a letter from home at that time, from which I gathered but too true a presentiment of the trial that awaited me. The trial is past now, — I believe we are all sincerely reconciled to father's death; and if you were to come among us, you

would find us all as cheerful and happy as ever. Mother, of course, feels his loss much more than his children can; but I know she would not call him back, had she power. The infirmities of age were already coming upon him, and had he lived longer, he would have had many days of toil and pain. But he died in almost the first sickness of his life, at a ripe age, and when all our memories of him were full of pleasure. Probably no man in our village was so universally liked, or will be so much missed by his neighbors; for his heart was as kind and artless as his face was cheerful; and no one could ever say he had done him wrong."

"I owe you many thanks for your very kind and sympathizing letter. We have, indeed, met with a great loss — such as can come to us but once in life — for we have but one father. But in view of the increasing infirmities of age, and of the laborious lot which he took upon himself in his later years, we cannot but feel that he was called away in a fitting time, and that it is not only far better for him, but even happier for us, than to have witnessed years of suffering, which we could not alleviate. Our dear father passed through a life of health and happiness. When these began to fail, why should we mourn that *his* Father called him home? We all, even mother, feel sincerely reconciled to his departure, though it was indeed a severe trial to watch him through the pains and difficult breathings of dissolution. His mind was not very regular during his sickness, but he did not apparently suffer much in his delirium. He never spoke of dying; but that he felt that death was near, was apparent by the affectionate manner in which he pressed our hands and clung to our arms whenever we stood bending over him. He was a good man, and in that there is something divinely consoling."

All that she has here said of her father's character is true. He was a man of strong judgment, and great decision of purpose; yet I think these became apparent only upon an intimate acquaintance with him; for he had a heart as deep as the ocean, which overflowed in every act and word of his life. This, united with a great fund of humor, and an almost child-like simplicity of manner, made him the most engaging of companions, especially to the young. His face suggested everything amusing, social, and benevolent. His love for his children, and pride in their superiority, were beautiful to behold. He was a man so full of true vitality, that we could never associate death with him, but must believe that he was

only lifted to a higher sphere for the exercise of these qualities which so endeared him to us upon earth.

The remainder of the autumn and winter was spent by Sarah quietly at home. I returned in November to Warwick, and remained several months, pursuing my usual course of study. This year had been to her rich in spiritual experiences. The constant inspiration of our love, daily growing deeper and more religious, from the circumstances of our lot; the departure of so many who were nearest her heart; her exertions to administer consolation to others; and her constant and disinterested labor for the happiness of all around her, were silently preparing her for higher duties on earth, and heavenly occupations not far in the distance. Yet, with the multitude of calls upon her time and sympathies, this was one of the most fruitful years in her intellectual history, not, perhaps, if measured by the quantity she wrote, but certainly so, if estimated by its results in the discipline of her mind, and the attainment of more correct views of literary composition. The study of French was constantly pursued, and she had already become an accomplished scholar. The various works of Madam De Stael, and several of the modern French poets, were read. She was also strongly interested in German, which she read with the assistance of her brother. All the poems, and several of the plays of Göethe were thus gone over, also several of the charming æsthetic prose articles of Schiller. From both of these writers she made frequent translations. She also read philosophy in the works of Paley, Stewart, and Cousin, with the same enthusiasm which she brought to the reading of the poets. In English literature she read the poetical works of Southey, Tennyson, and Milton, and studied Shakspeare every day. These pursuits, with historical and fictitious reading, form no mean catalogue of labors for a retired, domestic woman to accomplish. She also wrote a series of tales for the Repository, and her usual number of contributions to the Rose. In tales like the "Spring of the Valley," and "Marion," and poems like the "Retrospect," "Memory's Picture-Gallery," and "The Beggar's Death-Scene," we trace the result of her studies, and the pro-

gress of that artistic power which appeared in almost everything she afterwards wrote. "The Ferry" is a poem suggested by her German studies, and the first of a series in which we can trace the influence of the works of the great poets of this language upon her susceptible mind.

The months of January and February, 1846, she spent at home, principally engaged in domestic occupations. I had now returned to the city, and was looking forward to a situation in the ministry. Her time was much engrossed by friends, several of whom were near or with her; and some of them will long remember those winter evenings, when she gave them new views of life, and exerted upon them a gentle shaping influence, which the contact of the world can never overcome. Her brother was also at home, his health having suffered in consequence of too severe application to study. Of course little time was found for correspondence. I extract the following from one of the few letters she wrote: —

"I should think you could have no more pleasant or profitable study, for the present, than English literature. Why not make this the principal object of attainment for a number of years? What I mean is, that you should read some one poet carefully, with regard to his style, his scope, and his ultimate success in what he proposes to himself. To do this, you might be obliged to peruse and reperuse a work; but if it were a good work, the labor would not be in vain. What a study, for instance, is Shakspeare! Now what I would propose is, that you should read one of his plays at a time, with a careful study of all the criticism you can procure, and also write such criticisms of your own, as the varied characters and their actions and language would naturally suggest. In this manner you could make light literature as much of a mental discipline as anything more abstruse or difficult; and I believe you have a mind and taste admirably qualified for such a task. In my view, there is no accomplishment more enviable than a thorough acquaintance with elegant English literature; and, though all persons could not pursue such a plan successfully, I know of few so naturally qualified for it as yourself."

But another trial was approaching the house, lately so painfully afflicted. Her sister Miranda, married two years before, died, after a short illness, on the sixteenth of February, leaving her child, a little boy a year old, to the care of the family.

She was the eldest of three daughters, and a woman greatly beloved by all who knew her; in character resembling the father more than any of his remaining children. It is unnecessary to repeat what we have before said, of the manner in which this new affliction was received. A short passage from a letter written a few days subsequent to the event, will best describe the Christian resignation of the bereaved household: —

"A great change has entered our domestic circle within the last four months. A father gone, and into his place has come a motherless infant, the child of my eldest sister, whose dust was only two days since deposited in our rapidly-filling tomb. You have seen her, I believe; you can imagine how severe an affliction it is to us all, to feel that we shall see her no more on earth. But we are not unreconciled. Few tears are shed at our fireside, we all feel that it would be selfish to weep, for blest as our dear Miranda was in her new relations, she is infinitely more blessed now."

The addition of the care of a child to the other domestic duties, of course, interrupted her literary pursuits during the spring and summer. She was also engaged in efforts to assist in the building of a new church in the village, and greatly aided the project by her efficient labor. The preparation for the "Rose" was, however, not neglected. She determined that her annual should yearly increase in value, and this time her success was far beyond that of any former year. The volume for 1847 is, in all respects, the most valuable of the series, containing several articles of the highest literary merit. Several of her best poems, written amid the confusion of constant domestic employments, are here. "Udollo" is one of her happiest inspirations, and shows how successfully she could adopt the mythical style, peculiar to some of the German poets. The stormy passage of a human soul through a course of sin, its fearful condition, when left at the end of life deserted even by the appetites for which it had surrendered its glory, its late return and repentance, and the calmness of its departure, worn and wearied, to a new sphere of activity, are here not so much allegorized as shadowed forth in a ballad glowing with true poetic fire. Perhaps her power in versifica-

tion, and the choice of appropriate imagery, are in no instance more happily displayed than in this. Among others, I would also refer to the poems, "The Lord de Beaumonaire," "Leila Gray," "The Old Mill," and "The Church-Bell," as among the best she has written. She wrote but one tale for this number, the beautiful story of "Lydia Vernon."

She was employed until the month of August, as we have described, and in editing the "Rose." She also compiled a little book, called the "Floral Fortune-Teller," consisting of a gracefully arranged game at telling fortunes in passages, selected principally from Shakspeare. The preparation for this led her again over the pages of the great English poets. We also read together the poetical works of Keats, of which she had the truest appreciation. This, with a few articles written for the Repository, includes the whole of her literary labor until the time of our marriage. Several short visits to the city, the home duties, and her constant interest in the completion of the new church, occupied her attention almost to the exclusion of other objects. I find but one letter written during this period, from which I can make an extract: —

"I wish very much to know how you enjoy life in Clinton, after so long an experience of the city. I imagine at first you must have felt very unhappy, that you must have yearned for the familiar faces and greetings of tried friends, and have missed the daily excitements of populous life. But I cannot but believe, when you have once more become accustomed to country quiet, and village society, when the voices of the streams and the songs of the birds have become dear to you, as the communings of friendship, that you will feel your spirit refreshed and invigorated by the peaceful calm, and that your health and spirits will alike improve beneath the silent influences of beautiful nature. I am myself so much of a country-girl, that I cannot conceive of any regular, systematic happiness, apart from the retirement and the silence of the country. More than half my misery in life arises from noise and discords. My sweetest idea of heaven is, that everything there is harmonious."

Early in the month of July I went to Gloucester, Mass., and entered upon my ministry, as pastor of the Independent Christian Society, in that town. On the 28th of July we were married, and proceeded immediately to our new home.

No situation could have been more pleasing to us than the one in which we now found ourselves. The town of Gloucester possesses many attractions for the lover of quiet life, without the deadness of human interest which often renders a residence in the country tedious. It is situated upon the slope of a hill, declining gradually toward the south to the water; — before it a beautiful harbor, indented with coves, throwing a long arm inward, and relieved by islands and a narrow point of land running far out into the ocean, parallel with the main shore, beyond which lies the open sea; — behind it a range of rocky hills, from whose summits can be seen a wide and varied prospect; and its western extremity terminated by a broad curving beach. Towards the north-west several roads run away into a fertile agricultural district, through forests that would not disgrace the banks of the Connecticut; and others at the east, lead to the village of Rockport, on the extremity of the cape; and, towards the north, wind over the hills to the village of Annisquam. Upon this cape is every kind of natural scenery. There are quiet coves, where the waves lose their force, and break gently upon the sand; bold promontories, stretching into the ocean, where the foam and spray are always flying; islands, out at sea, crowned with light-houses; piles of rocks, full of caverns, through which the water gurgles and roars, like a great living creature struggling to escape confinement; fleets of small vessels, always flitting about the horizon, and sometimes crowding the harbor in hundreds; and beyond, in fine days, the blue southern shore, lifted up against the sky, like a faint picture; the road "round the cape," perhaps the most delightful drive in New England, running over hills, by the side of little meadows, through avenues of willow-trees and forests, always in view of the sea; quiet ponds of fresh water, hidden among the woods; groves of pine-trees, where the wind overhead, and the sound of the waves upon the distant beach, unite in perfect harmony; pastures full of flowers, and damp thickets, where the Magnolia grows; and towards the country, the beautiful hilly district of "West Parish," gradually ascending to "Mount Ann," from whose summit you look away over the tops of a hundred forests, to

the blue sea-line glittering upon the horizon, the monument of Bunker Hill, the highest spire of the village church, and the bay of Ipswich and its adjacent shores. Here, within the space of ten miles, is collected almost everything to charm the eye of the poet, or attract the investigation of the lover of science. Add to this the generous and proverbial hospitality of the people; possessing in no stinted measure, the virtues peculiar to a sea-faring population; the ease of communication with the city; the gay appearance of the place in the summer months, when it is thronged with fashionable company; and its perfect country quiet during the remainder of the year; —and it may be conceived that there are few spots where we would have rather desired to spend our married days.

Our situation was, in all respects, pleasant. The religious society is not so large as to exhaust me with labor; yet sufficiently numerous, and composed of intelligent, and, what is yet more grateful to a minister, kind and sincere people. The church is a large building, in the architectural style of the last century, situated at the extremity of a long avenue of trees; so that in summer, the sound of the wind and the birds among the branches comes in at the windows, and mingles with our worship. The house in which we boarded is a fine old mansion, a yard full of horse-chestnut trees before, and a garden behind it, the front covered with ivy, having an outlook from the upper windows over the town and harbor; and occupied by a family who have always shown us as much kindness as if we were of their own kindred. Our duties were not too arduous, and we began life in Gloucester with the most cheering hopes of a long course of peaceful and useful existence.

I cannot transfer to these pages the beautiful picture of that summer by the sea-side. We lived in a world of poetry and sacred beauty. The kindness of all around us smoothed every trial incident to the early days of professional life, and forgave all neglect of duty. We had many friends with us, and some of them will long remember the evenings when we sat in our room, the moon streaming in through the green branches and vines about the windows, listening to Sarah, as she read to us in a voice that no one who has heard her can ever forget.

Then, there were pleasant parties upon the beach and the rocks, rides into the neighboring towns, daily visits about the parish, and one afternoon excursion to an old church in the "West Parish," where we held a religious service at sunset, for which Sarah wrote one of her best hymns. The Sabbaths were days of the purest enjoyment. She engaged with me in the labors of our little Sabbath school, and in every way relieved as far as possible my feeble strength. In August our venerable father Jones, for many years the pastor of our society, died, and his funeral services were attended at the church by a throng of people of all religious sects. These are a few of the incidents that stand out most prominently in my mind, in the recollections of this summer. But little time was appropriated to literary pursuits, these being reserved for the more quiet months of autumn and winter.

In August we visited Shirley Village, and also spent several days in the vicinity of Boston. The pretty church now completed at Shirley was dedicated at this time. Another excursion was made in November to Warwick. Thence we proceeded home, where we remained through the year. The following months, until January, were principally employed in literary and professional pursuits. Sarah resumed her German studies, and read in Schiller's plays and ballads. We also read the poetical works of Shelley together. To this first of modern English poets she was immediately attracted, and during the remainder of her life his books and those of Tennyson were oftener in her hands than those of any other writer in the language. She also read the critical works of Hazlitt and Carlyle. But her attention was chiefly directed to the writings of R. W. Emerson. There she found the highest spiritual philosophy clothed by a radiant poetical imagination; and although she never gave a full intellectual assent to the system of this greatest of mystical writers, she acknowledged that to him she was indebted for much of the intellectual activity and calm faith of her last years.

She wrote but little for publication. One of her best poems, however, "The Pervading God," belongs to this date. But the greater portion of her time was employed upon a work she

had been contemplating for many years. It was to contain, in the form of a novel, the spiritual autobiography of a woman from childhood to middle age. She had been long thinking of it, and all her best thoughts were reserved for its pages. Several times had she begun to write, but always became dissatisfied and destroyed what she had written. The labor of this winter was no more successful towards its completion. She wrote and rewrote, and burned, and at the end of three months had only a few sheets of fragments, and gave up in despair, saying she must live many years more before she could attempt it. From a perusal of the pages I have, I regret that she had not continued; — for, though fragmentary, they are greatly superior to anything in the present volume. Had she written the book, it would have been the history of her own soul, containing all those rich treasures of religious experience which she had silently garnered up there. It was to be the great literary labor of her life, and would have included all she ever wrote, and more than any of us can say of her. Will it not be completed now, in a world where we trust nothing comes between a lofty purpose and its execution? She also read one work of fiction, which produced a lasting impression upon her; "Consuelo," by George Sand. It was the only work of this great novelist she ever read, and she regarded it as the highest and most truly religious romance of the age.

Among other social pursuits we derived great pleasure from a "Reading Circle," composed of such of our friends as were interested in literature. This, with the lectures of the village Lyceum, furnished an agreeable variety to our quiet and studious life. Much of our time was also spent out of doors, in the pleasant autumn weather. She was never weary of wandering about the sea-shore, and would walk miles in a storm, to see the waves beating against the "Bass Rocks," or tumbling in upon "Little Good-Harbor Beach." Thus passed away this beautiful period of time. She was as happy as any one is permitted to be in our earthly lot. She had gained all she hoped for in life; the love of one entirely devoted to her; a sphere of active usefulness; leisure, and a quiet atmosphere

for study; and a residence among the grandest and loveliest scenes of nature. I can but faintly describe this period of five months. Of her constant gentleness and love, her devotion to me in all my hours of weariness, which continued ill health made frequent, her large benevolence and earnest longing to make known her good-will to all about her, I cannot trust myself to speak. Those who knew her, will understand that this meagre sketch is but the outline of a portrait to which their own recollections must impart grace and finished beauty.

Happiness like this cannot long continue, and the succeeding five months were full of trial and labor. Early in January, 1847, I was attacked by illness, which confined me several weeks to my chamber, and when I came out again, it was in a state that promised little for my health. I attempted, however, to proceed with my professional duties, though unfit for the slightest mental exertion. She gave her time wholly to me, and books and pen were not thought of for several months. As soon as my strength would permit, we left town upon an excursion to Shirley village. There she was prostrated by sudden illness, and for several days remained in a most alarming state. In three weeks, however, she was able to return home. Our time until the first of June, was employed in preparations for housekeeping. We entered our own house on the first week in April. I well remember the evening, when we sat down together by a window in our study, and the first robin of the season sang to us from a tree in the garden. Here, for several weeks, she exerted herself by every method to aid in the improvement of my health, reserving no time for her own pursuits. The only book she read was "Margaret," the best of American novels; a book of all others to be read in the spring, to one longing to escape from weariness and heated rooms to health and the open country.

All her exertions were not able to recruit my strength, and my disease assumed an alarming form of nervous prostration. Relief from care, and perfect quiet, were essential to my recovery; and painful as separation was, she had the fortitude to urge it. She compelled me to leave her, and go to the interior of the State, to spend the summer. In the last week in May

we left our beautiful home, and having spent anniversary-week in Boston, — a week of greater suffering than I ever before experienced, — went to Shirley village. How great the contrast, from the confusion of tongues in the crowded city, to the glory of June weather by the side of Bow-Brook! I remained a week with her, and then went to Warwick and thence to Northampton, to remain during the summer in the hydropathic establishment of Dr. E. Denniston. She returned to Gloucester, where we had left her brother John, who had come down from Cambridge to spend the season with her, and recruit his health. A few days after she arrived at home, she writes as follows to her sister: —

"I felt lonely when I first came home, and hardly knew what to do with myself; but I am very contented now. The people have been very friendly to call on me. A friend sent me to-night the most beautiful geranium blossoms I ever saw — three varieties — of the richest vermilion, carmine, and softest purple hues. I have arranged them in a dish of green mosses with wild flowers, and they quite dazzle my eyes with their splendor. To-day has been one of the finest I ever knew — such a delightful breeze from the sea, tempering the sun's heat. Gloucester does not look so much like a fairy land as Shirley, but it is very pleasant here now. I miss the brooks and meadows. We have nothing of the kind here, only a few woods, rocky hills, some damp thickets, where the wild flowers grow, and the interminable sea. My chamber is very pleasant, the window at which I write, overlooks the garden, and the robins, the head of the harbor, the long land-point, that stretches into the sea for several miles, and beyond a glimpse of the great ocean, with here and there a passing sail. It is not a good place to write though, unless I drop the curtain, for I spend half my time gazing at the different points of the landscape."

I remained at Northampton until the first of September, my health gradually improving from the favorable influences of country quiet, beautiful scenery, and the efficient ministrations of water. During this time Sarah remained at Gloucester. She had much to occupy her attention, and never were the varied resources of her character better displayed than at this period. If she had misgivings, or hours of despondency, they were concealed from every one. Her letters to me were uni-

formly cheerful, even gay, and filled with lively descriptions, that never failed to cheat my mind from depressing thoughts. She presided over a large household; — her brother, Rev. T. S. King, and three other friends being with her;—and the demands of society upon her time were also considerable. Notwithstanding this, she resumed her literary pursuits with usual vigor. Much of her leisure was given to the study of German with her brother and another friend. She also wrote a series of short articles for the Repository, and edited the "Rose." Her two best poems appeared in this volume of the annual, 1848, "Saint Valentine's Eve," and "Eda." In the latter she has happily adopted the scientific theory of the gradual development of creation from inanimate forms to man, a theory that always had many poetical attractions for her. The story of the "Travelling Painter" was also written, with several translations from the French and German poets. Her reading was confined to works translated from the German. Among these were Göethe's "Wilhelm Meister," "Correspondence with Schiller," and "Conversations with Eckermann."

But the highest spiritual influence she enjoyed this summer was the intercourse with her brother. His college studies were now completed, and though interrupted in them by ill health, he had become a good scholar, and profound thinker. Upon all subjects his opinions were similar to hers, and a like calmness of nature, made their communion mutually elevating. They studied and conversed together, and made plans for future usefulness. He intended to devote himself ultimately to the study of theology, and was desirous of spending the years of his preparatory course in the universities of Germany. His more immediate project was, however, to edit a high religious and literary Magazine, in connection with his sister; and during the latter portion of the summer his attention was directed principally to the arrangements for this. He had secured the aid of many good writers in both departments, and proposed to issue the specimen number on the first of October. Sarah wrote for it the ballad of "Nora," and the best of her tales, "Esther;" which afterwards appeared in the "Rose" of 1849. These employments, varied only by a week at Shirley village, consumed the months of summer.

I returned home early in September, and found our brother sick with a fever. Most of the family at Shirley village were also sick; scarcely one being well enough to assist the others. The illness of John did not at first appear alarming, but he gradually sunk under it, until we felt his life to be in danger. On the 25th of September our little "Carrie" was born; but joy and sadness came to us united; for our brother now rapidly declined, and on the morning of the first of October he passed away. I have no words to describe the strength and faith of my beloved companion in this hour of bodily weakness and spiritual affliction. Though from her bed she could hear the voice of her brother in the moments of his delirium; though all about her were overwhelmed by the suddenness of this dispensation, yet she never, for a moment, gave way to the expression of grief. There was no stoicism in her submission; she shed no tears, because she had none to weep. Her soul was in a higher world than ours; in the presence of realities, from which she could look down upon earthly trials with the composure of an angelic nature. From her bed she spoke comforting and cheerful words to us all, quieted the fears and grief of her servants, wrote letters of consolation to her friends, and watched her little one with all a mother's solicitude for her first-born. In the space of two weeks from John's death she had written six letters to her friends. I will copy these almost entire. The first, directed to her sister Mary, is dated 5 o'clock in the morning of October 1st, before her brother had ceased to breathe: —

"You must make your soul as strong as possible to receive the tidings I am compelled to send you. You are not unprepared, I suppose, to hear the worst of our dear brother, — the worst, so far as our earthly hopes are concerned — the *best* for him. He yet breathes, but it can be but for a few hours longer at most. The doctor told us last night that he never knew any one with such a pulse recover. He called in advice, and has been with him all night, administering everything that skill could dictate, but in vain. He lies perfectly quiet and unconscious, and will probably so depart. I hope, my dear Mary, we are all well enough instructed in Christian faith, not to repine at this severe stroke. Never was a soul better prepared than his for transition into the immortal state. For a year past that has

been his favorite theme. Recollect his thoughts and feelings expressed at the close of the article on 'Regeneration and Faith,' and his article this year on 'Immortality.' It is a great treasure to us to have his high views thus left to comfort us. May we all be as good and strong-hearted as he. He has said nothing of dying during his sickness. He has had everything done for him that we could do to make him comfortable. I must now close. In a few days I will write you a long letter. Give my best love to mother. She is perpetually in my thoughts, and all the tears I shed are for her, and the rest of you who will suffer. How many more of our circle must leave, we know not, but God knows, and that is enough."

The next was written the fifth of the month, Sabbath morning, to the Rev. Mr. King: —

"On this beautiful Sabbath morning, holy and serene, when all nature is composed, and all heaven is at peace, shall I not make the hours of my solitude and weakness a season of grateful trust in God, and of consolation and good cheer to myself and you? Would that you were here, dear Starr; the peace and courage that is in my own soul could not fail to impart itself to you. You would feel as I do, that our loss is not terrible, but that our gain is great. Yes, even in his dying hour itself, I felt that the immortal was to be to me the nearer companion, the trustier guide, the more perpetual joy and strength than ever the mortal had been, or could be; that I was losing nothing, but gaining all, by that great transition of his soul from weakness and bondage to the freedom and power of the spiritual and immortal life. Never have I felt him gone, never can I. Can we, who have talked together so much, and always in such perfect sympathy of faith, respecting the nature of the future life, can *we* ever be separated by any failure of the bodily senses to recognize each other? Could John have known that he was to die, would he have ever told me that he was to *part* from me? Oh, no! His soul was as strong in the assurance of its perpetual consciousness and growth, as in that of its earthly existence, and he who never felt separated from the friends who had gone before him, will never abandon those he has left behind. It is this which makes me calm, yes, happy, strong, and full of solemn courage for the future struggle of life. It seems no mystery to me that he died. He had lived but a few years, but they were years of such rapid growth to his soul, that this life seemed to have nothing more left for him. He needed no more of its trials to instruct him. He was fully taught for a higher work than any that this life could furnish him. He had planned out an earthly task. He had resolved to devote himself to a high religious philosophy, and

to teach to others the great truths that were daily unfolding themselves in his soul. You know with what zeal and strong resolution he set about his plans for the 'Eclectic.' Impracticable as his project seemed to many, I believe he would never have relinquished it till it had been crowned with success. It was the very mission he desired, and felt himself ripening for, — to be the conductor of such a work as his imagination had pictured. The first of October was to be the date of the first number. On that day God gave him another work! Must we not believe it to be something infinitely higher and nobler?

"We are all sadly bereft, I know, looking at our loss in a common light. You, and Mayo, and I were all looking to him as our intellectual leader, in many respects. Not superior in mental gifts, to any one of us, perhaps; he was yet unquestionably superior in strength of character, in completeness of development, in those reliable qualities of mind and heart to which one could refer in all seasons, and upon all questions of doubt and difficulty. There is no earthly being upon whose judgment I ever relied so implicitly, with the exception of my husband, no being with whom I ever held such intimate spiritual communion. Probably, of his deeper spiritual nature, no person knew so much as myself. Nor did ever I know it till during the last summer, while we were alone here together in our studies, and forming together our plans for future usefulness. But I mourn not that all this is past — never will, never can, I mourn it God knows the true place for great souls to labor, and happy is that noble brother of ours, that he has been found worthy to be employed in a celestial sphere.

"More I cannot write now, for I am yet weak in body, though well in soul. I feel that I have given you no adequate idea of my feelings; I cannot explain them, hardly do I understand them! They come of the heart's deep faith, which can never be told in logic. May you have the same peace that Mayo and I mutually experience, and doubtless you will have soon, when this sorrow is less new to you, and your own high views have had time to subdue the anguish of bereaved affection. John had no dearer friend than yourself. Let his memory always keep us three united in the closest of spiritual bonds."

The next day she writes again to her sister: —

"I hardly know how I have had strength to go through so much trial with so much success. The two greatest trials of my life seemed mingled together in one cup, as it were; for though one was a trial of as much joy as affliction, even in its worst, it had none the less power to weaken and unnerve me. But, by resolute effort, and con-

stant struggle with all that seemed melancholy and distressing, I have attained to an almost perfect triumph over my grief. Had I been surrounded by society I could not have done it; but the solitude of my own chamber, Mayo's cheering and consoling presence, and the care of my little Carrie, have all conspired to sustain and uplift me. It seems, too, like wronging John to weep for him. We have talked so much together, this summer, of the immortal life, that I should feel guilty in the presence of his spirit were I not to rely fully upon all he has taught me, and believe and feel the constant communion of his immortal nature.

"We had a private funeral. Only a few of John's particular friends were present. Mayo gathered some beautiful asters, purple and white, and requested our friends to arrange them with other flowers about the room; to place a wreath around my portrait, and another upon the coffin, wishing by these symbols to express our cheerful views of death. Some of those everlastings I brought from Shirley were mingled with white asters, in a wreath for the coffin, and fastened upon the glass, so that when the lid was shut they were enclosed."

And, on the 16th, to a female friend: —

"Ere this package reaches you, you will, doubtless, have received the melancholy explanation why I return your beautiful poems, — poems that would a few days earlier have received so grateful a welcome.

"Our magazine is, of course, resigned — since the soul that called it into being has departed on a higher mission. My brother was taken sick about four weeks since, with typhus fever. It did not seem alarming, however, till within four or five days of his death. How great, in an earthly sense, his loss is to us, none but friends can know. A more beautiful, dignified, perfectly developed moral nature has rarely sanctified this earth. What his intellectual promise was, you can partially judge from the two articles that have been published in the last volumes of the 'Rose.' But I must not linger to speak of him. He is called to his heavenly and immortal work, and I have only to say, as I do reverently and earnestly in my deepest heart, — God's will be done."

On the 10th, she writes to my sister: —

"I knew how grieved you would be to hear of the death of our beloved brother; for who could know him and fail to love him, or to be sad for his loss? I have borne the sudden and severe stroke much better than I should have deemed it possible, had it been previously

announced to me. His presence seems still as real as ever; and though disappointed in the hopes I had formed for him here, I know God has given him a nobler work to do in the spiritual and immortal life.

"He probably had no intimations of his approaching departure. His sickness did not assume a very alarming form till he became delirious, and after that, his reason was at no time clear enough to recognize his condition. I did not see him for a week before his death. I deeply regretted my inability to wait upon his last moments, though everything was done for him that kindness and skill could do. Mayo gathered some flowers to adorn the room at the funeral, and to make a wreath for the coffin. Four vases of beautiful white dahlias, mingled with wild asters, stood upon the mantelpiece; a wreath of box and snow-berries surrounded my portrait, and another of pale asters, — everlastings that I brought from home, — and box, was laid upon the coffin lid, and when that was shut it was placed around his head. They tell me that so beautiful a sight was never seen as his face, with its sweet smile and speaking look, surrounded by this halo of flowers. Every one said they never saw anything so beautiful as the expression of his face in death. I could not see him, but I do not regret it, for I have now only the memory of his living smile."

Again, on the 14th, to a female friend: —

"I know not how to introduce a subject which has for the last fortnight been almost the only one in my thoughts, — may I not say in *our* thoughts? For, if I mistake not, a spirit has departed, which to you also was infinitely dear. So sudden and so strange it seems! Weeks of anxiety could not prepare me for it; weeks of reflection cannot make it seem real. And yet, I can feel the full reality of his spiritual presence. I am not one hour without the strength derived from it. Not one prayer for help from him is unanswered. I see his calm, kind smile as distinctly as ever. And the weakness that I once strove to conceal from his high strength, I now confide to him, in the trust that it will be overcome by such communion. People come in to me looking so sad, I cannot think for some moments why it is. I forget entirely that I have any grief, till they remind me of it. And it is not grief; it deserves some gentler name—regret, perhaps, that the society of one so good, so strong, so sincere, should be lost to me; that his gentle and cheerful presence can never again gladden my home; that to his mother he can no more be a living pride and consolation; to his brothers and sisters no more a gay and most beloved companion. I mourn him because others mourn, rather

than because that to me he is lost. One thing is true, — had we needed him, had earth needed him, he would have been left to us. Must we not believe that his work and his peers are elsewhere, and higher?"

And, on the 29th, to the Rev. H. Bacon: —

"I believe that circumstances have less effect upon me than upon many; for certainly I see those around me more afflicted by my misfortunes than I am myself. Not that I am indifferent, or stoical, but from my long habit of leading an inward rather than an outward life, I am not sensible so much to outward changes. Though my brother is dead; (false word!) though my husband is absent; though my friends at home are sick and suffering, still I find myself as cheerful, as calm, and as contented as ever. This is chiefly owing, perhaps, to the comparative solitude in which my hours are spent. Sitting here in my little quiet chamber, with no one but my nurse and my baby to interrupt my meditations, I can easily compose my spirit to a state of elevated repose. Everything looks clear and harmonious. I see no mysteries, and hear no discords. When in the presence of suffering, however, I find it difficult to maintain this composure. I can endure my own pains and privations with much more fortitude than I can witness those of others. * * * * * * * It has been very hard for me to be absent from our family, in a time of so much tribulation. Very hard it was for them, too, especially my mother, to be deprived of the satisfaction of ministering to dear John's last wants. I, too, lay on my bed in the chamber beneath, and heard him call in his delirium, without the power to answer. Oh, *that*, dear friend, was for me a most trying night and day! My life-experience has nothing so painful. He was a beautiful and noble soul, most affectionate in his nature, the pride, and hope, and joy, of his friends. Never do I think to look upon his like again. But from me he has not gone; oh, no! if he were, my heart would break."

I must be permitted, notwithstanding all she has so truly said, to linger a moment about the memory of our dear brother. He was, in all respects, a noble man. To intellectual powers of the highest order, he united the deepest feeling, and the grace of a fine person and engaging manners. No one could have seen him without believing that he was made to do a great work. He possessed that calm and indomitable energy of purpose, which is the surest indication of greatness; his judgment was ripe beyond his years, far seeing, and

decisive; and we all leaned upon him instinctively, as if weakness could not touch a being so self-sustained, or the troubles of others disturb a love so disinterested. In religious culture he was truly a Christian; spiritual and strong, devout and practical. His favorite study was religious philosophy, and during the previous summer his meditations and conversations were directed to the subject of the immortality of the soul, with an intensity which was almost prophetic of his approaching translation. The results of these thoughts were expressed in an article written for the "Rose" of 1848, entitled "Immortality," in its literary execution inferior only to its high spiritual tone. I never read it without feeling it to be the appropriate expression of one to whom the solemn mysteries of eternity are opening, while he gathers up the folds of his earthly garments, and stands with upturned face calmly awaiting the voice that shall call him on high. We will not say he went away too soon, for he has often been with us since, and we feel that in the last trying moment of nature he will not be absent.

The condition of my health demanding that I should return to Northampton, I left Sarah the last of October. In a few days she went to Shirley village to spend the time of my absence. The family at home were now slowly recovering, and joyfully welcomed the strongest of their number back to the household. A few days after her arrival, she writes thus to a friend at Gloucester: —

"While my little Carrie is asleep, I must write you a few lines, for my heart yearns toward Gloucester, and I wish much to know how you are all prospering in my absence. You, perhaps, will also like to hear of me. At any rate, I do not like to be forgotten, and shall occasionally remind you of my existence.

"We arrived home safely, at three o'clock of the day we left Gloucester. I found my friends all improved in health. Mother's countenance startled me, pale and thin as I am accustomed to see her look. But she is able to be about the house, and to ride out, for which we all feel deeply grateful, as we indeed ought; for if ever a guardian angel watched over mortal beings, such a guardian has our mother been to us. My brothers are able to limp about the streets, and are now in a state to make sport of their discomforts.

We find ourselves very happy together, notwithstanding the deep sorrow that each one feels, but no one utters. The pride, the glory of our house is gone. How keenly I feel it here, where, at every step, I meet traces and memories of the departed. His pure and tender spirit seems to have consecrated every spot of home. Only a few weeks since we were together here, in the room where I now sit, forming prospects for coming years. At this table we drew the plan of a noble enterprise, in which he was to be leader. The very walls have scarcely yet lost the echo of the hopes he then uttered. Amid such mementoes of bereaved love and frustrated plans, how deeply do I rejoice in the consciousness of his spiritual presence. How many times do I feel my tears reproved by a voice that addresses my soul that says, — 'I am ever with you, sister.' It is this only that sustains me; for did I feel him indeed *gone*, then all were gone; for the whole universe could not satisfy or console me without him.

"I have heard from my husband since I came here. He is still improving in health, and impatiently looking forward to his return. His physician feels confident that two months will cure him; but we dare not be too sanguine. It seems too much happiness to have him well, and to be able to return to Gloucester together once more. My life has been so broken up by disappointments, that I long since gave up the habit of expecting anything. For that reason, perhaps, afflictions do not overwhelm me as they do those who have experienced them less. Sometimes a sweet dream haunts me of happy life spent in Gloucester; of a *home* there filled with peace and industry, and love; of my husband ministering to a people who have endeared themselves to us by a thousand kindnesses; of my daughter growing in goodness and filling our house with joy. But it seems to me a dream, rather than anything really destined to be.

"I pass my time very pleasantly, because very busily, here, divided between literary and maternal cares. I study two languages — German and 'baby-talk' — the latter the more interesting of the two. * * * * So life passes with us. Shall I not, through you, hear of the welfare of our Gloucester friends? I think of you all many times a day, and with a peculiar interest, such as I feel for no other people.

"Shall I ever forget, or cease to love, a place hallowed to me by the entrance of one dear spirit into life, and the departure of another to immortality? Shall I ever forget, or cease to love, the people who have been friends to *him*, and more than friends to *us?* To all these friends, when they speak of me, give my kind remembrance."

I remained in Northampton a month, during which time, she was principally occupied in the delightful care of her child. Yet her studies were not entirely neglected. A few good books were read: The "Autobiography of Goëthe," Miss Austin's "Characteristics of Goëthe," and "Martin," by Eugene Sue. Of the latter she writes thus: —

"I have done little except read 'Martin,' since you left. I found it extremely interesting, of course, and the interest was of a more pleasing character than that of the 'Wandering Jew.' As a work of art, it is not so complicated. It shows up frightfully the evils of the existing state of society, the miseries and inevitable crimes of the poor, the recklessness and cold-blooded tyranny of the rich. In our happier land, it is almost impossible to believe that such horrors can anywhere exist; and yet we have evidences every day, that society with us has its deplorable injustices and wrongs. 'Martin' is a strong book for the Associationists; it will give a more popular apprehension of their doctrines than a thousand logical treatises. The characters are well drawn and sustained. The prudish will find the same objections that have been urged against the 'Mysteries of Paris,' not perceiving that there is a great difference between showing up crime and loathsome depravity in a humorous or alluring manner, and exhibiting it in its naked horrors, as an evil that must be hunted unto the death."

She also read and translated many of the charming poems of Uhland, intending to prepare the entire volume for publication, but domestic cares interfered with the plan, and it was finally abandoned.

In November I returned to her, better in health than I had been for several years. We immediately returned to Gloucester, and spent the month of December in domestic arrangements. The beginning of the year 1848 found us again settled, in a new home, with thankful hearts, looking forward to a renewal of professional labors.

During the winter and spring, until the first of May, we remained at home, and I can truly say, that I never enjoyed four months of higher spiritual peace. It was a daily blessing to live with Sarah, for she had overcome the world, and communicated the tranquillity of her own mind to all around her. She dwelt in no mystical region of communion with

Heaven, but her daily life was glorified by the presence of God. Never was she more scrupulous in the performance of the minutest household duties than now; and her care for her child was constant. In the new sphere of maternal duty she displayed the same tenderness, directed by strong common sense, as in all former conditions of her life. As far as was consistent with domestic employments, her social relations were also resumed; but her time was principally occupied in her own house.

She continued her German studies with increasing interest, almost to the exclusion of English reading. Much time was given to Goëthe, whose works she read with ever increasing delight. She also commenced the study of Plato, several of whose dialogues she read in Cousin's French Translation. Of these she translated aloud to me "Euthyphron," "The Apology of Socrates," "Phædo," and "The Banquet." Two such writers, of course, excluded most others from her thoughts. Yet her favorite volumes of religious reading, "Martineau's Endeavors after the Christian Life," were often in her hands. She writes thus of her pursuits, in a letter to a friend: —

"I have read 'Herman and Dorothea,' and 'Idyl,' by Goëthe, this winter, and have been perfectly charmed with it; and I am now reading 'Elective Affinities'; have read only about fifty pages, so I cannot form much of an opinion of the work, but on every page I am struck with Goëthe's remarkable insight into all the little peculiarities of human character, and the perfectly easy and natural manner in which they are displayed. The doctrine of 'Elective Affinities' has been broached in a conversation upon Chemistry, which is held by the characters of the story. When I write again, if I do not forget it, I will tell you something of the manner in which this doctrine is illustrated by the narrative.

"I spend so much time on German, that I get little time for other reading. We like the 'Princess' exceedingly. It shows a greater versatility of power than I supposed Tennyson possessed. He is, par excellence, *the* poet of the age.

"I have read 'Jane Eyre,' and am much pleased with it, though it is not without faults. I think Jane's character is vigorously portrayed, and though some ladies accuse her of 'coarseness,' I can see nothing in her conduct inconsistent with the truest impulses of a noble, womanly nature."

The experience of the last year had elevated her nature to a higher plane of thought and meditation. In her social intercourse there appeared a chastened tenderness and self-possession more engaging than the enthusiastic manner of former years. Her intellectual tastes were purified; she read none but the highest books, and wrote nothing. In fact, at one time she determined not to publish again. "I shall never write good poetry till I go to heaven," she one day said, in reply to my expressions of regret at this determination. The same elevation of feeling was discoverable in her religious nature. If her Christian sympathies had been liberal before, they now became universal. Any expression of sectarian partiality, from whatever source, was received in a manner which would have convinced any one that she was a member only of the great spiritual church of her Master. Our conversations of the departed were always cheerful. She felt their presence to be no interruption to the joys or the merriment of social intercourse. She was in truth ripening for another existence.

In the last days of April we went to Shirley village and Warwick, where we remained three weeks. It was a season of great happiness. One incident I cannot forget; a ride to a wild glen in Warwick, on the first of May, from which we returned with a wagon piled with flowers of the arbutus, and green mosses torn from the rocks. We returned home, and soon after, I went to Boston to spend the week of the anniversaries. During my absence she resumed her pen, and wrote two short tales, and the poems of "The Adventure," "Contemplation," "Devotion," and the "Shadow-Child," for the "Rose" of 1849; — the editing of which she had again reluctantly undertaken. The "Shadow-Child" was the last poetry she wrote, and there was a beautiful propriety that her first and last written words should express the same class of sentiments; the latter being an utterance of her maternal love, and the former of her girlish attachment to her favorite dog, and the robins that sang upon the branches of the elm-trees over her father's roof.

The month of June was busily employed in study. We

read together the drama of "Wallenstein," in the German of Schiller, and the "Rose" was passing through press. Social habits were resumed, and we began to anticipate the pleasure of the summer months; resolved that the happiness of others should more directly concern us this season than it had ever before. A delightful visit from her mother and sister will not be forgotten by those of us who are left. But the time of her departure was approaching. On the first Sabbath of July she atttended church and received the communion. In the afternoon the Unitarian and Universalist societies united in the funeral services of Mr. William Babson, an aged and beloved member of our parish. I preached a discourse upon the "Separation of Friends." Little did I think that the meditations of that week were to prepare my soul for the solemn scenes of the few coming days. On that Sabbath eve we talked of the immortality of the soul, and I read to her the outlines of a discourse I had been contemplating upon this subject. She spoke of her brother, and said that every night, for months, she had seen him so vividly in dreams that he seemed to be with her during the day.

On Monday and Tuesday she was slightly indisposed, but desired me to go upon a short excursion to recruit my energies somewhat wasted by the anxieties of the last week. On my return, Tuesday evening, I found her upon the bed, from which she never rose. Her illness hurried her on to death with a rapidity, which no medical skill could arrest. On Friday she revived, and all believed she would recover. Her conversation was cheerful, and she assured me that the violence of her disease had abated. But at night it returned with increased power, and on Saturday morning I felt that she must be called away. Her intense suffering prevented her from talking with us till Sabbath noon. Then her pain left her, and she lay with a heavenly smile upon her face awaiting her departure. As we stood around her bed we felt the impotence of death in the presence of the immortal spirit. No anxieties for our welfare disturbed her, but the calm radiance of her eyes and the low melody of her voice, as she looked upon us and spoke of death, were like that of a spirit

that has seen the heaven to which it is hastening. At sunset she sunk into a state of unconsciousness, and when darkness fell upon the earth she passed to her eternal home.

We carried her to her burial arrayed in the flowers she loved. Her mortal remains now rest in the beautiful cemetery of her native village, almost under the shadow of the church spire, upon the brow of a hill, whose base is washed by Bow-Brook. "I have work to do in heaven, but I will always be with you," were her last words to me, and when on the Sabbath following I spoke to my people on the "Immortality of the Soul," we felt that she was indeed among us; and we trust that her high example has not been lost, but has aided us to accept the affliction of her departure in the spirit of him who said in his hour of trial, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

If I have succeeded in presenting a faithful picture of the subject of this Memoir, no one can fail to understand her character, whether expressed in her life, correspondence, or literary productions. Her nature was as simple as it was deep and beautiful, and can be expressed by no other word than that which was always upon her lips — Love. Love for everything great, and good, and beautiful; — Love for these qualities so intense, that it could separate them from the repulsive union with gross affections in which they are too often found in human character; — Love so disinterested that her life was always more in the wants and sympathies of others, than of herself; flowing out, not only in the form of benevolence and kindness, but of confidence in man, and a willingness to impart the richest treasures of her heart, to bless the humblest one about her; — rising like a constant hymn of praise to the Father of love, and giving to every act of life an unconscious grace and sanctity caught from a converse with spiritual realities — this is the beginning and end of her character. Of those arts by which we endeavor to supply the place of genuine emotion she knew nothing; for her own interest or reputation she was not concerned; she was always so devoted to those nearest her that she had no time to study her own fancies, or regret that they were not gratified. Neither was

this a sickly or sentimental manifestation of affection. It was not that shallow affectionateness which takes the form of an incessant craving for sympathy, and a boundless demand upon the good offices of others; — a sentiment which, at best, is only the most interesting form of selfishness; — her nature was singularly healthy, her love as honest and hearty as it was refined and penetrating. She loved, because she could not help it, and with the whole force of her being.

The power of this sentiment was the source of all the strength and beauty of her character. It preserved her from a life of diseased introspection, to which the retired and studious are so much exposed. It elevated the lowest duties performed for the welfare of others to the dignity of religious acts; it made her content in any spot, and under any circumstances, for deep and constant affection can annihilate distance, and overlook present inconvenience, in the intensity of its conceptions, and its self-sufficing suggestions; it gave her faith in God in the darkest hours, for love in our own souls is the only thing that can assure us of the omnipotence of love in the universe; it imparted that unconscious gentleness and grace to her person, her manners, and conversation, that no one could resist; it was the seat of a reserved energy which the heaviest pressure of discouraging circumstances could develop, but never overcome; it was also the source of the ease with which she threw off the burden of care, and became a very child in her enjoyment of humor and gayety. Where love exists, as in her nature, it is the great interpreter of all manifestations however opposite, for it contains, in a comprehensive unity, the elements of the widest diversity.

And in the depth of this sentiment must be found the key of interpretation to all she wrote. Of the selections from her writings, contained in this volume, considered as literary productions, it does not become me to express an opinion more fully than I have in the progress of the narrative. I may, however, remark, that any criticism of them which is not based upon a thorough comprehension of her character and life, will be unjust and false. For she wrote sincerely, if a human being ever did. Her lines glow with her own ex-

perience; — they are a record of her own toils, and joys, and sorrows, the chronicle of her highest intercourse with Nature, Man, and God. That she should fail to give full utterance to herself is not strange, when we consider the disparity between her outward and inward life. It pleased her Father that, for some future state of being, should be reserved the complete expression of that nature, which was a poem and a prayer. Her literary reputation is safe in the hearts of those who knew and understood her; and let no other one presume to test it by artificial rules, and thus betray his own ignorance of the laws which regulate the motions of love, when it speaks out of its deep and sacred places to the world.

I close this inadequate memoir of my sainted wife with a feeling of profound thankfulness to God that I have been spared to pay even a feeble tribute to her worth. May it be received by those whom we both loved in a spirit of charity which overlooks all deficiences. None of us can say the best thing we know about her; or tell what she has done for us. That can be seen only by the faith which we exhibit in submission to the great affliction of her loss, and the higher life, by which, during our allotted time upon earth, we prove ourselves the partakers of her spirit, and make ourselves fitting companions for her in that world where we shall know each other and know God forever.

Gloucester, *April* 8, 1849.

MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

BY MRS. H. J. W. LEWIS.

"I do not weep for thee; — I have not wept!" — S. C. E. MAYO.

SISTER, friend, poetess, a long farewell!
There needs not many words to paint my grief.
Wife, Mother, Nature's Priestess! who can tell
The sum of all thy joys in life so brief!
The beauty of thy daily walk *they* know
Who dwelt within the circle of thy love —
Thy calm pure faith, thy truth like spotless snow,
Thy spirit strong, yet gentle as the dove!
And shall we hear no more the strain sublime,
Or soft, or touching, thou hast breathed so well?
Can we resign thee in thy life's sweet prime,
And, lost to earth, give thee with God to dwell?
I have wept burning tears, and still must weep,
That one so great and good should fall asleep!

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

TOKENS.

Thou, on the throne of heaven!
Who 'rt bidding stars speed forth with light and song,
What token hast thou given,
To lead thy children hopefully along?

All tokens hast thou given;
Buds to the tree of fall, stars to the night,
Rainbows to clouded heaven,
And to the polar skies, a mystic light.

Sunshine to earth's decay,
Awakening winds to early hours of spring,
Music to dawning day,
And life, and light, and joy to everything.

A Lamb without a spot,
Slain on the altar for our sinful race —
What tokens have we *not*,
Father of love! to speak thy boundless grace!

1837.

TO MY SISTERS.

Ye have seen the bow in the eastern sky,
When the shade past off from Apollo's eye;
Ye have marked its soft and varied light —
Can ye tell the lines where its hues unite?
Our *hearts* are a rainbow of varied dye,
Blended as softly as that of the sky.

Ye have marked the pansy, that lowly flower,
That smiles at the frown of the wintry hour;

Its petals may differ when blooming apart,
But they wear one hue at the fragrant heart.
Our *spirits* are leaflets of separate hue,
But one at the linking — they 're all of them *true*.

Ye have seen three stars of a different light,
Enriching the brow of the cloudless night;
And though not bound by a visible tie,
Yet they move like *one* through the azure sky.
Our *souls* are stars of a differing ray,
But they speed like one on the same bright way.

Ye have seen the birds of the same dear nest,
Forsaking the shade of their mother's breast;
But though straying apart in the leafy grove,
They soar in a group to the fields above.
Though here, like those birds *we* may widely roam,
Together we 'll rise to our heavenly home!

1838.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

There 's a crown for the monarch, a golden crown —
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems.
They 've rifled the depths of Golconda's mine,
And stolen the pearls from the ocean brine;
But the rarest gem, and the finest gold,
On a brow of care lies heavy and cold.

There 's a crown for the victor, of lotus-flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers;
And the golden hearts of the nymphæa gleam
From their snowy bills, with a mellow beam.
They have stript the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine-clad isle;
But the sweetest flower from the holy flood,
And the vine, will fade, on a brow of blood!

There 's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay —
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay.
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.

They 've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath, in vain they have sought —
It withers away on a brow of thought.

There 's a crown for the Christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife.
'T is a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.
They 've gathered its rays from sources afar,
From seraphim's eyes, and Bethlehem's star;
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a Christian's brow, is a brow of peace.

1838.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

There was a tender Shepherd, and he dwelt
In Palestine. His faithful lambs were fed
Upon the sweetest herbage, and they knelt
With grateful hearts, and found a welcome bed
Close at his feet. Devotedly they loved
Their gentle Guide, and followed in his track,
Like waiting angels; or, if any roved
Unguardedly, he sought, and brought them back.

He was so good a Shepherd, and his flock
Were watched with such untiring care, and led
To such sweet founts — such as th' eternal Rock
Alone e'er yielded, — were so richly fed
And kindly sheltered, many sought his fold
From other flocks, and humbly begged a share;
Nor was the weakest pleader ever told
To turn away, for all were welcome there!

Then was the Shepherd summoned to a land
Far from the country of his faithful sheep:
He called together all his dear-loved band
Of brethren; and he bade them safely keep
His helpless flock, and *feed his lambs*, — for foes,
Clad in the guise of friends, would seek to win
Their guileless hearts, and many fearful woes
Would hard beset them, — from without, within.

When to his mourning flock he gently spake:
"Ye little ones, I go — 't is to prepare
A better place for you; but, for my sake,
Be careful of your safety. O! beware
Of false, enticing thieves, for they will seek
To lead my little lambs astray. Ye know
Your own true Shepherd's voice — and when I speak,
Then shall ye follow, wheresoe'er I go.

"Beloved, do not grieve that I depart —
A little while, and we shall meet again;
Then will I lead you, cherished of my heart,
To a far sweeter pasture, to a plain
Where living waters flow, and soothing shades
Give peace and joy; where sorrow, pain, and cold,
Can never enter; where no foe invades —
But one Good Shepherd guards one peaceful fold."

1838.

"THE PURE IN HEART SEE GOD."

In the lone dell and by the leaping fountain,
Where the moss springeth by the hazel-rod,
By the wild rose-tree on the rugged mountain,
The pure in heart see God.
They see him where the wild cascade is foaming
Above the dark and deeply-fretted rocks,
And where, through primrose-meadows meekly roaming,
Are feeding snow-white flocks.

Where crested waves o'er rocks are wildly dashing,
Where nought but venturous mermaid e'er hath trod,
Where scattered sea-gems in the light are flashing,
The pure in heart see God.
They see him in the dim and tangled wild-wood,
Where dreamy music haunts the hollow ground;
They see him in the rosy bowers of childhood,
Where light and song abound.

In the gay city, where earth's golden splendor
Starts from its hidden caves, and roams abroad;
Where crowds, to empty pomp, their peace surrender,
The pure in heart see God.

They see him in the cot, where bendeth lowly
The humble worshipper at God's own shrine,
Whose mind is fixed on heaven, whose heart is holy,
Whose hopes are all divine.

Where the green willow on the grave low traileth,
Where the sweet pansy weeps upon the sod,
Where all the pride of man in terror faileth,
The pure in heart see God.
They see him where the gate of heaven wide swingeth,
And they are led by angel-hands within;
Where Jesus all his fold together bringeth,
Without a trace of sin.

1838.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

With the celestial baptism on thy soul,
Thou wert led lonely to the dim old wood,
Where even flower-bells have a low, sad toll,
As they bend down to die in solitude.
Through long, long days and lonely nights, in prayer
And solemn fasting, dwelt thy spirit there.

But, human wants were with thee — human cares,
That ushered many a pang upon thy breast;
Wasted and faint, thy mortal frame scarce bears
The burden of its being; then the test,
The cruel test of the Arch-fiend was given!
But thy unblenching eye turned not from heaven.

Weary and lonely as thou wert, blest Lord!
Stricken with want, and far from earthly friends,
Still the deep magic of the tempter's word
Could bend thee, but as holy Zion bends,
When the soft air sweeps by. Ay, thou, unarmed,
With all man's frailties on thee, wert not harmed!

Did not the thought of man, dear Son of God,
Come like a strengthening angel to thine aid?
For pure thy life must be, or thou hadst trod
Thus far thy mortal path in vain; and made
No long, blest journeyings to the sacrifice,
For which thou wert detained beneath the skies.

O what an empire was by thee laid low,
When thou didst bid the wily fiend depart!
His power resisted! *his*, the mighty foe,
Whose chains had fettered every human heart!
Slowly he coiled the malice in his breast,
As he turned back, and left thee to thy rest.

Then with soft, fluttering wings, bright *angels* came,
And bore their golden salvers in their hands;
Through leafy boughs they called upon thy name,
And gathered round thee in adoring bands;
Then back to heaven with lightened wings did flee,
Bearing thy thanks to God for victory!

1838.

BOW BROOK.

Far in a wild and tangled glen,
Where purple Arethusas weep —
A bower scarce trod by mortal men —
A haunt where timid dryads sleep —
A little dancing, prattling thing,
Sweet Bow-Brook, tutor of my muse!
I 've seen thy silver currents spring
From fountains of Castalian dews.

A wilder, or more sylvan spot,
Ne'er wooed a poet's feet to roam;
Not e'en Calypso's classic grot
Would be so fit a fairy's home.
The birchen boughs, so interlaced,
That scarce the vault of heaven is seen,
With pendant vines are wildly graced —
An arbor of transcendent green.

And rustic bridge, a frail support
For Cinderella's tiny foot,
And waves where naiades might sport
Beneath some sweet aquatic root;
And further down, a mimic lake,
Where dark green woods o'erlook the tide,
And fragrant shrubs and feathery brake
Spring up along its grassy side.

Oh, how my heart doth wildly thrill
  At every thought of that lone spot,
Whose fragrant solitude, sweet rill,
  Thy beauty into being brought!
And murmur not, that thou art made
  An humble poet's favorite theme;
For thou, sweet lyrist of the glade,
  Thyself art but an humble strêam.

And beautiful as e'er thou art,
  They make thee labor at the wheel,
To ply the shaft, and swell the mart
  With products of the loom and reel.
But much enraged at such constraint,
  Away thou 'rt gliding, big with grief,
To breathe thy piteous complaint
  To every sympathizing leaf.

Upon thy tall, o'erhanging elms,
  Gay birds, with blue and golden breasts,
Returned in troops from austral realms,
  Found colonies of grassy nests.
They are protected — guileless birds!
  For tender guardians dwell around;
And oft, with keen, reproving words,
  They drive the huntsman from the ground.

In olden days the Indian maid,
  With braided tresses sought thy bowers,
And rifled every sunlit glade
  To wreathe her locks with scarlet flowers.
Some chieftain of the forest wove
  The blushing card'nals o'er her brow,
While by thy waves he breathed his love
  In many a deep and fervent vow.

How oft, along thy verdant shore,
  I seek to find some lingering trace
Of those who made, in days of yore,
  Thy banks their favorite hunting-place —
Yet vain the search — no trace is found,
  To tell that ever dusky maid,
Or warrior chief hath trod the ground,
  Where now, perchance, their bones are laid.

Upon thy bonny banks, sweet stream,
My home succeeds the Indian brave's;
My infant eye first caught its beam,
Reflected from thy clouded waves.
And oft I tread the grassy slope,
Which leads me to thy rose-bound shore,
With ardent and increasing hope
To catch some fragment of thy lore.

When comes the holy hour to die,
How sweet to rest beside thy wave!
How sweet beneath thy banks to lie,
With violets waving o'er my grave!
And yet I would not cast a shade
Upon a spot so bright and glad;
A tomb would mar so fair a glade,
And friends would find thy borders sad.

Glide on, forever, warbling brook!
Earth has no voice more dear than thine—
And often, in some flowery nook,
I'll swell the lay with tones of mine.
Beneath the arch of some green bough,
Where mellow sunbeams softly glance,
I'll cast the shadows from my brow,
And read to thee some gay romance.

A few short years, or days may be,
And thou wilt miss me from thy shore;
Yet earth will still be fair to thee,
As e'er it was in days of yore.
And I shall sit upon the bank
Of that pure river of my God,
Where sin, nor grief has ever drank,
And no polluting foot hath trod!

1838.

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

Why love I the lily-bell,
Swinging in the scented dell?
Why love I the wood-notes wild,
Where the sun hath faintly smiled?
Daisies, in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night,
Softly weeping drops of light?

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Saviour's cross?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the light from o'er the grave?

Why do rainbows seen at even
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound,
To the dreams that have been given,
Of the holy things of heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to Sinless Mind?

From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthened unto God.
All of holy — stainless — sweet —
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love,
Brightly realized above.

How could beauty be on earth,
Were it not of heavenly birth?
Foul things perish, but the pure,
Long as angels, will endure.
Stars, and founts, and azure sky,
Shine when clouds and tempests die.

Say ye that the rose decays?
Ay, the *flower*, but not its rays —
Not its color — not its scent —
They were holy beauties lent; —

That may perish — 't is but dust —
But it *yieldeth* back its *trust*.

Fragrance cometh from the air,
And in time returneth there ;
Color cometh from the sky —
Thither goeth, ne'er to die ;
Foul things perish, but the *pure*,
Long as angels, shall endure.

1839.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Soft night-winds through the lattice steal — sweet guests
Unwooed, yet ever welcome to the bells
Of reverential flowers. Dim moonlight rests
Where their abiding exhalation dwells,
'Mid the entwining of young blossoms ; there
Losing its chaster beauty in the glare
Of the bright-flashing torches. Through wild dells,
Where Cedron murmurs, came it, laden thence
With odors all impalpable to earthly sense.

Through that balcony streaming, what see they,
Those startled moonbeams ? Festive garlands, strung
O'er groups of dancers in their bright array ?
Or dripping fountains, through dim grottoes flung
With low, bewildering music ? — Son of God !
Thou who through guileful snares hadst guiltless trod !
Was not their timid radiance o'er *Thee* hung,
Where, on the board, mysterious emblems stood,
Broken and trickling then, as *would* thy heart and blood ?

Soft parted on thy meek and spiritual brow,
Thy silken hair drooped gracefully away ;
Thine eye, dim-shaded with a tear, fell low
To that sweet face, upturned from where it lay
On thy soft, yearning bosom ; thine, above,
Seraphic in the beauty of its love,
Shedding a faint and sad, but burning ray,
On that beloved heart, whose faith had been
Thy love-star, in a world of perfidy and sin.

The brotherhood were round Thee, mute with thought ;
Prophetic shadows dimmed each holy eye,

While musing on the deed thy hands had wrought,
To teach them love and love's humility.
To *him*, Thou knelt — the traitor! washed his feet,
Girded like menial, while he sat at meat!
Oh, black of heart! Heard he thy quivering sigh?
"One shall betray me! one, and he a *brother!*"
Saw he how each eye turned reproachful on another?

The head that had reposed upon thy breast
In sweet abandonment and joyful love,
With startled eye was lifted from its rest,
Like the wild waking of a brooding dove;
The clinging arm withdrawn, the adoring smile
Changed to a mute solicitude meanwhile;
"Lord, is it I?" How grateful turned, above,
Thy radiant eye, when that wild question broke
From lips whose slightest word thine ardent love awoke!

What tones are those that thrill upon the air
Like the wind-stricken chord of some lone lyre?
It is the fitful melody of prayer!
Now painfully subdued, now floating higher
In fervent faith and full commingling love.
Saviour! 'tis *thy* deep supplications move
Thus on the "white wing" of unblent desire
For *their* protection, lest the snare fall nigh,
When thy untangled feet could not be hovering by.

While yet the moonlit air trembled, and hung
Gathered in quivering waves around thy lips,
Sweet and entrancing music softly rung,
Where, 'mid balconied flowers, the dew soft drips —
A hymn, a holy hymn of deep devotion,
Where *thy* soft voice rose trembling with emotion.
Angels might drop their harps, and hush their lips,
And seraphs pause upon the outspread wing!
For why should not they pause to hear the *Master* sing!

That hymn! what was it? joy, and praise, and love,
Poured from fond, gushing hearts in streams of faith?
Or, a low mournful plaint, like some lone dove
Lading with melody its dying breath?
The traitor! was *he* there? did his foul art
Grate its discordant mockery on thy heart?

Lord! since thy mortal voice was hushed in death,
Has that unwritten strain e'er ceased to float
In every woodland breeze, in every dell-born note?

The sound grown still, the moonbeams stole away —
And the young flowers closed up their starry eyes —
Thou, with the *eleven* wandered forth to pray
Where the green olives veiled the silvery skies —
To Olivet's sweet garden in the vale.
On thy grave cheek, so wasted and so pale,
The tear-drops, oft rebuked, forbidden stray,
Whilst, on the threshold pausing, thy sad eye
Turns, with a farewell glance; — thou goest forth to die!

1839.

SONG.

Softly, love, softly sleep;
I will bid the roses keep
  Vigils o'er thy head;
Winds shall breathe with murmurs low,
Softly shall the wild brooks flow
  Round thy grassy bed.

Sweetly, love, sweetly rest,
With the flowers upon thy breast,
  Drooping in repose;
In thy wavy, nut-brown hair,
I will braid with tender care,
  Violet and rose.

Gently, love, gently dream —
Let the music of the stream
  Pass into thy soul;
Let me glide around thy heart —
Mine be there the hallowed part
  Thy visions to control.

Holy, love, holy be
All thy thoughts and dreams of me;
  Let them be of love.
I would seem unto thy sight
Mantled in celestial light —
  An angel from above.

Softly, love, softly sleep;
I will bid the roses keep
  Vigils o'er thy head;
Winds shall breathe with murmurs low,
Softly shall the wild brooks flow
  Round thy grassy bed.

1840.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

She grew in love. Around her infant home
  Life hung its summer hues, and very fair
Was this wild earth to her. She learned to roam
  In artless radiance where the woodland air
Showered trembling sweetness on the glancing streams,
And stole its hue from sunset's golden beams.

The wildwood squirrels knew her when she came,
  And crept about her for the ripe brown nut;
The birds half called her by her gentle name,
  Nor were the birds and butterflies forgot;
Never a woodland maiden grew so free
With nature's holy ministers as she.

She twined the orchis in her hazel hair,
  And stole the violets from the brookside dell;
The wilding rose was her peculiar care,
  Her dearest music was the fox-glove's bell,
When the wild bee with his transparent wings
Stirs the sweet air, and makes believe he sings.

But changes come to all — and so they came
  To her; and o'er her heart a spell was thrown.
No longer there was love an idle name;
  She learned to breathe it with a softened tone,
And sometimes she would steal in tears away,
And sit among her chosen flowers to pray.

The glory of her youthful dream was changed.
  It was not darkened, but its colors grew
Intense with heavenly light; she was estranged
  From her wild joys, and though she still was true
To her first loves of nature, she had found
A stronger spell that mantled her around.

It has been said that love doth bind the heart
More strongly to the fading things of earth;
Not so with her; — her spirit had no part
With feelings which are but of mortal birth;
She loved for heaven, and heaven became her home,
Long ere the angel beckoned her to come.

She moved no longer careless through the wood,
But studied long above a pale blue flower;
"Forget-me-Not," they call it, and allude
By this sweet name to a mysterious power
Bestowed on it by love, — a tale I knew
In younger life — 't is beautiful and true.

And was she happy? asks some gentle one,
In low soft accents, and with thoughtful eye;
Yes, dear, and more than happy; though the sun
Was softly clouded, and the deep blue sky
Grew deeper that it was not flushed with light,
Though all the clouds that shaded it were white.

The brooks had a mysterious murmur to her ear,
That seemed an echo from the deep-toned streams
That glance in sunshine through a brighter sphere,
And warble forth the music of rich dreams.
All sounds had deepened, for her heart grew deep,
And fountains waked that ne'er again might sleep.

Believe you spirits toned like hers have long
A dwelling on the tuneless shores of time?
Not long. The light-winged bird soon hushed her song,
And floated up to a serener clime.
She knew love's home could never be below —
Why should she linger to endure its woe?

Home, like an uncaged bird she gladly sped,
Home, with the sunbeams on her buoyant wing;
Home, where the beautiful have early fled,
And where they make no discord when they sing;
Home hath she gone, and on the grassy spot
Where she was laid, blooms *one* FORGET-ME-NOT.

1840.

THE SPIRIT'S CHANGE.

How beautiful are all the works of God,
  How beautiful his dealings with the heart!
There was a time when o'er the earth I trod
  With eyes unseeing, — when I dwelt apart
From all life's mysteries, and knew no care;
Nor felt the strong necessity of prayer.

There *was* a time when joy was in the light,
  When day with its glad beamings made my bliss;
When there was mournful beauty in the night,
  And in the grave a terrible abyss;
Such time hath passed, and things are changed to me —
'T is well, my God! for I am nearer thee.

Morn bringeth mournful peace and solemn thought,
  It bringeth prophet-visions of the tomb;
Night-dreams fade out, but not the hues they wrought,
  The shadowy hues of an approaching doom;
Oh, they are beautiful, though wrought in tears;
For death no longer robes himself in fears.

Ay, God hath dealt with me; He hath gone down
  Into the silent slumbers of my heart,
And made me feel my immortality, and thrown
  A spell around me which may ne'er depart;
Tides of immortal joy within me roll —
Joy that subdues and sanctifies the soul.

I move no longer with a careless love
  O'er the green earth, and 'mid the laughing flowers;
The deep affection I have placed above,
  Absorbs the lighter love of lighter powers;
With a wrapt heart, I go in silent dreams
Among the flowers, and by the gushing streams.

How long must I await the gentle call
  Which bids me to the presence of thy love?
Earth has her charms, but I can leave them all
  To dwell with Thee, eternally above;
How the worn dove will weary for its home!
Shall it be long, dear Father, ere I come?

1840.

LINES WRITTEN AT A WATERFALL.

From the deep hollow of Thy generous hand,
Thou hast poured forth a heritage to earth —
A heritage of beauty and of power,
Of glory and of majesty divine.
This giant work is thine, Oh God! and man
May bow in humble worship at its feet;
Proud to gaze upward through its incense wreath,
And dream he meets some loving glance from Thee.

Variable there thy beautiful smile doth rest,
A rainbow-promise of celestial peace,
When o'er the mighty cataract of Time
Our spirits shall have passed, and we glide on
Through the bright, glorious shores of that blest land,
Where we shall know nor tumult, nor repose,
But a still, beautiful passage on the way
Of wisdom and of love forever.

1840.

THE BAPTISM.

She stood at the altar with heavenward eye,
All hazy and soft with thought;
And her breath stole out in a tremulous sigh,
With passionate feeling fraught.
But her brow was calm as a bed of snow,
Where the moonbeams softly rest;
And her raven hair fell wavy and low,
Like a quivering shade on her breast.

Her cheek was so downy, it might have lain
On a rosebed through the night,
Nor borrowed the hue of a fragrant stain,
On its pure and shadowless white.
But nought was there seen on the snowy cheek,
Or the softly waving hair,
Like the spirit, so earnest and sweetly meek,
That rose from her eye in prayer.

She was yielding her heart, in its shadeless truth,
To the service and faith of Heaven;
In those sunniest hours of her spotless youth,
Her love and her trust were given.

She knelt, all holy, and breathed her vow,
While the priest from the altar trod,
With the dewy seal for her radiant brow,
Of a covenant formed with God.

O lovely as youth at the bridal seems,
Where the plighted heart is given,
A higher and holier beauty beams
From the face of the bride of Heaven!
A spirit devoted to holy love,
A child of the second birth,
Whose faith and affections are anchored above,
Is the loveliest thing on earth!

But the silent vow in the dell untrod,
And the bedside prayer may be
As sweet a pledge, in the sight of God,
Of faith and purity,
As the minster-vow at some ancient shrine,
Confirmed from the sacred bowl;
Our Father looks not on the outward sign,
But into the secret soul.

1840.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE.

How chilling and sad is the fearful gloom
Of the coffin and shroud, of the pall and tomb!
How cold is the eye, when the light of love
Hath fled to its fount in the kingdom above!

And the *relict* heart, with its pulseless grief,—
How silent it lies, like a fallen leaf!
All the bright visions it tenderly wove
Are faded and fled to the kingdom above.

But, soft as the ray of the vernal sun,
The hallowing hope of heaven beams on;
And the gentle voice of the heavenly Dove
Is calling our hearts to the kingdom above.

No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom;
They are travelling robes to a fairer home;
Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love
Will meet to inherit a kingdom above.

1840.

THE VOICE OF THE DYING.

"My dreams in death have other moulds:
Forms beautiful and bright
Are with me."

Oh, it is sweet to die!
They told me death was stern, and sad, and cold;
They said there was an anguish in his hold, —
That o'er the closing eye
He threw terrific images and forms, —
Grim phantoms from a far-off world of storms!

It is not so, my friends!
There is no chillness in the touch of death:
To the pale, drooping rose, the south's warm breath
Relief less welcome lends,
Than the soft, hallowing spell around me thrown
By death's own gentle hand, and low, sweet tone.

Not the bright dew, that lies
In the rich urn of some half-opened rose,
Rises more gently from its soft repose
To the all-glorious skies,
Than my long-wasted spirit from its shrine
Passes on death's white wings to rest divine.

And spirit-forms are here;
No fearful spectres from the ghastly land,
But pure and beautiful, — a radiant band
From the celestial sphere.
They stand around me — hold my aching head —
Oh, bright ye are, sweet phantoms of the dead!

Yes, sweet it is to die!
When the long-burdened spirit is worn down,
When the brow wearies of earth's thorny crown,
How beautiful to lie
On the soft bosom of the angel, Death,
And let pain sigh away its last faint breath!

Then fear it not, my friends!
Nor think it cold, and stern, and fraught with dread;
Dream sweeter visions of the free, blest dead!
For, see ye not, death blends
The hallowed spirit with a life all pure,
With fadeless love, and joys forever sure!

Fear not the silent tomb !
Silent it is, yet peaceful and serene ;
No loneliness is there when *God* is seen !
And, dear ones, there is room
For Him who loves us, even in the grave :
Distrust Him not — He hath the will to save.

1840.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

I know a dim and still retreat,
Where woodland blue-birds daily meet ;
And where the lark, for noonday rest,
Comes filled with music from her nest.
In a wide mountain gorge it lies,
Away from human hearts and eyes ;
There echo brings her wild, deep song,
And sings it sweetly all day long,
Repeating, of the cuckoo's lay,
Some snatches in her own wild way,
And stealing, from the dancing rill,
A music more bewildering still,
Or breathing, to the wind's low sigh,
A dreamy, spirit-like reply.

The solemn trees grow wildly there,
And toss their branches in the air ;
Adown the ledge of gray old stone,
With velvet moss and flowers o'ergrown,
The water trickles with a dim,
Faint music like a fairy's hymn.
The tall, red columbines o'erlook
The sunny dimples of the brook,
And welcome from the hollow tree
The entrance of the vagrant bee.
The fervent sunbeams faintly dare
To smile upon the moss-cups there ;
And scarce the blue-bells, by the stream,
Will meet the moon's delirious beam ;
So soft, so holy, so serene,
Is all that shadowy, wild ravine.

There stealeth, at the early morn,
The rabbit and the timid fawn ;
There skips the little squirrel by,
With tail erect, and glistening eye ;
There glanceth, too, — the rill toward, —
A human foot across the sward ;
A little foot that ever spares
The flower that springeth unawares ;
That danceth gayly with the brook,
Or resteth in the violet nook ;
That chaseth, through the mountain rye,
The beetle and the butterfly,
Then, finding nothing else to do,
Tosses aside its old torn shoe,
And, through the passage of a dream,
Plays with the pebbles in the stream.

A dainty creature, fair and wild,
Is that sweet vision of a child !
With sunbeams in her eyes and heart,
And beauty yet unwed to art ;
With music in her gushing voice,
And love and truth in every choice,
She seems like some gay humming-bird,
With the new gift of music stirred,
Repaying to the flowers in song
The sweets they dropped upon its tongue.

Years pass, and yet the quiet scene
Is just as shadowy and serene ;
No change has marred the violet nook,
Nor turned aside the murmuring brook ;
The birds have not forgot their haunts,
Nor the wild bee its simple wants ;
There come they still to pass away
The long, sweet, golden summer day ;
And there, all beautiful as light,
Droop the soft shadows of the night.
Where is the child, the pretty child,
So gay of heart, so sweetly wild ?
Where treadeth now that little foot ?
Where flits it in its light pursuit ?
Where dwell the merry laugh and shout
That once were ringing all about ?

Let us go trace the mountain rill
Down through the crevice of the hill.
Here winds it gently now aside
With something of a timid pride,
Seeking within the dim retreat
A refuge from the summer heat:
Like some small silver chain it twines
Among the trees and drooping vines,
And kisses, in its cool, soft flow,
The flowers that on its borders grow.

She wanders there, the mountain girl,
With sunny cheek and floating curl;
Taller and quieter than when
We saw her flitting through the glen;
And wearing in her soft, dark eyes,
A wealth of human mysteries.
Some feelings have been born within,
Earthly, yet unallied to sin;
The voice of human love hath spoken,
And childhood's spell at last is broken.
Her heart is satisfied no more
With what it dearly loved before;
Nor bird, nor bee, nor woodland stream,
To her wrapt spirit longer seem,
In such a world of love as this,
Sufficient ministers of bliss.

Oh Time, no need of thine so strange
As Love's mysterious, sudden change,
When, stealing from all else apart,
It clusters round *one human heart!*
Here dwells its music, and its light,
Nor grows the outward world less bright,
That it hath centred in one shrine,
All it hath recognized divine.
That child to womanhood hath grown—
Life's picture wears a deeper tone—
The golden hues that JOY inwove,
Assume the varying shades of LOVE.

Years pass again. The mountain stream
Still sings its wild, unconscious dream;
No change hath visited the spot
Where stood of old the rustic cot.

But o'er its roof the ivy creeps,
And on its walls the lizard sleeps;
The spider o'er the latch hath spun
A web to whiten in the sun;
The roses bloom, and fade away,
With none to weep for their decay.
The very birds perceive the change,
And find the solitude too strange.
No longer 'mid the sweet-briar leaves
The swallow builds beneath the eaves,
But, hurrying from the mountain glen,
Finds peace among the haunts of men.

The mountain girl — a girl no more,
Sits down beside that cottage door;
How changed! the very house has less
Of silent, saddening mournfulness.
In her deep, melancholy eye,
Life's brilliant hues no longer lie;
And love itself, its sweetest light,
Has left behind a starless night.
A night? Ah no! 'T is early dawn —
The long, dark, hopeless hours are gone;
And Faith, the day-spring from on high,
Is beaming through her heavenward eye.
Aged and widowed, poor and lone,
She sits upon the threshold stone,
Where years before, in childish play,
She laughed the long, bright hours away.

What changes mark the course of grief! —
That bud is now a yellow leaf,
Shivering a moment in the blast,
To fall and waste away at last.
Yet some few hours of sunshine warm
The faded wreck of many a storm;
Some few and transient smiles of hope
Enrich life's sere and downward slope.
She is once more at home, where roved
Her girlish steps when first she loved;
And here, at last, her way-worn feet
May linger in their old retreat.
And in the shadow of the vine,
She planted for a Sabbath shrine,

She shall lie down to that sweet sleep
So welcome to the eyes that weep;
While the low wind and murmuring wave
Sing constant requiems round her grave.

1841.

THE WOOD-PATH.

A PATH there is, a sweet wild path, that steals through woodland bowers,
And all along its verdant sides spring up soft smiling flowers;
O, know ye where that pleasant path hath hid its wealth of shade,
Beneath what tall o'erhanging trees, within what far-off glade?

Come, we will go and trace its way within this fragrant woods,
Where solitude hath built a shrine for her religious moods;
How tremblingly the golden light drops through the parted boughs!
The very light of all most sweet, to consecrate our vows.

Come, lead thy thoughts, nor let them rove on life's forbidden things;
There 's music here beneath the leaves, — the fluttering of bright wings;
There 's beauty here, — the verdant gleams of softly-filtered light,
And flowers, and moss, and tufted grass, and many a small, new sight.
There 's silence here, — yet nature speaks in every soft low breath
That steals, a viewless spirit, by, like sweet relieving death;
And in the murmur of the waves that comes from far-off brooks,
And in the faint, mysterious sighs of lone and shadowy nooks.

The rose-brier throws its slender boughs in arches by the way,
And golden rods, with starry flowers, yield many a cheerful ray;
But something sweeter, holier far, broods in the solemn air:
'T is all unseen, yet deeply felt, — the impulse of high prayer.

We cannot tread with careless hearts beneath green, breathing trees;
There 's something which forbids our mirth in every murmuring breeze:
Insensibly our spirits yield to spells we cannot see,
And, sanctified by every sound, we bend the prayerful knee.

Far to a lone, soft-gliding brook this grassy pathway leads:
And even this, with winning tone, within the spirit pleads;
We can but kneel upon its brink, and bathe the uplifted brow,
And breathe, in low and fervent tones, some penitential vow.

O, hallowed by a thousand thoughts is this wild, woodland path;
A thousand dear memorials its very sunshine hath;
And every shadow that around its mossy borders falls,
Some tender look, or soft sweet smile, or thrilling tone recalls.
1841.

THE RECALL.

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
——————— the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time,
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?"
Midsummer's Night Dream.

HAST thou forgotten that old drooping elm,
Whose wavy boughs hung o'er a clear, bright spring?
Whose shade through childhood's hours we made our realm,
And peopled it with every fairy thing?
And how the wind's low, melancholy sigh
Crept tremulously by?

How the bright leaves would shower upon our heads
Night's jewelled gifts unto their parent tree?
And the blue violets, from their mossy beds,
Would lift their dewy eyes to smile on thee,
While the soft murmurs of the crystal spring
In their dark bells would ring?

Hast thou forgotten all? The sweet wild-rose
We borrowed from the verdant brookside glen,
And with our little hands and garden hoes,
Planted it firmly in the earth again?
It has grown tall, and twines around the door—
Would thou wert here once more!

O many a wreath of blossoms has it borne,
Since from thy childhood's home thy steps were turned,
And many a dewy jewel hath it worn,
And many a perfume in its heart inurned:
Would that thou, brother, in life's noonday hour,
Wert pure as this sweet flower!

And dost thou not remember the green tomb,
Where oft we wandered of a summer eve?
Our mother slept beneath its daisied bloom,
And there we lingered long to pray and grieve:
O brother, since, it oft has been my prayer,
Would *thou* wert sleeping there!

O would thou wert, indeed, ere sin had stained
Thy youthful being with its blighting touch!
Far less my faithful love had thus been pained,
Though I should *then* have sorrowed for thee much;
But *thus* to see thee! O, thou canst not know
The anguish of my woe!

By all the precious memories of the past,
By the sweet innocence of childhood's plays,
By the deep sorrow o'er my being cast,
By all the promise of thine earlier days,
By every tie that links thee to thy home,
I conjure thee to come!

O brother, once more back to thy young haunts,
Amid our streams, and founts, and favorite flowers,
Where birds are flitting, and bright waters glance
With the same beauty as in happier hours,
I feel thou wilt, ere thou shalt hence depart,
Regain thy "young lamb's heart."

Then come, thou erring one, yet still beloved!
Come to the sister who so long hath yearned
To have her tender faithfulness thus proved;
To weep above the wanderer, home returned,
And lead him gently back to God and heaven,
A penitent forgiven.

1841.

DEVOTIONAL LOVE.

A SOLEMN joy, and deep,
Most Holy Spirit, is my love of thee!
Whether it haunt me in my hours of sleep,
Or like a passion o'er my spirit sweep,
'T is a full heaven to me!

It is no restless thing,
Forever trembling with a fear of change;
It dwells within my being like a spring
Of pure, sweet waters, which around it fling
Light ever rich and strange.

In the still hour of night,
When the soul flutters with its wild, proud thought,

How like a stream of clear and solemn light
It throws around it hues divinely bright,
With joy and peace inwrought.

When warnings sad and low,
Like the soft murmurs of a buried stream,
Through the deep shadows of the spirit go,
Thy love breathes sweet assurances, that throw
"Joy through my troubled dream."

The world has many a chill
To breathe upon a young and timid heart;
And earthly loves grow dim, and scarce fulfil
The promise of their dawn; but faithful still,
And ever kind THOU art!

Let me still love and trust,
O thou most gracious and forever true!
Love thee and cling to thee my spirit must,
Till it but throw aside its weary dust,
To live and love anew.

1841.

TO A STAR.

SWEET island in a hollow sea,
What spirits walk thy shore?
What close embosomed mystery
Gives soul and beauty unto thee,
Ne'er seen and felt before?
What secrets in thy being live,
Never to mortals known?
What bright revealments canst thou give
Of human being gone?

O tell us, floating gem of even,
Where do thy wanderings lead?
Say, is to thee the mission given
To walk the unseen shores of heaven,
And there thine urns to feed
With the pure light that angel wings
Shed on the dreamy air,
And bathe thy rays in those soft springs
That gush forever there?

Art thou a world, thou fairy light,
  Slow moving through the sky?
A world so radiantly dight,
That heaven can scarcely be more bright
  Unto an angel's eye?
Art thou *a world?* What spirits walk
  Amid thy beauteous flowers?
In what sweet language do they talk?
  Is it as soft as ours?

O tell us, do they talk of love,
  And have they gentle hearts?
Do they forever faithful prove
To souls with which they 're interwove, —
  Souls to which love imparts
So pure a glow, so full of bliss,
  That heaven hath naught more sweet?
O, hast thou aught for us like this,
  Within thy bowers to meet?

Does sin — O answer us, thou star! —
  Does sin thy sons o'ershade?
Are they as earthly beings are?
Do fearful crimes and passions mar
  All mortals God has made?
Speak, burning world! hast thou been trod
  By footsteps all divine?
And offered to *the Son of God*
  A mountain bed and shrine?

To shade his eyes, with woe grown dim,
  Hast reared the jagged thorn?
Or furnished forth a cross for Him,
And tortured every quivering limb,
  And soothed his pains with scorn?
O tell us, tell us, has his blood
  Hallowed thy radiant flowers?
His prayers, outpoured in solitude,
  Made consecrate thy bowers?

No answer from thy light we wring,
  No token thence we wile;
Idle is all our questioning:
Enough for us our faith to bring,
  And lay it in thy smile;

Enough to gaze upon thee there,
In the soft blue of even;
For while we gaze, a trustful prayer
Bears up our hearts to Heaven.

1841.

THOU 'RT LIKE THY MOTHER, CHILD.

Thou 'rt like thy mother, fair and gentle child;
Her beauty is revealed upon thy cheek:
Thine eye is hers; it is as soft and mild,
And at the touch of grief as sadly meek;
Ay, thou 'rt like her, child.

The same soft, curly tresses shade thy brow,
And on thy lips rests the same merry smile;
As glad a laugh, as arch a glance hast thou,
A voice as musical to soothe or wile;
Thou 'rt *very* like her, child.

The blush will steal as freely and as bright
To thy fair cheek, at coarse or hasty words,
And gentle tones will yield as sweet delight
To her or thy heart as the songs of birds;
Indeed, thou 'rt like her, child.

But more in spirit than in looks, my child;
Thou hast her gentleness, her deep, true love,
Her tender sadness, mournful and yet mild,
The very spirit of a turtle dove:
I 'm glad thou 'rt like her, child.

Thou hast the promise of her eloquence,
Her ardent temper, gentle and yet warm,
Her love of beauty, and exquisite sense
Or hidden intellect in every form;
Thou art *all* like her, child.

When pain and wretchedness are met by thee,
Thou art as eager to relieve and bless;
And not a wounded floweret canst thou see,
But thou wilt stoop to it with soft caress;
In *this* thou 'rt like her, child.

Thou hast my deep and never-faltering love,
My sleepless and forever trembling care;
I ask for thee rich blessings from above,
And plead thy wants in many a fervent prayer:
Here art thou like her, child.

And wilt thou ever be, as she has been,
Faithful and tender to my trustful love?
And wilt thou turn aside from pride and sin,
And lift thy spirit undefiled above?
Be like her HERE, my child!

1841.

LOVE AT THE GRAVE.

DUST! dust! why wildly clings
My heart to thee? The things
Of earth should not be made our gods:
We lay them all beneath the valley-clods,
The *soul*, alone, hath wings.

Thine eye, that oft hath gazed
Fondly on me, is glazed
And cold; no love beams longer there;
And mould is creeping o'er thy golden hair;
But thou, O *thou*, art raised!

Why should I vainly weep,
Where the green mosses creep
Above the ruins of a beauteous shrine?
The sweet divinity I dared call mine
Does not beneath them sleep.

Why do I haunt this spot,
Where, by the world forgot,
Ashes are sleeping, whence the fire and light
Long since have fled, and left but dust and blight
Beneath the flowery plot?

Why on this fresh, bright sod,
Where foot hath never trod, —
Save it be angel-footsteps, tending flowers, —
Have I so humbly knelt, through long, sad hours,
And wildly called on God?

O for a faith more sure,
O for a hope more pure,
To lift my spirit-longings unto heaven!
For to the soul on earth, no love is given,
Unsullied to endure.

Love's home is not below;
It journeyeth with woe,
But bids it, at the grave, a last farewell:
In heaven, alone, it finds a place to dwell
Untroubled by a foe.

O Father, lift mine eyes
To thy bright, glorious skies,
Where nothing fades, nor passes to decay:
Woo me by smiles of love, gently away
To thy pure Paradise.

1841.

THE WOODLAND RETREAT.

Come, gentle love, to the shady wood,
While the noon hours pass away;
Our spirits will here be bright and good
Through the glare of the summer day.
We will hunt the mosses and sedgy knolls,
For the tiniest buds and flowers,
And sweetly and purely we 'll blend our souls
Through the languor of dreamy hours.

The bee is here with his mellow hum,
A wild and a drowsy sound;
He has muffled his head in a foxglove thumb,
And weighed himself to the ground.
And all about in the swinging bells
The murmurs are lurking low,
Like the solemn softness of fairy knells,
A blending of joy and woe.

The birds are flitting from tree to tree,
The sunbeams from flower to flower:
O where can the spirit of sorrow be
In so tranquil and sweet an hour?

No shadows are here but the softened fall
Of the sunshine through the leaves:
'T is a holy haunt, so quiet all,
To a bosom that inly grieves.

The music that hovers unseen above
In the boughs of the waving trees,
Like the gentle voice of a friend we love,
Subdues us by calm degrees.
The presence of love is with us here
In the music and softened light;
In all that is bright, and sweet, and clear,
Lies the spell of its glorious might.

In the voice of the wild-bird that wanders by,
There 's a message from God to all;
For he talks to his children beneath the sky
Through oracles weak and small.
And the daisy that lifteth its gentle head
From the grassy bed of its birth,
Wears the same sweet smile that our God hath spread
Abroad o'er the glorious earth.

Then come, my love, to the shady wood;
It is good to worship apart
From the crowded world, and in solemn mood
Commune with an humbled heart.
The spirit is purer and better far,
For its moments of silent prayer;
Its light grows clearer, like some dim star
When seen through the midnight air.

1841.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

"Sister, my soul's loved sister,
I have bidden thee farewell!"
Mrs. Scott.

All things do call for thee!
I hear low breathings 'mid the bright spring-roses,
And tolling murmurs from the harebells blue;
And where the violet on the turf reposes,
Filling its urn-cup with the sparkling dew,
A soft lament, a wild and sweet deploring

Calls for thy presence here amid the flowers, —
The early flowers, o'er which thy heart, adoring,
Poured forth its gladness in thy brighter hours —*
All these do call for thee!

And more than these — ay, more!
Hearts that were linked to thine by strong affection,
Thy child's young voice in many a mournful cry,
They who have named thee, by the soul's election,
The brightest star that shone along our sky —
These call for thee in tones of thrilling sadness,
They woo thee back by many a burning tear —
Oh! 'midst the music of thy heart's deep gladness,
Canst thou in heaven their wild complainings hear,
Thou, who art past all grief?

Thou wert a priestess here;
In nature's temple, by her flower-wreathed altar,
Long hast thou ministered with gifts divine;
Thy heart hath been thy prayer-book and thy psalter,
And every lone bright spot a sacred shrine.
Thy hymns — Oh were they not, 'mid glen and mountain,
Called from thy heart by some resistless power?
Blending the music of the wild-wood fountain
With the pure sweetness of the summer flower?
Were they not, dearest friend?

Deep sank their fervent tones —
Deep in our heart of hearts their praise descended,
And stirred up burning thoughts and holy love;
For in their rich, impassioned strains were blended
A zeal and beauty sent thee from above.
No more to us shall those sweet strains be chanted —
Hushed is thy voice beside life's flowing stream —
Thou, who so long for clearer waters panted,
Hast found at last the beauty of thy dream —
The bright, eternal Fount!

* Her love of flowers was no unreal sentiment. In one of her letters she promised to send me a poem for every species of rare seed, or slip of plant I could find means to forward to her. Among the beautiful varieties of shrubs, vines, and flowers, with which her yard was literally filled, she showed me some wild clematis vines she had raised from seed I had gathered for her on the banks of Bow-Brook. "I do so love the sweet flowers," she said, "I am a perfect child about them."

We would not call thee thence —
We would not, bright one, though a dimness lieth
Along those pathways where thy smile hath shone —
For thou art now where beauty never dieth,
And shadows on the heart are never strown.
Not all of thee, sweet friend, from earth hath perished,
Our *hearts* still keep thee, still they love thee well —
There are thy songs and gentle teachings cherished,
There shall the memory of thy goodness dwell —
For *good* thou wert, and *true!*

1842.

A PRAYER AT NIGHT.

Those lone, bright spheres! How beautiful their light
In the wide solitude of space! How far
O'er reefy shore, and bold Norwegian height,
And tropic desert, will one small, faint star
Its cheering radiance throw!
And they who toil below —
The weary voyager on the trackless sea,
The pilgrim thrown beneath the wayside tree,
O'erworn with care and pain;
O shall not these take heart of grace again,
And struggle on through all the awful night,
Cheered by that small, sweet light?

Grant me, O God, a high, soft star to be!
Calm, still, and bright, to trace my way in heaven,
And shed my light o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Where human hearts, like fragile barks, are driven
'Mid rocks and hidden shoals.
A soul 'mid glorious souls —
A small, pure star within the glittering band
That high above the clouds, undimmed and grand,
In placid beauty rolls,
To herald on the weary to the land
Where all is rest and peace; to guide the way
To heaven's unclouded day!

1842.

FILIAL LOVE.

"Here is a wild stream moaning through the grass —
Let us sit down, dear Ada, for the beams
Of the rich noontide have o'erwearied thee ;
Throw back thy sunny curls, that the soft breeze
May kiss thy blushing cheeks, — those pure young cheeks
Where feeling plays at every touch of thought,
And the young rose-bud sees a rival hue
More fleeting than its own. How very like
Thy mother art thou, Ada, when she walked
This same wild path with me long years ago !"

"O, am I like her, father? I am glad,
For she was kind and tender, and I know
How much the wretched loved her, for they come
Even now around her tomb, and wreathe the urn
With hedgerow flowers; and, when I pass their doors,
Exclaim, 'God bless thee for thy mother's sake!'
Now while we rest us here, and the long boughs
Of the wild locust shade us from the sun,
I pray thee, father, tell me of those days
When life was new to her, and how she learned
Those tender ministries of good, which made
Her name a passport to the coldest heart,
And all her life one soft, still-gliding stream
Of truth and beauty, that I, too, may learn
To make my being felt among the poor."

"Her history is one that suits this quiet spot,
For it is simple as the murmuring song
Of this wild rill. I loved her, Ada, when
I was a boy, and oft would woo her forth
Among these old, ancestral trees, to read
Sweet lays to me, while I would cast my line
Along the stream. The spotted trout would come,
Unscared by the low sweetness of her tones,
And when the brilliant prey was mine, the tear
Would gather quickly in her dark blue eye,
Yet she would smile, scarce knowing which to choose,
My pleasure, or the life of the poor fish ;
No creature crossed her path that was not blest
By some kind word or gentle providence.

The worm, that ventured forth to meet the beams
Of the mild sun, was spared by her young foot
Even in its gayest sport; and when, at dawn,
Her wakeful spirit led her to the woods,
And 'mid the thickets she espied the snare
In which the unwary rabbit had been caught,
With active zeal her little hand would break
The cord, and set the prisoner free; nor dare
The baffled gamester cast an angry glance
On her bright, smiling, love-illumined face.
In winter, at any early hour, the birds
Would call her from her rest, for they had learned
To wait on her for food, nor wait in vain.*
Such, gentle daughter, was thy mother then,
In her unfolding youth; and as she grew
In grace and knowledge, she enlarged the sphere
Of her benevolence, till it embraced
All living things; and this sad world
Seemed to her angel heart a field for toil
In binding up the broken reed, and giving strength
To those who faltered by the way. To me,—
O Ada, thy young heart can little guess
The joy her presence gave. When I was sad,
No voice so sweet as hers, no eye so soft;
And when the heavy hand of pain o'ercame
The efforts of my mind, her gentle touch
And soft religious words were more than health
To my adoring heart. Her spiritual light
Was clearer than mine own, and when I erred,
Without one mild reproach, she led me back
By her own beautiful thoughts to the pure way
Of piety and love. — Ada, she died!
And but for thee, I should have followed her.
But when thine infant eye looked pleadingly
To mine, and no soft, tender voice was left
To hush thy feeble wail, I wrapt the shroud
Of this world closer round me, and remained —
For *thee!* — I have been well repaid;

* I have known the jays in winter, soon after sunrise, to perch upon the trees which surround the house from which they were accustomed to receive daily food, and call loudly and impatiently for the appearance of those who kindly ministered to their wants.

To see thy features day by day assume
The look thy mother's wore, — to hear her voice
In the clear cadences of thy gay laugh,
And, more than all, to trace the tender moods
Of her sweet soul in thine ; — O, Ada dear,
I thought all joy was buried in the grave
With her who gave thee birth, but this has been
A fountain of unceasing love and hope,
A wellspring in the desert of this world
Where I have drank and lived !"

"O let me wipe
The tears from thy too mournful eyes, and make
Thee happy, dearest father, by my love.
I will repay thee by the earnest truth
Of a confiding heart ; by kindly deeds
To those who mourn ; by patient love and hope,
For those who go astray from the high path
Of duty ; by a gentle watch o'er thee
When thou art sick and weary ; and by still
And secret chastening of my own wild heart
In the dear presence of my God. Thine eye
Smiles on me while I promise — 't is enough —
I know the shade of her who loves us, droops
Around us in this holy hour, and seals
My vow, and bears it up to heaven."

1842.

MY FATHER.

I see him coming up the hill,
With tottering step and slow ;
Alas ! his nerves no longer thrill
With youth's exciting glow ;
And look ! he leans upon his cane,
As though the effort gave him pain.

The dear old man ! How age hath dimmed
The lustre of his eye ;
But nobly he the tide hath stemmed,
And now is ripe to die ;
For wrong and sorrow have not bowed
A spirit that was never proud.

His locks, once dark, are silvery gray,
And scattered o'er his brow;
His cheeks, where sunshine used to play,
Are worn and furrowed now;
And when he turns to me to speak,
His tones come tremulous and weak.

But still the same kind words of love
Address his daughter's ear;
His heart, as simple as a dove,
Is full of kindly cheer;
And when he laughs, it does me good
To see his free and merry mood.

Dear father! May I ever prove
A gentle child to thee,
And pay thee back the faithful love
That thou hast showered on me;
For it would break my heart to know
I e'er had caused thee shame or woe.

And if around thy grave some day
With saddened heart I stroll,
God grant I may not turn away
With shame upon my soul;
But looking up to heaven, may feel
From thee I 've nothing to conceal.

1842.

SOCIAL DESIRES.

I LOVE not on a little flower to look,
Casting its shadow on the singing brook,
If from its soft blue eye I may not turn
To eyes where *soul* breathes out, as from an urn.

I love not in some wild and lonely shade,
To watch the dashing of a clear cascade,
If at my side, no spirit, clad in white,
Sing a low echo to my deep delight.

I love not in some mossy nook of green,
Where sweet wild roses weave a fragrant screen,
To bend my knee and lift my simple prayer,
Unless a heart to pray for, meet me there.

I love not even the poet's full-souled words,
Sweeter and purer than the songs of birds,
If no true kindred heart beat time to mine,
And echo back the music of each line.

I love *all* holy things that God has made,
But none, unshared, of sunshine or of shade;
And from the wreath of joy my faith hath wove,
I would pluck out a rose for each I love.

1842.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

Oh, yes! there is joy in sincerely believing,
No heart that is faithless can dream of, or know;
There is strength in the thought that our souls are receiving
Such wealth as a *Father* alone can bestow.
Then away with the dogma that sin is eternal!
It dims the bright glow of Immanuel's name;
For it was not to build up a kingdom infernal
That Jesus, the Friend of the sorrowful, came.

It was not to lay in the path of the blinded
High walls over which they must stumble and fall,
That He came, all sublime and serene, and high-minded,
And laid down his life — a redemption for all!
It was not to slaughter, in anger and blindness,
The wandering lambs that were dying of cold,
That he lifted them up to his bosom in kindness,
And brought them all home to their rest in the fold.

He is *good*, — and the heart that serenely reposes
And lays down its burthens to rest in his love,
Will find that the door of salvation ne'er closes
So long as one sinner continues to rove.
He loves the young lambs, though afar they are straying,
He seeks out the weary with tender concern;
Oh hear his soft voice in the wilderness praying,
"*To the arms of your Saviour, poor lost ones, return!*"

1843.

REVERIES.

They come! the visions of the Past arise,
A crowd of mingling shadows bright and fair!
There stands the bride with the resplendent eyes—
There sits the maiden with the golden hair!
Vainly, O vainly do I strive to tear
My soul away from these bewildering dreams;
They crowd with glory all the twilight air,—
I see their faces mirrored in the streams,
And meet their gentle smiles in every star that beams!

Now float the orange wreath and bridal veil
Around a brow with youthful beauty bright;
And now that brow, serenely fair and pale,
Lies in the shadow of eternal night.
A rounded arm,—a hand of dazzling white,—
A laughing eye of deep and changeful blue—
These come, like gleams of sunshine, to my sight,
In every winning guise and radiant hue,
The visions of the Loved, the Beautiful, the True!

I hear a laugh, like music in the wood;
A wild clear gush of rich and happy thought;
It comes from one whose heart was kind and good,
With every gentle charity inwrought.
No drooping soul *her* sympathy e'er sought
That she did bless not with a pitying tear;
And even Despair in her bright presence caught
Some gleam of faith his gloomy brow to cheer,
Some faint, yet precious, hope that Mercy might be near.

Before me rise soft glades of verdant grass,
And dewy glens, o'ercanopied with vines;
Bright murmuring streams and founts before me pass,
With flower-wreathed altars, and lone woodland shrines.
My soul to Memory every power resigns,
And leaves me wandering through her magic halls;
Now by some olden haunt my heart reclines,
Now turns aside where some wild streamlet falls,
Or in the graveyard stands, lifting its shadowy palls!

'Mid mountain passes, beautiful and wild,
Where beard-like mosses load the giant trees,

I wander with a wayward dark-eyed child
Of love and song, as fearless as the breeze!
With her I catch the murmuring of the bees,
The songs of birds around the brawny cliff;
With her I watch the sunlight on the leas,
Or by the cedar branches, firm and stiff,
Descend the rugged height, and launch the floating skiff.

Clear lies the stream beneath the summer sky,
With little islands on its breast asleep;
Above its waves our fairy bark floats high,
Or slowly winds beneath some frowning steep,
Across whose brow the glossy woodbines creep.
Now by the slant old tree we moor our boat,
And in the bosom of its shadows deep,
Listen, with dreamy spirits, to the note
That swells with thrilling gush the oriole's golden throat.

Oh Memory, thou wakener of the Dead!
Thou only treasurer of the vanished Past!
How welcome art thou when bright Hope is fled,
And Sorrow's mantle o'er the soul is cast!
Back o'er those days, too beautiful to last,
Thy gentle hand will lead the saddened thought;
And though the tears may trickle warm and fast,
Yet thy sweet pictures with such peace are fraught,
The heart beguiled, exclaims, 'This is the fount I sought!'

1843.

THE REDEEMED.

Thy praise was on the lips of men —
They called thee good and great;
And oh! my heart with gladness, then,
And triumph was elate.
To see thee move a chief 'mid those
Who feel the spell of worth,
To track thy footsteps as they rose
Above the sons of earth, —
Oh this was joy and happy pride —
A glimpse of life divine —
For truer heart was ne'er allied
To thee, dear friend, than mine.

Then came the dark and desolate day
Of sin, and woe, and shame;
And all along thy pathway lay
The lava's lurid flame.
No longer sought thy hands the grasp
Of hearty love and pride;
They met thee with a chilling clasp,
Or coldly turned aside.
And I, oh! bitterly indeed,
I wept thy shameful fall; —
But yet my heart did not recede —
I loved thee through it all!

I loved thee; and I trusted still
That thou wouldst yet redeem
By thy strong, earnest, moral will,
Thy soul from death's dark stream.
I trusted that temptation's sway,
O'er spirit high as thine,
Like some hot plague would pass away,
And leave thee at God's shrine.
I trusted that the giant strength
Of virtue in thy soul,
Would break the withs of sin at length,
And rise from its control.

Oh, thanks to God! 'T was not in vain
I nerved my heart with faith,
For thou art all thyself again,
Redeemed from shame and death.
Thy hand with dauntless nerve hath set
The seal upon thy vow,
And now I *know* when thou 'rt beset,
Thy virtue will not bow.
Oh joy! Let angels catch the strain,
And fill the courts above,
To welcome back to heaven again
The prodigal they love.

Oh joy! A thousand erring souls
Are stronger than before!
And fiercely though temptation rolls,
Will safely reach the shore.

When thou wert chief among the men
Who walk in wisdom's way,
Most excellent I thought thee then,
And glorified thy sway.
But oh! to see thee spurn the tide
Of sin, and death, and shame,
And prove to those who sink, a guide
To honor and good fame!

To see thee hold out hope to those
Who, faint, and weak, and worn.
Dread to perceive the dark waves close
And hide the glimmering bourne;
Oh, friend, I tell thee ne'er hath yet
My heart felt such a tide,
As that which now o'ermantles it
With gratitude and pride.
Joy, joy! Oh, ever may my soul
Increase *His* bright renown,
Who helped thee reach the lofty goal,
And win the VICTOR'S CROWN!

1843.

THE LAST LAY.

'T IS the last touch — the *last!* and never more
By the low-singing stream, or violet dell,
Never beside the blue pond's grassy shore,
Nor in the woodlands where the fountains swell,
O, never more shall this wild harp resound
To the light touches of impulsive thought!
No longer, echoed on the winds around,
Shall float those strains with human passion fraught;
Never, O, never more!

'T is the last touch! O, mighty Thought, return
To thy deep, hidden fountains, and draw thence
Words that through all the heart's lone depths shall burn;
Words, that inwrought with hope and love intense,
Shall thrill and shake the soul, as God's own voice
Shakes the high heavens, and thrills the silent earth!
Bring forth proud words of triumph, and rejoice
That thy dear gift of song a holier birth
Shall find, when this is o'er!

Too much in earlier days, departing soul,
Thy song hath been of weakness and of tears;
Too much it yielded to the wild control
Of love's unuttered dreams and shadowy fears;
And yet *some* strains of triumph have been heard,
Some words of faith and hope that reached high heaven;
As the low warble of the summer bird,
Singing away the hours of golden even,
Blends with the cascade's roar!

Let it be loftier now! a strain to cleave
The vaulted arch above; a hymn of hope,
Of joy, of deathless faith, for those who grieve;
High words of trust to fearful hearts that grope
Through clouds and darkness to a midnight tomb!
Father of Love, thine energy impart
To a frail spirit hovering o'er its doom!
Nerve with o'ermastering faith this weary heart
Thy mysteries to explore!

If I have suffered in the mournful past,
If withered hopes were on my spirit laid,
If love, the beautiful, the bright, were cast
Along my pathway but to droop and fade,—
If the chill shadows of the grave were hung
In life's young morning o'er my sunny way,
I thank thee, O, my God, that I have clung
To those eternal things that ne'er decay,
E'en to *thy* love and truth!

Now on the threshold of the grave I stand.
One lingering look alone cast back to earth;
One lingering look to that beloved land
Where human feeling had its tearful birth;
There stand the loved, with earnest eyes and words,
Calling me back to life's sweet gushing streams;
They stand amid the flowers and singing birds,
And where the fountain o'er the bright moss gleams,
All flushed with buoyant youth!

They woo me back. I see their soft eyes melt
With a beseeching love that speaks in tears;
Deeply their sorrowing kindness have I felt,
And hid my pangs, that I might soothe their fears.

But now the seal is set — they cannot save ;
In vain they hover round this wasting frame ;
Let me rest, loved ones, in the peaceful grave,
And leave to earth the little it may claim ;
It cannot claim the soul!

Nay, gentle friends, earth cannot claim the soul !
Upward and onward its bold flight shall be ;
The bosom of Eternal Love its goal,
And light its crown, and bliss its destiny !
As the bright meteor darts along the sky,
Leaving a trail of beauty on its way,
So, winged with energy that cannot die,
My soul shall reach the gates of endless day,
And bid them backward roll!

In vain, O death, thy iron grasp is set
On nerves that quiver with delirious pain ;
Claim not thy triumph o'er the spirit yet,
For *thou* shalt die, but *that* shall live again.
And thou, O sorrow, that with whetted beak
Hast torn the fibres of a fervent heart,
Thy final doom is not for *me* to speak,
Yet thou, too, from thy carnage must depart,
For God recalls his own.

His own ! O, Father, 'mid the budding flowers
And glittering dews of life's unclouded morn,
Where there is thrilling music in the hours
Of gentle hopes and young affections born,
Through all its wanderings from thy holy throne,
Through all its loiterings 'mid the haunts of joy,
Hath my frail spirit been indeed *thine own*,
By ties that time nor death can e'er destroy —
Thine, Father, thine alone !

Shall it not still be thine, more nobly thine,
When from the ruins of young hope it soars,
And, entering into life and peace divine,
Feels the full worth of what it now deplores ?
No sorrows there shall stain its gushing springs ;
No human frailties cloud its joyous way ;
The bird that soars on renovated wings,
And bathes its crest where dawns the golden day,
Shall be less free and pure.

And more than this! With vision all serene,
Undimmed by tears, and bounded not by clouds,
With naught thy goodness and its gaze between,
And where no mystery thy purpose shrouds,
The soul, the glorious soul, in works of love,
Shall seek, and only seek to do thy will;
Highborn and holy shall its efforts prove,
Thy bright designs and glory to fulfil,
While thou and thine endure!

1843.

SCENE IN A GRAVE-YARD.

'T was an old grave-yard, dim with massy shade;
The long grass waved above the fallen stones;
And where the sexton, with his careless spade,
Had thrown from their long rest the mouldering bones,
The wind, with something of a mourner's grief,
Had gathered o'er them many a veiling leaf.

Beside a headstone, green with shining moss,
And overhung with grass and violets rank,
A woman knelt, and wreathed the old, gray cross
With myrtle gathered from a streamlet's bank;
For a blue stream ran there amid the graves,
And nursed the wild flowers from its murmuring waves.

Rich were the robes that trailed above the grass
On which she knelt, and a long, mantling veil
Of costliest broidery, hid the gleaming mass
Of dark-brown hair, that o'er her forehead pale
Its shadows cast, and fell in heavy curls
Upon a throat half hid with strings of pearls.

Her soft, white fingers wreathed the glossy vines
With tender care around the graven name;
And something like a blush, amid the lines
Of her pale cheeks, revealed awakened shame.
She leaned her brow upon the soft, green moss,
And tears of anguish wet the gray old cross.

A child, a peasant child, beside the gate
Of this old church-yard loitered; and her eyes,
With an expression, earnest, yet sedate,
Were fixed upon the lady, in surprise.

Twice the poor child, with pity in her heart,
Turned toward the gateway, yet could not depart.

Then she advanced, then doubted, and then stopped;
Looked at her tattered dress and naked feet;
Looked at the bright, blue sky — then meekly dropped
Upon her knees, and with a murmur sweet,
Prayed God to bless the lady who had come
To weep beside that old and humble tomb.

O childhood! heaven abides within thy breast;
Love in untarnished streams flows freely there;
Thy heart for every wanderer would find rest,
For every mourner lifts a fervent prayer;
And none so guilty, none so worn with grief,
That thou wilt not essay to yield relief.

The peasant girl was not unmarked; her prayer,
Her touching attitude, her soft, bright eyes,
Thrilled to the lady's heart, and wakened there
Rich human love, in prodigal supplies;
She rose and hastened to the kneeling child,
Clasped her brown hand, bent over her, and smiled.

"Thy prayer is not in vain, sweet wilding rose!
I have a heart, though hardened o'er with pride,
Which the soft voice of childhood can unclose,
And fill with tenderness to heaven allied.
I shall be better for thy simple prayer,
For it hath broke the seal of proud despair.

"Girl, thou art yet too young to feel the woe
That womanhood can bring; yet in thine eye
I see a trace of thought which can foreknow
The sorrows thy free heart may now defy.
I see that trace; O, much may it avail,
When thou hast listened to my mournful tale."

Leading her gently to the same old tomb
Where she had knelt in penitence and tears,
She made beside her, on its borders, room,
And soothed with gentleness the poor child's fears.
"Nay, dear one, fear me not," the lady said;
"I cast my pride aside when with the dead."

Strange picture was it, that poor peasant girl,
With tattered garments, and wild streaming hair,
Seated by one whom broidered lace, and pearl,
And robes of velvet made intensely fair!
Strange picture was it, yet they felt it not,
For outward show in love was all forgot.

The lady paused awhile, and memory sped
Away to olden days and early dreams;
And through the wild and tangled paths that led
Her steps away from youth's bright, sunny streams.
While thus she mused, her cheek grew sad and pale;
Then waking from her dream, she thus began her tale:

"Thou art, sweet girl, what I was, when a child;
A fair, bright, laughing thing, yet prone to tears;
A rambler in lone places, dim and wild;
With nature, bold — with man, a child of fears.
A cottage was my home, as it is thine,
And poorer than thy garb, dear girl, was mine.

"I had no father. On a lone sea-isle,
Where bright birds sing, and skies are fair and warm,
Far from his home, and from his infant's smile,
His comrades laid at rest his lifeless form.
And my poor mother, on this world's wide sea,
Had but one beacon left — her love for me.

"O, what a love! and with what tireless care
She wasted strength and ease to spare me want!
While I, as thoughtless as the summer air,
Spent all my hours in some wild shadowy haunt;
There weaving those bright dreams of future joy,
Which I have seen successive years destroy.

"My spirit had a gift, a secret gift,
Which answered only to the far, bright stars,
When through the greenwood's high and changeful rift,
Streamed down the light of Venus and of Mars;
Which answered only to the winds and streams,
The sweet wood-blossoms, and the moon's pale beams.

"Dear child, perhaps thou canst not understand
The mystery of this gift. And yet, maybe,
Thou 'st heard of those who consecrate the land
With thrilling song, and plaintive minstrelsy.

'T was *poetry*, dear girl, that swept my soul,
And won me to its strong, yet sweet control.

" I saw strange beauty in the silent things
That others idly passed ; the small, wild bird
That fluttered o'er the rose his bright, blue wings,
The singing brook, by careless ears unheard,
The wild flower swinging in the lonely dell, —
All bound me with a strong and wondrous spell.

" Rapt by the beauty of my own sealed thoughts,
I grew estranged from human life and love ;
And gathered round me, in my wild resorts,
Bright spirits from the past, and from above ;
Angels were with me — heroes, too, of old,
And dreams of love that words have never told.

" I saw the future — 't was a dazzling scroll ;
There gleamed in lines of light my own bright fate ;
There had the glorious triumphs of my soul
Secured my name a place among the great ;
And I, a peasant girl, untaught, unknown,
Already dreamed of poet's crown and throne.

" I grew delirious with my own wild hopes,
And scorned the dull and silent life I led ;
Like the sleep-walker, who in darkness gropes,
So 'wildering visions filled my dizzy head ;
And nursing by the streams the secret fire,
I learned from them to tune my untaught lyre.

" The few old books that graced our little shelf,
Gave themes to my rude song ; I also sought
For dawning sentiment within myself,
And clothed with words of music my crude thought ;
My fledgeling rhymes rang gayly through the wood,
Like the first warblings of a nestling brood.

" At length these dreams o'ermastered all my life ;
Duty, affection, home, became as naught ;
My mind with projects of proud fame was rife,
And human glory guided every thought ;
My purpose now was fixed — the world should know
What hidden fires within my soul could glow.

" Dear child, the tale is long. 'T were vain to tell
The cruel anguish of my mother's heart,
When to my cottage-home I bade farewell,
And from her sight she saw my form depart.
She blessed me when the last farewell was spoken —
She blessed me, though her heart was crushed and broken.

' I never saw her more. In giddy throngs,
Where youth, and beauty, and a dazzling wit
Soon gained me rich applause, that mother's wrongs
Became like dreams ; and yet remorse would flit
At moments through my heart, and waken there
A feeling not unlike its late despair.

" But death released her ; and a peasant friend
Sent me the mournful tidings. She had died
Blessing her erring daughter, and her end
Was one of triumph, though her soul was tried
By my ingratitude. This parting gift —
This lock of silvery hair, was all she left.

" A year of bitter penitence and grief,
A season of wild tumult in my soul,
And I again, to seek a vain relief,
Mixed with the crowd, and let its praises roll
Like Lethe tides o'er memory's burning waste.
Alas ! those waves had lost their early taste !

" Sweet child, forgive me ; it is surely strange
That I should talk to thy young heart of love,
And yet, I would describe the wondrous change
That passed o'er earth and all the sky above ;
A change that glorified the stars and flowers,
And clothed with dreamy beauty all the hours.

" I stood at evening in a dim alcove,
O'erlooking moon-lit waters ; and my heart,
With the impassioned tenderness of love,
Was more than filled. I had removed apart
From the gay crowd that revelled in the dance,
To give free license to this sweet romance.

" One came and stood beside me ; one whose words
Were more than music — more, indeed, than thought ;
May be, sweet child, thou 'st heard those woodland birds
Whose notes with richest melody are fraught ;

They are not half so rich, nor half so sweet,
As were *his* tones, with fervent love replete.

" The moon shone clear upon his high white brow,
And softened the deep glory of his eye ;
And tears were there, when love's first earnest vow
Called for its witness from the far, bright sky ;
Alas ! that pure and lofty heart, *all* mine,
I blindly sacrificed at mammon's shrine.

" I *loved* him ! yes, I could have freely poured
My heart's blood forth *in secret*, to have spared
The slightest anguish to a mind that soared
So loftily as his ; and yet I dared,
With all my knowledge of this passion's sway,
To cast his love, for worthless gold, away !

" I wedded one whom rank and wealth have placed
High in this cold world's favor ; but his love
Ne'er on my heart one burning line hath traced,
Ne'er can *his* look or voice my spirit move ;
Yet he is kind, and looks with tender pride
Upon his haughty, though unhappy bride.

" No joy for me in summer sun or air,
No pleasure in the crowd that throngs my steps ;
I spend my days in tears and silent prayer,
My nights with this dear token at my lips —
This parting token which that mother gave,
Who sleeps in peace within this humble grave.

" My tale is ended now, dear, gentle girl ;
My guilty tale ; O, from its sadness, learn
That peace is never found in pleasure's whirl,
Nor where ambition's luring meteors burn.
These bring no lasting joy ; in humble worth
Lies all the enduring glory of this earth."

The lady ceased ; and turning toward the child,
Saw that her sweet young face was bathed in tears ;
But weeping thus, the girl serenely smiled,
Bright as the bow that on the cloud appears ;
Then murmured, " Thou indeed hast felt the rod,
Yet he who chastens, is he not thy God ?

"Pray to him, gentle lady; pray in faith,
And he will give thee peace, and love, and joy;
Pray, lady, for our Saviour, even in death,
Found strength in prayer that pain could not destroy;
And I, dear lady, *I*, so young, so gay,
Have felt it sweet to kneel me down and pray."

"Pray on, sweet child, and God will give thee strength
To keep thy pure young heart from earthly stains;
And I, yes, I shall find that peace at length,
Which now alone to me in prayer remains.
Thy words shall long within my spirit dwell,
And soothe my thoughts like some redeeming spell.

"But thou art sad; go, seek the bird and bee,
The glad bright waters, and all joyous things,
And leave these dark old tombs to death and me,
For sunshine ne'er to *us* its gladness brings;
Go, and God bless thee! We shall meet again
Where there is no more sorrow, sin, nor pain."

1843.

SIMPLICITY.

Beneath a slant old forest tree,
My little Lucy sat;
Her hands were dropped upon her knee,
And on her head, she wore, like me,
A rustic linen hat.

My little Lucy was a child
Of most angelic thought;
With every feeling soft and mild,
With every vision sweet and wild,
Her heart and soul were fraught.

She sat among the woodland flowers,
Among the woodland birds;
And ne'er, through all the summer hours,
Was heard within those fragrant bowers
Such music as her words.

She prattled to the singing brook
That murmured through the wood,
And from each scalloped leaf that shook
Above her head, her spirit took
A more exalted mood.

She heard the wild bees' drowsy hum
  Around the drooping larch,
And fancied that the fays had come,
With buglehorn and muffled drum,
  To beat a funeral march.

She watched the blue-bird by the stream,
  Outpouring from his breast,
The music of her own bright dream,
A warbling that to her did seem
  The music of the blest.

The spangled butterfly that came
  And nestled 'mid the grass,
What was it, but a form and name
For some sweet fancy, void of aim,
  That through her soul would pass?

She gazed upon the silent lake,
  Through boughs of greenest trees,
And saw it to its bosom take
The wild swan and the yellow drake,
  The sunbeams and the breeze.

She thought these things made up the sum
  Of human love and life;
And never dreamed the days would come
When nature's voices would grow dumb
  Before the spirit's strife.

Ah, simple Lucy! would that fate
  Had left thee that young heart!
That *all* who struggle to be great,
Might learn, ere yet it is too late,
  To choose the better part.

1843.

ANNIE.

She was a fair, sweet girl,
  Gentle, yet gay;
And her blue eyes outshone
  The skies of May.

Pious she was, and loved
Of all things best,
To lean on Jesus' arm,
And feel at rest.

She is a matron now,
Loving and loved;
The beauty of her soul
Has been long proved.

Children with sunny eyes
Sit at her feet,
And sing their little hymns
With voices sweet.

Calmly her life flows on,
Like some blue stream,
Or like the life we lead
In fairy dream.

The poor and weary strew
Flowers in her way,
For she hath been their sun
In sorrow's day.

Heaven bless the blue-eyed girl,
The matron kind!
Heaven bless her hearth and store,
Her heart and mind!

1843.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

FATHER, thy presence in this great decay
Is felt and recognized. The dead-leaf scent,
The hectic streak, the golden autumn ray,
The wave-hymn, with its summer joy half spent,
The lingering bird, whose summer-friends have flown,
The mottled foliage of the rustling tree,
The faded paths, with fallen leaves o'erstrewn,
All lead the heart by some strange link to Thee.

I trace thy footsteps in the silent wood,
And follow, wooed by many a mystic sign;
Feeling, intensely, that thy ways are good,
And that thy works are everywhere divine.

Change is thy minister, severe, but wise;
It works out Life from Death, and Joy from Grief;
Displaces summer's green by autumn dyes,
And, to revive the root, destroys the leaf.

Here lies a flower, its sweets forever lost,
Its texture blemished, and its hue grown dim;
How much from Nature's hand that flower hath cost;
What days of care to form each fragile limb!
And yet thy minister, with reckless hand,
Hath cast it idly on the sward away;
Over its matchless form hath swept his wand,
And sent through every vein a swift decay.

Yet from this waste the stores of Life are fed,
And other days shall mark another change,
When what we now lament as crushed and dead
Shall have a brighter life, a form more strange.
And from these tokens, Father, I have learned
True lessons of the fate prepared for me —
That not for Death, my spirit's lamp hath burned —
It shall be lit again, and shine for Thee!

1843.

LIZZY.

"Our niece" (so all the relatives say,)
Is a very superior child;
She 's pretty, and playful, and saucy, and gay,
And funny, and wilful, and wild,
And we have the loveliest walks and strolls —
My little Lizzy and I —
And open together our secret souls
When none but the birds are nigh.

Down by the brook where the wild-flowers grow,
My niece to my bosom prest,
With a heart of frolicksome love I go,
For a season of joy and rest.
And Lizzy, the sweet little laughing thing,
Has a passion for brooks and flowers,
And loves to stand on the bridge and fling
The cardinals down in showers.

And she claps her hands, as she sees them go
Dancing adown the stream;
And I pray, meanwhile, that *her* life may flow,
Like those blossoms, in Heaven's bright beam.
She has a trick of smelling the flowers,
And placing them in her hair,
Which she does, of course, (she 's a niece of ours,)
With a very bewitching air.

But I must confess, to the detriment
Of my little niece's taste,
That her thoughts on flowers are not *always* bent,
Nor her hands with cardinals graced;
She loves to plash in the shining wave
The muddy, ponderous stone;
And will fidget about, and scold, and rave,
If she can't have a way of her own!

She 's a famous mimic — can mock the cows,
And crow like a chanticleer;
And she calls the dogs in the books, "*Bow-wows*,"
And other things *quite* as queer!
She acts "good-bye" with a courteous bend
Of her little curly head;
And of gracious "thank-ye's" there is no end
When teasing for meat or bread.

She thinks it is fine to get "grandpa's specs,"
And handle them like her own,
And open the Bible, and read her text,
In a sonorous, sing-song tone.
I 'm sure she 's a very wonderful child;
Indeed, she 's the family pride;
And though some whisper, "Your niece will be spoiled,"
You know *talent* is *always* decried!

1843.

GROVE WORSHIPPINGS.

Oh for the pomp of waters! for the roar
Of waves infuriate, plunging to be free!
For rocks deep-rent by lightnings, and hung o'er
With moss, and vines, and many a gnarled old tree!

For thunderings, low and distant, and the swell,
Monotonous, but deep, of the great sea!
And the slow throbbing toll of some old bell,
At twilight heard, upon the bended knee!

Oh for a solitude upon some shore
Where I might pour my spirit forth to Him,
Who, by the anguish of the cross he bore,
His bleeding side, wet brow, and quivering limb,
Proved his deep suffering love for me and mine!
Saviour, thou Son of God! my soul hath sought
In vain, through all its haunts, a fitting shrine
Where it may lift to Thee its burning thought.

Yet Thou wert *never* stern. Sublime, and strong,
And sinless, yet most meek! Thy shrine should be
Rather the haunt of wildflowers, where the song
Of the bright black-bird thrills upon the tree,
Than one of fearful grandeur, swept by storms,
And filled with awful music from the waves,
Or peopled with strange fantasies and forms
That start to life from Memory's ivied graves.

Here, in this loveliness of woods and shades,
Where the dark pine is sighing in the breeze,
Where the bright sunshine quivers through the glades,
And falls in mottled gold beneath the trees,
Here will I dedicate, with voiceless prayer,
A holy altar unto God and Thee —
And the dim wood, and the religious air,
My temple and my sacristy shall be.

A temple filled with flowers! whose fragrant breath
Comes o'er my sense like music o'er the soul!
The eye meets here no token of dread Death,
No fragment of the spirit's broken bowl:
All, all is joyous life! and life is sweet,
Could we but make it what Thy love designed —
A state where soul its kindred souls may meet,
And love with mortal love may be entwined.

Life is not what it should be, what thy word
Scattered in old Judea, years ago,
Would make it even now, if rightly heard,
And followed in our being's daily flow.

Oh Saviour! wars are with us, and bold crimes;
And man looks up beneath the fair blue sky
And mocks thy name; and there are fearful times
When Sin walks by us with defying eye.

We need Thee with us — Thee, whose patient life
Was one calm triumph of the Good and True;
We need Thee here to still our heartless strife,
To love and weep as Thou wert wont to do!
Wert Thou but here, our steps would follow *Thee;*
We would throw by these idols of an hour,
These dreams of love and greatness, and be free!
Nor free alone, but nerved with victor-power!

And art Thou not, oh Prince of Glory, *here?*
Can we not follow where thy feet have trod,
And, by an humble love and faith sincere,
Approach the likeness of the Son of God?
Thy LIFE is with us, and thy quickening WORD —
Shall these be hidden from our daily sight,
Or only 'neath the temple's arches heard,
Or dreamed of in the still, inactive night?

Oh, no! Thy holy lessons shall be learned
By wayside connings in our daily walk.
And, as the hearts of thy disciples burned
When listening, as they journeyed, to thy talk,
So shall *our* souls be thrilled, *our* hearts subdued,
By the deep wisdom of thy gentle speech,
Until with light, and peace, and love imbued,
Thy kingdom, and its rest divine, we reach.

1843.

THE SUPREMACY OF GOD.

THE clouds broke solemnly apart, and, mass
By mass, their heavy darkness bore away
With sullen mutterings, leaving mountain pass
And rocky defile open to the day.
The pinnacles of Zion glittering lay
In the rich splendor of Jehovah's light,
Which, pouring down with a meridian sway,
Bathed mouldering tower and barricaded height
In floods of dazzling rays, bewildering to the sight!

God shone upon the nations. In the west
The owl-like Druid saw the brightening rays,
And muffling his gray robes across his breast,
Strode like a phantom from the coming blaze.
Old Odin, throned amid the polar haze,
Heard the shrill cry of Vala on the blast,
And glancing southward with a wild amaze,
Saw God's bright banner o'er the nations cast,
Then to his dim old halls, retreated far and fast!

But nearer yet, and quivering in the blaze
That wrapt Olympus with a shroud of glory,
Great Jove rose up — the pride of Rome's proud days —
His awful head with centuries grown hoary,
His sceptre reeking, and his mantle gory!
Great Jove, the dread of each inferior god,
Renowned in song, immortalized in story,
No longer shook Olympus with his nod,
But, shivering like a ghost, down, down to Hades trod!

Egyptian Isis, from the mystic rites
Of her voluptuous priesthood, shrank in awe,
Mazed by the splendor throned on Zion's heights,
More dreadful than the flame which Israel saw
Break forth from Sinai when God gave the law!
To *her* more dreadful, for beneath its sway,
She saw, with prophet-gaze, how soon her power
Must, like the brooding night-haze, melt away,
And leave her where the mists of ages lower,
The grim ghost of a dream, mocked in the noontide hour!

And gentler deities — the spirits bright
That haunted mountain glen and woodland shade;
That watched o'er sleeping shepherds through the night
And blessed at early dawn the bright-eyed maid —
The nymphs and dryads of the fount and glade,
The blest divinities of home and hearth,
These, with an exile footstep, slowly strayed,
And lingered by each haunt of olden mirth
Till their bright forms grew dim, and vanished from the earth.

Now God is God! The Alpine summit rings
With the loud echoes of Jehovah's praise;
And from the valley where the cow-boy sings,
Go up to God alone, his votive lays.

To Him, the mariner at midnight prays ;
To Him uplifts the yearnings of his soul ;
And where the day-beam on the snow-peak plays,
And where the thunders o'er the deserts roll,
His praise goes swelling up, and rings from pole to pole !

His Spirit animates the lowliest flower,
And nerves the sinews of the loftiest sphere !
In every globule of the falling shower,
In each transition of the varied year,
Its life, and light, and wondrous power appear.
It burns, all glorious, in the noonday sun,
And from the moon beams forth serenely clear,
Or, when the day is o'er and eve begun,
Flings forth the radiant flag no other god hath won.

All hail, Jehovah ! Hail, Supremest God !
Where'er the whirlwind stalks upon the seas,
Where'er the giant thunderbolt hath trod
Or turned a furrow for the summer breeze,
Where liquid cities round Spitzbergen freeze
And lift their ice-spires to the electric light
Or soft Italian skies and flowering trees
Their balmy odors and bright hues unite —
There art Thou, Lord of Love, unrivalled in thy might !

Praise, praise to Thee from every breathing thing !
And from the temples of adoring hearts.
Science to Thee her sky-reapt fruits shall bring
And Commerce rear thine altars in her marts.
Thou shalt be worshipped of the glorious Arts,
And sought by Wisdom in her dim retreat ;
The student, brooding o'er his mystic charts,
Shall mark the track of thy star-sandalled feet,
Till, through the Zodiac traced, it mounts thy Mercy-seat !

Praise, praise to Thee from peaceful home and hearth ;
From hearts of humble hope and meek desire ;
Praise from the lowly and the high of earth,
From palace hall and frugal cottage fire.
We cannot lift our spirit-yearnings higher,
Nor speed them upward to a loftier goal ;
Then let us each with fervent thought aspire
To cast aside the chain of earth's control,
And stand in God's own light, communers with God's soul !

1844.

LUTHER.

'T was night, black night, o'er Christendom,
And denser night within men's souls;
Thought slumbered in a human tomb,
And truth lay hid in dusty scrolls.

A voice rose clear, amid the gloom
And silence of this awful night;
A voice that rent the bolted tomb,
And called the mouldering dead to light.

A voice sublime, yet calm and sweet,
Was heard along the cloistered aisles;
It echoed through the crowded street,
And shook the old cathedral piles.

It was the voice of one who long
Had crouched beneath the papal rod;
He rose at last, sublime and strong,
The Champion of the Word of God!

Rome shook her sceptered arm in wrath,
And threw her snares along his way;
He swept them lightly from his path —
A giant with a thread at play.

Truth, mighty in his soul, spake out,
And Error with her midnight train,
Blind Superstition, Fear, and Doubt,
Fell, ne'er to rise so strong again!

When papal thunders shook the sky,
And hurled their red bolts at his head,
He raised the Word of God on high,
And shining helms were round him spread.

When proud Philosophy, with sneers,
Upon his holy "Theses" trod,
He poured within its startled ears
The wisdom of the Word of God.

Old monks peered out from gloomy cells,
And raised their cowls in mute surprise;
Fair nuns forgot their vesper bells,
And hope shone in their sweet, young eyes.

The priests, like hissing serpents, spat
Their harmless venom in his face;
But at his feet poor sinners sat,
And wept to hear him talk of grace.

Young men, with true and earnest hearts,
Gazed on him with adoring eyes;
And left the lore of human arts,
To learn the wisdom of the skies.

The stream of Truth ran freely forth,
And swept the cloister walls away;
Young vestals learned the love of earth,
And loving, better learned to pray.

Such fruits the great Reformer saw
Hang clustering on his planted tree;
And though condemned by human law,
He felt himself in Christ made free.

His was the lesson deep ingrained
Within the tablature of life —
That freedom of the soul is gained
Alone through battle and through strife.

O, be his holy lessons ours!
Let us pursue the path he trod,
And prove, in face of human powers,
Bold champions of the Word of God!

1844.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

I PRAYED for Beauty — for the magic spell
That binds the wisest with its potent thrall,
That I within fond human hearts might dwell,
And shine the fairest in the festal hall.
I would have seen the lordliest bend the knee,
The loveliest bow, o'erdazzled by my charms;
While he I long had vainly loved — ah, *he*,
Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit waved her wing,
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;
And passing years but darker shadows fling
Upon the cheek where care hath left its trace.

My prayer, if heard in heaven, hath been denied;
No heart bows humbly 'neath my Beauty's sway;
And he I loved, now seeks a fairer bride,
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for Riches. Oh! for lavish wealth,
To pour in golden showers on those I loved;
I would have gladly spent my youth and health,
Could I, by gifts like these, my love hath proved.
I prayed for Riches, that before God's shrine
I might with gifts and costly tribute kneel;
And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine
Too poor to show the favor of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not; and the liberal deeds
My heart devised, my hand must fail to do;
And though o'er prostrate Truth my spirit bleeds,
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.
The poor may plead to me for daily food,
And those I love in lowly want may pine;
I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,
But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine

I prayed for Genius — for the power to move
Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn wills,
To execute the holy deeds of love,
And light Truth's fires upon a thousand hills.
I prayed for Eloquence to plead the cause
Of human rights, and God's eternal grace;
To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws,
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe
No portion of the fire that burns within;
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreathe
In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.
Powerless my words upon the air float by,
And wrong and crime, disdain the weak crusade;
While vice gleams on me its exultant eye,
And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for *Peace* — for a strong heart to bear
The keen privations of my humble fate;
For patient faith to struggle with despair,
And shed a brightness o'er my low estate.

I prayed to be content with humble deeds,
With " widow's mites," and scanty charities ;
To follow meekly where my duty leads,
Though through the lowliest vale of life it lies.

This prayer was answered ; for a peace divine
Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart ;
I felt that that same blessed lot was mine
Which fell on her who chose the better part.
What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name ?
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind ?
It is a happier lot than Wealth or Fame,
To do my duty with a willing mind !

1845.

ECCLESIASTES IX. 10.

A LABORER, in the field of golden grain,
Sang at his toil ; and though his weary limbs
He gladly on the soft grass would have lain,
Where the breeze wandered, and the birds their hymns
Poured from the oak-tree boughs, yet evermore,
Whene'er he heard the pine-tree's softened roar,
Or the clear gush of waters, or the hum
Of the wild bees, that from the woodlands come,
Or the low breath of flowers where'er he trod,
A voice passed through him like the voice of God, —
" Work while the day is thine ! Be strong, be brave !
There is no labor for thee in the grave."

In a dim room, shut from the proud world's eye,
A youthful artist wrought. Not lone to him
This humble studio. Visions hovered nigh,
Most beautiful in attitude and limb.
Yet saddened by the shapes of loveliness
That thronged his brain to prodigal excess,
And by the feebleness of his young hand,
Which faltered in the work his soul had planned,
He would have fainted. But a voice spake clear,
As though a spirit breathed it in his ear, —
" Up ! Let thy hand these glorious visions save !
There is no device in the dreamless grave."

A student, pale with vigils kept at night
O'er the dark pages of an ancient tongue,
Opened his chamber to the soft starlight,
And on his couch his languid body flung.
"Vain, vain this toil!" he murmured, as the tears
Gushed hotly forth. "O, long and weary years
Must in such strife be spent! Day after day,
Still must I labor, suffer, weep and pray!
And if I fail at last!" Then, faint and far,
A voice responded from his favorite star, —
"Toil on! Thy spirit shall not vainly crave.
Toil on! There is no knowledge in the grave."

"Truth, why elude me thus? Have I not vowed
A long unswerving homage at thy shrine?
Alas, my brain is weak, my spirit bowed!
Why should I longer seek to make thee mine?"
The stern philosopher, with shrouded head,
Thus mourned that wisdom from his spirit fled;
And half resolved to throw his labors by,
And lay him down despairingly and die.
Then Wisdom, softened by her lover's tears,
With these sweet words his drooping spirit cheers, —
"Mourn not, thou faithful! Lo, I am thy slave!
Take me! there is no wisdom in the grave."

So, evermore, some voice the heart of man
Cheers in his labors. He doth ever feel
Some gladdening inspiration in his plan,
Some sunbeam to his darkest moments steal.
Earth is for labor — for the body's strife
With passions that disturb the spirit's life;
For noble exercise of lofty powers;
For strewing life's dark desert-paths with flowers;
And when we faint, or feel our labors vain,
A voice from heaven renerves our souls again, —
"Work while the day is thine! Be strong, be brave!
There will be rest enough within the grave."

1845.

SONG.

My heart is an Eolian lyre
That thrills to every passing breath;
Now touched as with seraphic fire,
Now wailing like the voice of death.

Old memories come, like vernal airs,
And wake long silent songs of love;
And buried hopes, and early prayers,
Like vesper music o'er it move.

And like the softest southern gale,
Thy love, mine own, sweeps o'er its strings,
And sweeter than a minstrel's tale,
From every chord new music springs.

Deep, sometimes, as an organ's tone,
An anthem bursts at every touch;
O, leave it then with God alone!
For God alone can waken such.

My heart is an Eolian lyre,
That wakes and sings at every breath,
Now touched as with seraphic fire,
Now wailing like the voice of death.

1845.

THE NEW HOME.

A BLESSING on this cottage home!
And on these green, o'erhanging trees,
Whence the sweet, balmy perfumes come,
Borne down upon the summer breeze.
A blessing on this threshold fall,
A blessing on this lowly roof!
Here, free from Fashion's gilded thrall,
We 'll dwell from worldly Pride aloof.

Here quiet like a dove shall brood,
And build in every heart a nest;
Here shall a social solitude
Pervade and hallow every breast.
We 'll plant the roses by the door,
Where throws the sun his golden darts;
But more — ah, we will strive for more,
To plant bright roses in our hearts.

Below us, in the verdant glen,
Our little favorite Bow Brook glides,
As fresh and beautiful as when
We earliest trod its grassy sides.
There still the wild rose blooms as free,
As gayly still the blue-bird sings;
Still 'mid the clover hums the bee,
And stores the honey 'neath his wings.

The alder copse along the shore,
Winds in and out with native grace;
And gadding shrubs and vines creep o'er
And on the topmost boughs embrace.
The little meadow lies below,
Half hidden by the circling trees;
One moment in a sunny glow,
Then veiled in shadow by the breeze.

But these are only outward scenes,
Which suit some cloudless summer day:
When winter darkly intervenes,
What then shall while the hours away?
Ah, Shakspeare, kind old bard, will cheer
Our fireside with some mirthful tale,
Or with the wanderings of poor Lear,
Make tears in laughter's place prevail.

Then Burns his tender lays shall sing,
Until our hearts grow soft and warm;
While o'er our roof the Northern King
Rides muffled in the fleecy storm.
And if those hearts shall keenly feel
The chastening of some heavy rod,
From lightsome mirth we 'll softly steal,
And read alone the word of God.

Then blessings on our threshold rest,
That whosoe'er shall o'er it tread,
May feel bright sunshine in his breast,
And gladness round his being spread!
Ne'er hence shall be the beggar thrust,
Ne'er welcomed be the oppressor in;
So God shall hold it in his trust,
And guard it evermore from sin.

1845.

ROSABELLE.

WHERE the wood-anemones rose and fell
O'er the mossy turf, in the wind's low swell;
Where the dew-drops lay in the violet's cup
Till high in the zenith the sun rose up;
Where the sunbeams entered through veils of green,
And fell on the brooks with a softened sheen;
Where the song of the robin came faint and sweet,
From the far-off fields of the waving wheat;
There, in that shady and quiet dell,
Was the daily haunt of young Rosabelle!

The spring whose waters were dripping by
Was not more clear than her hazel eye;
And the cardinal flower that in autumn grew
Where the bank was now with young violets blue,
Had never a color could half eclipse
The brilliant red of her dimpled lips.
Her voice! 't was the voice of a bird just flown,
When the distance has softened its clear, shrill tone·
When it blends with the sigh of the waving pine,
Up, far up in the warm sunshine!
But Nature, that rivalled her lip and eye,
That echoed her voice in its own sweet sigh,
Had never a symbol in glade or bower,
In the sunniest fount or the fairest flower,
Could half the beauty or brightness tell
Of the lofty soul of young Rosabelle!

Here came she, not for the flowers alone,
Though these a spell o'er her heart had thrown;
Nor stole she away to this lonely glen
In dark distrust of the hearts of men;
Nay, it was love, 't was the pure, high love
Which angels feel in the realms above;
'T was love for the beautiful, true and good,
That filled her soul in that quiet wood.
Oft mid the silence and holy calm,
Of a light half shadow, an air all balm,
She sought with the ardor of hopeful youth,
The holy counsels of God and Truth.
To seek out want, and relieve distress,
To guide and strengthen, to love and bless.

To lift the fallen, and speak of peace
In a world where the errors of this life cease;
These were the aims that from day to day
Over her spirit gained stronger sway,
And drew for prayer to the woodland dell
The sunny heart of young Rosabelle!

1845.

TO THE MORNING WIND.

Haste with thy message, carrier breeze,
While yet the dew is on thy wing;
But pause amid my native trees
A little while, to sing!

Into my Mary's chamber steal,
And on her pillow leave my kiss,
That her soft cheek at night may feel
A gentle thrill of bliss.

Pause by my native stream and lave
Thy bosom in its silvery tide,
Or o'er the blue and tranquil wave
In sunny dimples glide.

Through the old woods thy journey take,
And from its flowers their perfumes bear,
Yet, in return, sweet sounds awake,
For Mary may be there!

Thence, with a sunbeam's speed, away
O'er many a field and dazzling stream!
Pause not amid the grass to play,
Nor where the lilies gleam.

At close of day thy pinions fold;
Upon my loved one's bosom lie;
Nestle amid his locks of gold,
And kiss his soft blue eye.

Breathe health through every beating vein,
And murmur sweetly in his ear,
(To charm away his weary pain,)
The name he loves to hear.

1845.

VOICE TO A PILGRIM.

FROM HIS GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

"The long way that I must tread alone, appears to me sometimes a valley of shadows."

Dear Pilgrim, *not* alone shall be thy journey,
Nor through the valley shall thy pathway lie;
Thy future track, though strewn with rocks and thorny,
Up through the mountain mists ascendeth high.

And on those mists shall fall a golden beauty,
And rainbow hues shall span the weary way,
And in thy heart shall shine the light of duty,
And on thy brow shall fall love's glittering spray.

And like the music of a hidden river,
Winding its way beneath some verdant arch,
Shall sound within thy spirit's depths forever,
A *voice*, to cheer thee in thy toilsome march.

A voice whose tenderness shall never falter,
Never until in death's deep silence lost;
Which shall breathe worship at thy spirit's altar
Through every struggle, and at every cost.

And, Pilgrim, shouldst thou hear Fame's clarion ringing,
High up the summit where thy footsteps tend,
O, be not heedless of this low voice singing —
This low voice of thy true and faithful friend.

If in thy spirit dwells one loved ideal,
One vision to thy gentle nature dear,
O, give it power to soothe the rough and real, —
Let it have skill thy weary heart to cheer.

If in the inner shrine of thy pure being,
This vision like a guardian spirit dwell,
What matters it though time, too swiftly fleeing,
Bring thee, erewhile, a long and sad farewell?

Thou shalt not be alone while love is with thee,
While its pure prayers are round thee fondly thrown;
Like some good angel it will soar beneath thee
To bear thee up; — thou shalt not be alone.

Nay, not alone. The pure, the good, the gifted,
Dwell in a world with blessed angels rife;
Above the lower crowd by God uplifted,
They lead a high, but not a lonely life.

And so, dear Pilgrim, by pure thoughts attended,
And generous deeds, those harvesters of bliss,
And Love, with not one selfish feeling blended,
Content to ask alone *thy* happiness;

By these, and God's own presence in thy spirit,
Thou shalt be guided on thine upward way;
The crown is there — and that thou win and wear it,
Thy guardian spirit will not cease to pray.

1845.

"CHARLOTTE."

Mrs. Charlotte A. Jerauld, a writer dear to the hearts of the Universalist denomination, departed this life on the second day of August, aged 25 years. In a letter, dated a fortnight previous to her death, she writes as follows:

"I am longing to get into the country, to smell the green trees and the fresh air: and sometimes I get so tired of waiting to go, that it seems as if I were destined to die in the dust and heat of this crowded city, pining for the breath of flowers. In the cold, stormy days of winter, I always shrink fearfully from the thoughts of death, and the cold, damp, snow-covered grave; but in the burning days of summer it wears a different aspect, and one can think, with a feeling akin to pleasure, of its cool, dark, flower-wreathed chambers."

Thy wish is granted, dearest; thou art gone
To the green fields and freshly breathing air,
Where ever round thee plays the breeze of morn,
And waving shadows fleck thy dew-sprent hair.

The flowers at thy feet, — the dear-loved flowers;
Young violets, scented with the breath of heaven,
And radiant lilies, and o'erhanging bowers
Of loveliest roses, shedding dews at even!

Amid them, fairest blossom of them all,
Thy child, thy love-flower, sports the hours away:
No shadow on its heart will ever gall,
No raging sin, nor wasting, slow decay!

Why should I weep for thee? *I have not wept!*
For though fond hearts and holy ties were riven,
I could not mourn that thy tired body slept,
And that thy spirit had gone home to heaven!

In summer, when the earth was fair with flowers,
When zephyrs whispered 'mid the green old trees,
When there was music in the vine-wreathed bowers,
Shed from the wings of humming-birds and bees;

When all was beautiful in earth and sky,
And thou, grown weary with thy pain and dread,
Felt how serene and blest it were to lie
In "the cool, flower-wreathed chambers of the dead!"

Then God, thy Father, heard thy murmured prayer;
Home to his arms he took his weary child,
No more to strive with sin, or pain, or care,
A spirit glorified and undefiled!

1845.

THE RETROSPECT.

Yes, we are very old, Johnny,
Our locks are white and thin;
We've walked together, hand in hand,
Full threescore years and ten.
We have no worldly gear, Johnny,
Our hearth is dim and cold;
We feel a stiffness in our limbs—
We feel that we are old!

But let us warm our hearts, Johnny,
At the old burning shrines,
And open up a store of gold
From Memory's wondrous mines;
Let 's talk of good old times, Johnny,
When life and love were young,
And gay as birds our bounding hearts
Within our bosoms sung.

I am thinking of the glen, Johnny,
And the little gushing brook—
Of the birds upon the hazel copse,
And violets in the nook.

I am thinking how we met, Johnny,
Upon the little bridge;
You had a garland on your arm
Of flag-flowers and of sedge.

You placed it in my hand, Johnny.
And held my hand in yours;
You only thought of that, Johnny,
But talked about the flowers.
We lingered long alone, Johnny,
Above that shaded stream;
We stood as though we were entranced
In some delicious dream.

It was not all a dream, Johnny,
The love we thought of then,
For it hath been our life and light
For threescore years and ten.
But ah! we dared not speak it,
Though it lit our cheeks and eyes;
So we talked about the news, Johnny,
The weather and the skies.

At last I said "Good night," Johnny,
And turned to cross the bridge,
Still holding in my trembling hand
The pretty wreath of sedge.
But you came on behind, Johnny,
And drew my arm in yours,
And said, "You must not go alone
Across the barren moors."

O, had they been all flowers, Johnny,
And full of singing birds,
They could not have seemed fairer
Than when listening to those words!
The new moon shone above, Johnny,
The sun was nearly set,
The grass that crisped beneath our feet
The dew had slightly wet.

One robin, late abroad, Johnny,
Was winging to its nest;
I seem to see it now, Johnny,
The sunshine on its breast.

You put your arm around me,
  You clasped my hand in yours,
You said, "So let me guard you
  Across these lonely moors."

At length we reached the field, Johnny,
  In sight of father's door;
We felt that we must part here;
  Our eyes were running o'er.
You saw the tears in mine, Johnny,
  I saw the tears in yours;
"You 've been a faithful guard, Johnny,"
  I said, "across the moors."

Then you broke forth in a gush, Johnny,
  Of pure and honest love,
While the moon looked down upon you
  From her holy throne above,
And you said, "We need a guide, Ellen,
  To lead us o'er Life's moors;
I 've chosen you for mine, Ellen,
  O, would that I were yours!"

We parted with a kiss, Johnny,
  The first, but not the last;
I feel the rapture of it yet,
  Though threescore years have passed!
And you kissed my golden curls, Johnny,
  That now are silvery gray,
And whispered, "We are one, Ellen,
  Until our dying day!"

That dying day is near, Johnny,
  But we are not dismayed;
We have but one dark moor to cross,
  Why need we be afraid?
We 've had a hard Life's row, Johnny,
  But the shore is near at hand;
O, sweet the rest that waits us now
  In Love's own Holy Land!

Cheer up, and take thy staff, Johnny,
  The good, stout staff of faith;
It will aid thy trembling footsteps
  Adown the vale of death.

We 're very poor and cold, Johnny,
But God is rich in love;
He 'll give us food and raiment
In his blessed house above!

1846.

THE FERRY.

The Boatman now unmoors his bark,
The oar is tilting in his hand;
The waters roar, the way is dark,
The Maiden fears to quit the land.

"Hark! 'T is the moaning of the gale!
Alas, a drear and perilous night
To venture in a bark so frail!
Wait, Boatman, wait the morning light!"

"Abroad! abroad! I may not stay;
This is a subterranean stream,
Ne'er shone on by the morning ray,
Nor open to the evening beam."

Stern was his voice, his look severe;
The Maiden took his icy hand;
It thrilled her with a shivering fear,
It dragged her rudely from the strand.

A noise of waters filled her ears;
A dizzy sense of rapid flight,
A press of strange and awful fears
Bewildered all her soul and sight.

Silent she lay, in deep despair;
The bark tossed wildly on the waves,
And o'er her brooded everywhere,
The stifled atmosphere of graves!

"Lo, I am with thee!" and an arm
Around her form, was gently thrown;
"Look up, beloved! Fear no harm;
Thou shalt not cross the deep alone!"

So sweet a voice, so fair a brow
Assured the Maiden's failing heart;
"Blessed Redeemer! Is it *Thou?*
I 'm safe with thee, where'er thou art!"

A golden line like break of day
Shone brightly through the quivering gloom;
The waves grew still, and o'er their way
Soft stole the breath of flowers in bloom.

"The land! the land!" the Maiden cried;
"What name to port so fair is given?"
"It is OUR HOME!" the Lord replied;
"*Thy* home? It is! — it is, then — HEAVEN!"

1846.

MEMORY'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

A SUNSET glow, a sudden light,
Serene, delicious, warm, and ruddy,
Falls through the oriel, richly dight,
Across the painter's antique study.

I wander down the corridor
In breathless awe and voiceless wonder;
My footsteps echo o'er the floor,
Like low and muttering summer-thunder.

Rich pictures fill each carvéd niche,
With rare and precious antique facings;
And all the walls above are rich
With dark and curious frescoed tracings.

One picture shows an ancient mill;
The willow-tree hangs lightly o'er it,
While with a queenly pride the hill
Swells up its rounded breast before it.

And like a young lamb's fleece, the stream
Foams soft and white within its shadow;
Or gives, by many a fitful gleam,
The gold-green reflex of the meadow.

What scene is this? A fairy isle,
Upon a bright, blue, mountain river;
The sunlit waves around it smile,
The aspens o'er it droop and shiver.

A little bark is moored thereby;
O, fair and soft the hands that row it!
And dark as midnight is the eye
Of sweet Sheshequin's gentle poet!

Her barque 'neath flowery shadows floats,
Its sail a broad and starry banner!
While softly to the rower's notes
Chimes in the low-voiced Susquehanna!

Here runs a long, long, silent line
Of startling, glowing human faces!
O, sure the hand must be divine
That draws these wondrous, burning traces!

And here — ah, pause! suspend thy breath!
A glorious-eyed, divine young creature,
Yet with an early, mournful death
Soft shadowed forth on every feature!

I leave the portraits. They bring back
Too many a dead, half wasted sorrow;
Let me return upon my track
And leave old faces till to-morrow!

Amid these fairy landscape views,
I feel the joys of early childhood.
— Hush! these are old familiar hues
Brightening this autumn-lighted wildwood!

Where am I? I have known this stream —
This narrow bridge — these elms, o'erarching;
Or am I, in a haunted dream,
Through Sleep's long picture-gallery marching?

Have I not wandered here with one
Who loves, as I love, gentle Nature?
I see him now, the autumn sun
Enkindling every earnest feature!

This painter's colors are too faint
To give *those* lineaments completeness;
O, not yet he, but Love shall paint
That face of tender, fervent sweetness!

Yonder he still pursues his art;
Lo, see him now! Beneath his fingers
What beauty gushes from his heart!
How fondly o'er his sketch he lingers!

A sweet child, with a woman's brow,
O'ershaded by soft wavy tresses;
Large, angel eyes, and lips that now
Seem made for dimples, now for kisses!

He paints a halo round her head! —
"O, painter! with a hand so busy,
What angel paintest thou?" He said
With touching love, "The angel Lizzy."

Still roam I through this corridor,
In breathless awe and voiceless wonder:
My footsteps echo o'er the floor,
Like low and muttering summer-thunder.

And still the painter at his art
Toils ever, some bright picture shading,
Until the gallery of the heart
O'erflows with images unfading!

1846.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH SCENE.

High stream the crimson banners of the west
Over the monarch, sinking to his rest;
Purple and scarlet, royal blue and gold,
Droop o'er his couch in many a heavy fold;
The moon dips low her silver horn to shed
Soft, dreamy rays upon her sovereign's head;
And brooks, and birds, and breezes sweetly sing
Their low-toned vespers round the slumbering king.

One parting glance the weary day-god throws;
See! How along the mountain ridge it glows,
Shoots through the forest aisles, transmutes the rills,
And kindles up the old rock-crested hills!
It falls upon a peaceful woodland scene —
It lights the moaning brook and banks of green,
Streams o'er the Beggar's long, loose, silvery hair,
Who, dying, lies upon the greensward there!

All day in weakness, weariness, and pain,
The old Man 'neath those drooping boughs hath lain;
The birds above him singing, and the breeze
Rustling th' abundant foliage of the trees;
The wildflowers o'er him bending, and the air
Stroking with gentle touch his long white hair;
The bees around him murmuring, and the stream
Mingling its music with his dying dream.

O, many a morn those forest arches dim
Have echoed back his old, majestic hymn ;
And many an eve the breeze that stroked his hair
Hath borne to heaven his low, confiding prayer !
No ostentation in such worship, paid
In the lone silence of the deep green shade ;
Where none could hear but God, and none could see
But the still flowers and the o'ershadowing tree !

Upon those cheeks, so withered, pale, and lean,
Some tears the woodland solitudes have seen ;
But smiles were more familiar there, and proved
The sweetness of a heart that served and loved.
Now tears and smiles alike had passed away ;
Solemn, yet beautiful, the old man lay,
His eyes serenely gazing on the sky,
His pale hands folded — ready thus to die.

A vision blessed him ! Through his silver hair
He felt the touch of fingers, soft and fair,
And o'er him flowed the glory of an eye
Outshining all the blueness of the sky.
" Sweet, sainted One ! and dost thou love me yet ?
I knew, I knew thou couldst not quite forget !
I knew, I knew that thou wouldst come at last
To kiss my lips and tell me all is past !"

A glow of transport lit his closing eye ;
He raised his arms exulting toward the sky ;
A rosy tint like morning's earliest streak
Flushed in celestial softness o'er his cheek,
Then paled away ; the sunbeam too that shone
Upon his reverend head had softly gone.
Then stooped the vision, clasped him to her breast,
And bore his spirit up to endless rest.

There was no tolling of church-bells that hour ;
No funeral banner waved from hill or tower ;
Far in the forest loneliness away,
Unwept of men, the ruined temple lay.
O, what would all earth's pageantries avail
The spirit whom the harps of angels hail !
The solemn dirge, the dismal knell were vain
To him who lives and clasps his love again !

That night the stars were watchers of the dead!
That night a snowy shroud of flowers was spread
By the soft breezes o'er his still, cold breast.
No breaking sobs disturbed the sleeper's rest.
O, who will miss the old Man from the earth?
None, save the winds and stars; though at some hearth
Some voice may say, "I have not seen, of late,
The old gray Beggar standing at our gate!"

1846.

THE RAILROAD FLOWER.

A LITTLE flower of lustrous blue
Within a public rail-track grew.
A Poet, passing, in surprise,
Fixed on it his reproachful eyes.

"Oh wherefore here, in dust and heat,
Should dwell a thing so pure and sweet?
Thy home, thou gentle flower, should be
Far off beneath some greenwood tree;
Within some soft and perfumed glade,
All spread with dew, and cool with shade;
Where thou no ruder sound shouldst hear,
Than winds and waters murmuring near;
Where birds should sing to thee, and bees
Should bear thy sweets upon the breeze."

The Flower with earnestness replied,
"Where God has placed me, I abide,
Content in some way to impart
Pure feeling to one worldly heart;
Proud, if the merchant, worn with gain,
Through me a backward glance obtain,
A retrospect of joyous youth,
And simple wants and artless truth;
Prouder, if folly in the maid
Assume from me a thoughtful shade;
If Sorrow, weeping, lift her eye
By my example, to the sky.

"And, Poet, now one word to thee;
Where should *thy* home and labor be?

Art thou repining in the heat,
For some more lone and cool retreat?
Some refuge from the careless throng,
Where thou canst feed thy soul with song?
Oh be content, where God requires,
To wake thy harp, and feed thy fires;
And if some worldly notes float in,
Some echoes of the ceaseless din,
Some groans from bleeding slaves, and cries
From infancy, that starving, dies,
Oh deem not that thy strain, young bard,
By these discordant notes is marred;
The Master Minstrel's hand through such,
Achieves, they say, its mightiest touch;
And thou mayst shake the sturdiest wrong,
By some bold outbreak of thy song.
Then be content, where God requires,
To wake thy harp, and feed thy fires!"

The Poet stooped and kissed the Flower,
Wiser and better from that hour.

1847.

SOUNDS OF SUMMER.

Soft winds murmuring as they pass,
Locusts singing in the grass,
Rivers through the meadows rushing,
Fountains in the woodlands gushing,
Insects humming 'mid the flowers,
Sudden falls of sunny showers,
Cascades leaping from the rocks,
Tinkling bells among the flocks,
Blackbirds whistling in the glen,
Songs of sturdy harvest men,
Rustlings of the golden grain,
Creakings of the loaded wain,
Robins singing round the porch,
Swallows twittering on the church,
Wild duck plashing in the lakes,
Croaking frogs among the brakes,

Little children, at their play,
Shouting through the livelong day,
Echo screaming from the hills
Every idle sound it wills,
Flutterings of the leafy vines,
Hollow sighings of the pines,
Low sounds from the porous earth
Where the insects have their birth,
Distant boomings from the rocks,
Far off groans of thunder shocks,
Rushings of the sudden gale
Loaded with the rattling hail,
Soft subsidings of the rain
Dripping o'er the prostrate grain,
These, and countless sounds like these,
Load the languid summer breeze,
Coming from the cool blue seas;
These throughout the growing year,
With their rich abounding cheer,
Thrill the heart and flood the ear.

1847.

LEILA GREY.

A BALLAD.

The tassels wave upon the birch,
The maple blushes o'er the stream,
And through the oriel of the church,
I see the May-moon's yellow beam.
Oh here, upon this moss-grown wall,
Another year, another May,
I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
On me and Leila Grey!

Cold lay her languid hand in mine,
Pale, pale her face beside me shone;
"Sweet Leila Grey, as I am thine,
Say, say that thou art all mine own!"
She smiled — she sighed, — "Behold," she said,
"Where from the church tower darkly thrown,
The shadow of the cross lies spread
By yon sepulchral stone.

"There, ere the May-moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death-mist will o'ercloud my eye.
But oh, dear Willie, do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here!
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year!

"But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church,
The golden moonlight dimly burns,
And lights the tassels of the birch;
When yonder maple by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
Oh come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And seat thee by my side!"

Sweet Leila! I obey thy call;
The May-moon lights the tasseled birch,
And I upon the moss-grown wall,
Am sitting near the gray old church;
The shadow of the cross is thrown,
Where gleams a marble tablet now —
'T was all the same twelve months agone —
But Leila, where art thou?

1847.

UDOLLO.

So sweet the fount of Thura sings,
'T is said below a Maid there is,
Who strikes a lyre of silver strings
To spirit symphonies.

A Youth once sought that fountain's side,
Udollo of the golden hair;
He cast a garland in the tide,
And thus invoked the Maiden there

"Oh, Maid of Thura, from thy halls
Of gleaming crystal, deign to rise!
The golden-haired Udollo calls,
And yearns to gaze within thine eyes.

Fain would he touch that magic lyre
Whose echoes he has heard above,
And kindle every dulcet wire
With an adoring, burning love.
Come, Maid of Thura, from thy halls;
The golden-haired Udollo calls!"

"Youth of the flaming, lucent eye,
Youth of the lily hand and brow,
Udollo! I have heard thy cry,
I rise before thee now!"

"Oh Maid, with eyes of river-blue,
With amber tresses dropt with gold,
With foam-white bosom, veiled from view
Too closely by the rainbow's fold;
Oh Maid of Thura! let my hand
Receive from thine the silver lyre;
Athwart thy white arm, Iris-spanned,
I see one glittering, trembling wire!
That trembling wire I would invoke,
Ere to thy touch it cease to quiver;
The strain by thy sweet fingers woke,
I would prolong forever!"

"Udollo, heed! The mortal hand,
That o'er that lone chord dare to stray,
Shall light a flaming, quenchless brand
To burn his very heart away.
Yet take the lyre! and I thy flowers
Will wear upon my heart forever;
That heart, henceforth, through long, lone hours,
In silent woe must bleed and quiver!
Enough, if thou, oh beauteous love,
Shalt find delight in Thura's lyre;
Thy hand 'mid all its strings may rove,
But oh, wake not the fatal wire!"

The youth, whose eye with rapture glowed,
Quick seized the lyre from Thura's hand;
How silent at that moment flowed
The Fountain o'er the listening sand!
Upon his coal-black steed he leapt,
Struck gayly through the ringing wood,

And, as he went, he boldly swept
His lyre to every passing mood.

But hark! a low sweet symphony,
Rose softly from the charmed wire;
Unlike all mortal harmony,
Unlike all human fire.
Hope, eager hope — love, burning love,
Desire, the pure, the high desire,
And joy, and all the thoughts that move,
Gushed wildly from that lyre!

And as Udollo's music died
Amid the columned aisles away,
That wondrous chord swelled far and wide
Its sweet and ravishing lay!
Still grew, at last the trembling string;
Its wandering echoes back returned,
And round the lone chord gathering,
In visible glory burned!

But in Udollo's soul died not
The echoes of the golden strain;
A love — a woe — he knew not what,
Flamed up within his brain!
But never more his hand could wake,
By roving 'mid its sister wires,
The string whose symphony could shake
His spirit to its central fires!

But sometimes when, all calm above,
The moon bent o'er its gleaming strings,
A strain of soft, entrancing love
Waved o'er him like a seraph's wings.
And sometimes, when the midnight gloom
Allowed no wandering ray of light,
A deep, low music filled the room,
And almost flamed upon his sight.

And for this rare and fitful strain
He waited with intense desire;
There centred, in delirious pain,
His spirit's all devouring fire.
As round one glowing point on high,
We sometimes mark th' electric light,

From the whole bosom of the sky,
In one bright, flaming crown unite,
So round that inward, fixed desire,
Concentred all Udollo's life;
His dark eye glowed with molten fire,
Beneath the fevered strife.

One night, when long the lyre had slept,
Udollo's passion, like a sea
Of red-hot lava, madly swept
His soul on to its destiny.
In the deep blackness of the hour
When spectres walk, he seized the lyre,
And with a seraph's tuneful power,
Awoke the fatal wire!
Oh! Thura's Maid, where wert thou, then,
When mortal hand presumed to strike
The chords that only gods, not men,
Have power to waken as they like?

A fire shot through Udollo's frame,
As shoots the lightning's forked dart;
It lit a hot and smothered flame
Within his deepest heart.
He felt it in its slow, sure path
Consume his quivering nerves away;
Oh could he but have checked its wrath,
Or ceased that fearful strain to play!
His fingers, cleaving to the wire,
Had lost communion with his will;
Within him burnt th' Immortal Fire,
The Heart — the Life-Destroyer still!

Days, weeks, and months whirled on, and on;
No hope by day, nor rest by night;
Only the same wild, frantic tone
Increasing in its woful might.
Intensely still, like lonely stars
Far off in some black crypt of sky,
Like Sirius, or like fiery Mars,
Glowed wild Udollo's eye.
His form to shadowy hue and line
Slow shrunk and faded, day by day;

He seemed like some corroded shrine,
Eaten by liquid fire away.

At last, in utter wreck and woe,
Back to the fountain's brink he crept, —
His golden hair — now white as snow —
Far down his bosom swept.

Silent the clouded waters flowed;
The silver sand was washed away;
No lily on its borders blowed;
In lonely gloom it lay.

"Oh Maid of Thura! hear my cry;
Back to thy hands thy lyre I bring;
Take it! oh take it, ere I die,
For heart and soul are perishing!"

No form uprose, no murmur stole
Responsive from the gloomy tide:
Hoarsely he heard the waters roll —
Faintly the low winds sighed.

He sank upon the fountain's brink;
His hand fell listless on the wave;
He heard the lyre, slow bubbling, sink,
Deep in its liquid grave.

The fire went out within his breast —
The tremor of his nerves was still;
As peacefully he sank to rest,
As a tired infant will.

A radiant bow of sun and dew,
Of blended vapors, white and red,
Up from the fountain's bosom flew,
And hung its beauty o'er his head.
And from the waves a strain uprose,
Delicious as an angel's song;
And this the burden at its close; —
"How sweet such dreamless, deep repose,
To those who sin and suffer long!"

1847

THE LORD DE BEAUMONAIRE.

Deep lies the Chapel of St. Clair,
Amid the trees of Arnau Vale;
The cross upon its gothic frame,
Glows brighter than the clouds of flame
That o'er it, in the sunset air,
Serenely sail.

A road winds downward from the tower,
Whose turrets, in the crimson flood,
Shoot up like peaks of solid fire,
Above the woodland's tallest spire,
And shed a soft and radiant shower
Around the wood.

Down from the castle's craggy heights,
Rides Archibald de Beaumonaire;
Far tower the black plumes of his crest
Above the tallest and the best
Of all the hundred valiant knights,
Around him there!

A mellow bugle peal descends,
And rings, reëchoing through the dale;
Behold the escort of the bride!
On glittering steeds the horsemen ride;
Swiftly the gay procession wends
To Arnau Vale.

The chapel bell a joyous peal
Rings out, the bridal train to greet;
They come, the glittering cavalcade,
The haughty lord, the highborn maid;
Through the green yard the horses wheel
With glancing feet.

Behind the altar stands the priest;
Before it, Lord de Beaumonaire;
An old earl leads the graceful bride
And leaves her at the young lord's side;
The bell's, the bugle's peal have ceased;
They kneel in prayer.

What hears the Lord de Beaumonaire,
That makes his iron brain to swim?

The rumbling of the moss-grown mill,
The gushing of the silvery rill,
Are all the sounds of the solemn air
Will waft to him.

His thoughts are with the summer day,
When first, beside that sunny stream,
He met the mill maid gathering blooms;
He wove them 'mid his raven plumes,
And stole her spotless heart away.
— How sweet the dream!

He hears not Lady Clara vow
The troth that death alone can part;
He hears the sweet young mill maid say,
"Oh, cast me, cast me not away!"
A cold dew gushes from his brow,
Blood crowds his heart!

Slowly the cavalcade returns;
Weary the march up yonder height;
The raven on the tombstone croaks;
The screech-owl wails amid the oaks;
The tower no longer glows and burns;
Swift falls the night!

Within the cottage, pale and wan,
The sweet young mill maid dying lay;
Her wavy curls of paley gold
Adown her marble shoulders rolled;
She seemed like some young snowy swan
Floating away!

"Look forth, dear mother! seest thou him?"
"Yes, my love, he mounts the steep;"
"Looks he bright, and tall, and fine?
Do his eyes and tresses shine?"
"No, his face is pale and grim;
He fain would weep!"

"Poor dear Lord Archibald!" she cried;
"I do forgive him all his wrong;
So tell him, dearest mother! Say
With what deep tenderness I pray" —
More she would have said, but died
'Mid her swan-song.

Slowly tolled the chapel bell ;
On its cross the moonlight shone ;
The mill was hushed, low sang the rill ;
The birds, the bees, the winds were still ;
An aged pair walked through the dell,
Faint and alone.

They enter through the chapel door ;
The priest behind the altar stands ;
A pall the altar overspreads ;
The taper on a pale form sheds
A deathly light. The priest bends o'er
With clasped hands.

"Lord God ! forgive the sinful man
Whose pride hath crushed this tender flower ;
Comfort this weeping, childless pair
Left desolate in age !" This prayer
Was heard in heaven. Their peace began
That very hour.

Sir Archibald de Beaumonaire
Sat moodily beside his bride ;
He gazed out from his gloomy tower
Upon the hushed and solemn hour.
The knell had ceased ; the awestruck air
Sobbed low, and sighed.

"The owl is still. How dismally
The silence o'er all earth is thrown !
How motionless all objects are !"
"Not all, love. Mark yon shooting star !"
"It is no star !"
"What can it be ?"
"*A spirit flown !*"

1847.

THE OLD MILL.

Bright in the foreground of wood and hill,
Close by the banks of my native rill,
Rumbling early ere dawn of light,
Rumbling late through the winter night,
When all the air and the earth is still,
Toileth and groaneth the old red mill.

Around its cupola, tall and white,
The swallows wheel, in their summer flight;
The elm-trees wave o'er its mossy roof,
Keeping their boughs from its touch aloof,
Although four stories above the rill,
Towereth aloft the old red mill.

Idly now in its tower is swung
The brazen bell with its lolling tongue;
Above, the vane on the rod-point shows
Which way the wind, in its changes, blows;
While down in the waters, deep and still,
Is the mirrored face of the old red mill.

The winds through its empty casements sweep,
Filling its halls with their wailings deep;
Its rotten beams in the tempest sway;
O'er its iron rod the lightnings play;
Yet brave and bold, by the fair green hill,
Like a bridegroom standeth the old red mill.

Fair forms once moved through those spacious rooms,
Fair hands once tended its clattering looms;
Those walls, with the spider's tapestry hung,
With the music and laughter of youth have rung;
But now the song and the laugh are still,
In the upper lofts of the old red mill.

But down below, still the work goes on; —
In the groaning vortex the "waste" is thrown;
While heavily turneth the ponderous wheel,
And the web comes forth o'er the whirling reel;
Good, honest service it doeth still,
That shattered and windswept old red mill!

And one, who with long and patient care
Kept guardian watch o'er the labors there,
Who at early morning, and evening late,
By those groaning engines was wont to wait,
That he with comfort his home might fill,
No longer treads through the old red mill.

No more we see him, with silvery hair,
Slowly ascending the broken stair
That leads from that doorway, with rubbish strewed,
Up the steep green bank to the village road;

Or, pausing awhile on the brow of the hill,
Gaze thoughtfully down on the old red mill.

He has passed away with his kindly smile,
With his heart so cheerful and free from guile;
Sweet is his memory, sweet and dear
To the friends that loved him while he was here;
And long will the deeps of our being thrill
To the memories linked with the old red mill.

The sire has passed, and ah! *not alone*,
Another link from our chain is gone!
Another, whose heart of love is cold;
Whose form has passed to the dust and mould;
No more will SHE cross our cottage sill,
Or gaze with us on the old red mill.

Then let old Ruin about it lurk;
Let it rumble on in its daily work.
It will pass away as they have passed,
For we all must tottle and fall at last!
Well would it be could we each fulfil
As patient a lot as the old red mill!

1847.

THE CHURCH BELL.

MERRILY rings the pealing bell,
Ding-a-ding! dong!
Cheerily sweeps it through the dell,
Up in the tree-top, down in the well,
Ding-a-dong! ding!
High through the welkin it floats and rings,
Low in the valley, amid the springs,
Dies away in soft murmurings;
Ding-a-ding! dong!

Through the boughs of the graceful birch
Ding-a-ding! dong!
Gleams the door of the ivied porch,
Leading in to the old stone church;
Ding-a-dong! ding!

There the bride with an eye as bright
As the early star of an autumn night,
Standeth ready her vows to plight —
Ding-a-ding ! dong !

Slowly tolls the brazen bell —
Ding ! dong ! ding !
Hark ! its heavy, throbbing swell
Boometh through the hollow dell,
Ding ! ding ! dong !
Now it shakes the rock and ground,
Now it dreamily floats around,
Dying 'mid the wood profound —
Ding ! dong ! ding !

Who on yon black hearse is borne ?
Ding ! dong ! ding !
Some old pilgrim, tired and worn ?
Nay, the bride of last year's morn !
Ding ! ding ! dong !
Let the brazen bell deplore her,
Let the willow tree weep o'er her —
He she loved hath gone before her —
Ding ! dong ! ding !

1847.

VISIONS.

Before me, on the dusky air,
I catch a gleam of golden hair ;
Far through the green copse I pursue ;
'T was but a sunbeam glancing through !

When stretched upon the grass I lie,
I meet the splendor of thine eye ;
I start — I search the shadowy glen ;
'T was but a violet gazing in.

Thy white hand beckons from the hedge ,
I grasp it to renew my pledge ;
A shower of blooms falls over me ;
'T was but the flowering hawthorn tree !

From the dim wood I hear thee call ;
I fly — 't was but the waterfall !

Thy light step through the field doth pass;
I turn — 't was but the waving grass!

A sigh comes stealing from the grove —
The well-known sigh of slighted love;
I fly to throw me at thy feet;
The murmuring pine is all I meet.

Oh, did I murder thee, that thou
Shouldst haunt me with thy pale, dead brow?
That everywhere thy form should be
A shadow between heaven and me?

Oh, worse than keenest sword or knife,
The worm that gnawed away thy life!
Love fondly given, and trust betrayed, —
In this is all thy story said.

1848.

THE PERVADING GOD.

When but a child, there was to me
A greatness and a mystery
O'er all I saw;
There hung about me everywhere,
In earth, and sky, and cloud, and air,
A brooding, penetrating awe!

The palest flower, that o'er the brook
Hung trembling, had within its look
A meaning deep;
A spirit seemed to interfuse
The frailest forms, the dullest hues;
Each had an awful *life* to keep!

Such mysteries made me weep and pray!
I stole from outward life away
To that within;
I asked my soul, with all its powers,
To league itself with silent hours,
Some answer from the deep to win.

Too unintelligible, then,
The voice that spake. But later, when
My heart had grown,

When waked by grief, and love, and faith,
It bowed to what the Spirit saith,
I heard, and understood the tone.

Oh, mighty now that awful Power,
When in some lonely, listening hour,
It speaks to me!
Ask me not why my heart swells high,
Why gushing tears o'erflow my eye—
Is it not awful then TO BE?

To be, where all around us IS!
Perpetual thought, perpetual bliss,
In ebb and flow!
Life never pausing, and time—not!
In space no fixed, no central spot,
From whence we came, or whither go!

Yet nature the deep influx loves!
Through the great swelling stars it moves;
It lifts the sea!
Mountains, pervaded, breathe and speak;
The streams, o'erfull, in music break,
And set the mighty Presence free!

O heart of mine! Thou, too, shouldst be
An ever full, unsounded sea
Of joy and love!
Come, Spirit! let me feel thee near;
Soul, enter! Flow upon me here
From all beneath, around, above!

1848.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

EIGHT years ago, this night, my love,
I met thee at the village ball;
Oh, fair were many maidens there,
But thou the fairest of them all!
Like a soft breeze along the sea,
Thy form went waving through the dance,
While I stood by as though some power
Were holding me in trance.

Ere long a shade, yet scarce a shade,
A twilight softness filled thine eye;
Thou from the hall didst pass, and stand
Gazing upon the moonlit sky.
Drawn by some chain I could not see,
I followed. We were there, alone,
In the arched alcove. Near me bowed
A red rose, newly blown.

"Thou hast had brilliant gifts to-day,"
I said, and plucked the glowing rose;
"Mine is the latest and the least,
And must not be compared with those.
Take it as Nature's simple key,
Whereby to unlock my hidden thought;
A pledge of something nobler far
Than all the rest have brought."

I said no more; I could not say
How infinitely deep my love!
Thy hand drew near to take my flower —
That little hand without its glove!
I gave the flower, I took the hand;
Ah! the moon saw thy maiden blush!
While all around, in earth and air,
There was a holy hush! —

A hush, as if with reverent joy
All Nature felt the thrill of love;
And even the rude and careless wind
Seemed lingering, half afraid to move.
Then by thine eye, and by thy hand
That yielded tremblingly to mine,
I knew thou hadst given me my heart,
A priceless Valentine!

Eight years have passed; and now, again,
St. Valentine's sweet eve hath come;
Only one little year ago
I brought thee, dearest, to my home.
This cottage, with its ivied porch,
Is humbler than thy father's halls;
But love hath turreted its roof,
And gold-inlaid its walls!

And thou, as regal as a queen,
Yet simple as a shepherd lass,
Hast made the hours, on azure wings,
Like birds of beauty fleetly pass.
It seems a month, a week, a day,
Scarcely an hour since thou wert mine;
Since first I called thee wife; and now
A holier name is thine!

This morn, to crown thy deeds of love,
Thou brought'st a Valentine to me;
A son to bear a father's name,
But in his soul to be like thee.
Dear wife! God bless thee for the joy
That filled thy soft eyes brimming full!
God bless thee for the blissful hopes
That overran my soul!

But they are gone. One day hath struck
Its fell stroke at the root of all;
How swiftly o'er the sunny fields
Black, stormy night will sometimes fall!
Thy gift — sweet withered bud! — lies cold
Upon thy bosom's pulseless snow;
Ye fell asleep, poor weary things,
Full two long hours ago!

Sleep on, my birds, and take your rest;
Your faithful watcher will not quit
His lonely vigils; nor for thee,
Dear wife, his Valentine forget.
Here is the rose, my favorite gift;
Oh! that I gave eight years ago
Was red, and glowing like our love:
Shall this night's gift be so?

Oh no! it needs a white, white flower,
For love that death hath purified!
Here let it lie, beside the bud
Thy bosom bore, my angel bride!
Wear them till morning comes. Ah, long
Ere morn shall break again for me!
Thou wert the star that brought the day,
And day departs with thee!

Oh, come again, some early hour,
And wake me from this dismal dream!
Through the gray leaden clouds of sleep
Let thy sweet voice in music stream!
Be thine the song that first shall wake
My spirit to the eternal day!
Be thou the lark to herald in
Its earliest morning ray!

1848.

EDA.

Ye are my sisters, flowers: I lived with you
In the green valleys, where we loved the sun,
And slept beneath the falling of the dew
That ever came to us when day was done.
I bore intensest music in my breast,
That none could hear; yet stifled were not long
Those burning lays. My soul had never rest
Till in the nightingale I poured my song,—
The nightingale, who sat the livelong night
Rising and falling on the dewy bough,
Waking young lovers to come forth and plight
Beneath the moon, love's passionate first vow.

I have passed through all forms of sensate life;
My being filled the wave, the leaf, the tree!
Upward I ever rose; no fear, nor strife,
No sin I knew — only the Deity!
I skimmed along the ocean — dipped my wing
In the soft reflex of the golden cloud —
Rose on the vapory hues of love-warm spring —
Burst a young insect from the chrysaline shroud —
Sported beneath the green waves of the sea —
Left my white shell upon the shining beach —
Slept with the brown doe on his folded knee —
Flooded a young child's breast — and gushed in human speech!

Among her mates young Eda stood abashed —
Dull was her eye, — her step constrained and slow;
No smile was on her lip, — no feeling flashed
From her soft cheek, paler than moonlit snow.

The master was among them questioning.
All laughed at Eda, for her thoughts were weak;
"You have no *soul!* you are a stupid thing!"
The master cried, and struck her tender cheek.

My life flowed into her. Her bosom shook,
Her eye grew dark as midnight's and as bright;
Her cheek blushed warm with quickening joy, — her look
Grew rapt and radiant with the inner light!
"Oh yes! I *have* a soul!" she bravely said;
"I feel it swell my heart, and crowd my brain;
A flood of beauty seems to fill my head,
And thoughts fall over me like sudden rain!"

That soul was me. And I am Eda now,
And I have sisters all throughout the earth.
Ye, little flowers, are such, that lowly bow
Before the wind, unnoted in your birth.
And you, young leaves, that quiver on the tree,
And you, sweet-singing, ever-wakeful birds,
And even thou, gold-legged, buzzing bee,
And all ye bounding flocks and musing herds.

I left you each, my sisters, as I rose
Upward in knowledge, feeling, life, and power.
So ye shall rise. Our life has no repose;
Ye, too, shall each one have your *human* hour,
And pass beyond it! Whither, who can tell?
Ultimately unto God! Thence came we here.
Up the great orbit, down whose curve we fell,
We shall ascend again into his sphere!
Be hopeful, little ones! The way seems long, —
'T is ever long, O, God! from us to thee!
Yet what shall bow the infinitely strong,
Made, as we are, to be — and be — and BE!

1848.

A MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Amid the rosy fog stole in and out
The little boat. The rower dipped his oar,
Gleaming with liquid gold; and all about
The red-sailed ships went swimming from the shore.

Against the canvass, moving to and fro,
The dark forms of the fishermen were seen;
Around the prow long wreaths of golden glow
Rippled and faded 'mid the wavy green.

The sea-gulls wheeled around the rocky cape,
And skimmed their long wings lightly o'er the flood;
The fog rose up in many a spectral shape,
And crept away in silence o'er the wood.

The sea from silvery white to deepest blue
Changed 'neath the changing colors of the sky;
The distant lighthouse broke upon the view,
And the long landpoint spread before the eye.

Clear as a mirror lay the rock-bound cove;
Far off one blasted pine against the sky
Lifted its scraggy form; the crow above
Flapped his black wings, and wound his long shrill cry.

I paced the beach like some sleep-waking child,
Wrapt in a dream of beauty and of awe;
Were they ideal visions that beguiled?
Was it my eye, or but my *soul*, that saw?

1848.

NORA.

A BALLAD.

The clouds along the eastern sky
Scarce caught their earliest tinge of red,
Ere through the field of waving rye
Young Nora to the Fountain sped;

A little Fountain 'mid the wood,
Blue as the morning sky of May.
One giant Oak beside it stood;
Another, moss-grown, near it lay.

Early fair Nora came, and oft,
To bathe her young form in its wave;
Ah, white as eider's down, and soft,
The reflex that the Fountain gave!

Her long rich locks of shining gold
O'er her smooth shoulders rippling fell,

And swept in many a wavy fold
Around her bosom's virgin swell.

Her lips were like the budding rose,
And like the budding rose her breath;
A sweeter flower did ne'er unclose
In valley, woodland, or on heath.

The pathway to that lonely spring
No foot but hers had ever trod;
Enough her own pure heart to bring,
And meet with Nature there, and God.

So fourteen joyous summers passed;
And Nora, into girlhood grown,
Through the green field of rye at last
Came to the Fountain, not alone.

With glowing cheek, and bosom warm,
Another to its side she led;
To gaze upon another's form
She o'er its crystal bowed her head.

Alas! with sudden start and shriek,
With trembling lips and clasped hands,
And deadly paleness o'er her cheek,
Speechless poor loving Nora stands!

But Udolph laughed out scornfully,
Though o'er the Fountain passed a shade,
And from the Oak a mournful sigh
Swept shivering through the woody glade.

For in that pure and placid Spring
Not Udolph's image o'er her leaned!
It was a hideous, leering thing—
The image of a ghastly Fiend!

He laughed, and turning, met her gaze;
"Why fearest thou, my love?" said he;
"'T is but a few refracted rays—
Thou look'st the same therein to me."

"Come, let us quit this lying Spring;
It would deceive thee, Nora, dear!
Am I, indeed, a loathsome thing,
That thou shouldst curse me with thy fear?"

Young Nora, listening to his plea,
And gazing on his beauteous face,
Forgot the awful fantasy —
Forgot her *soul* in his embrace!

Poor Nora! Dark the Fountain grew,
That ne'er to thee was dark before;
A hoarse wind through the old Oak blew, —
Thou camest to thy shrine no more!

So years went by. The field of rye
Full forty harvests had supplied;
No footpath longer met the eye,
And the old Oak had fallen and died.

An aged woman, bowed and weak,
One evening to the Fountain came;
Withered and dark her hollow cheek,
Red-branded with a woman's shame:

Over the clear, deep wave she leaned —
Leaned feebly, yet with resolute will;
What saw she there? Alas, no Fiend;
Something more dread and fearful still!

"Is thy name Nora?" cried she. "Shape!
Answer me! art thou she? O where
The golden locks that used to escape
Over her shoulders, round and fair?

"Oh, where the snowy, dimpled arm,
The rosy lip, the spotless breast,
The young affections, deep and calm,
The heart's repose, the spirit's rest?

"Never again shall Nora shine
Serene and star-like from thy wave;
But aged Sin her shade incline
Athwart thy bosom to the grave.

"Yet let me bathe this brow once more;
O God! what sorrow, yet what peace!
Sure if life's conflict e'er be o'er
Here by thy stillness it shall cease!"

Oh, magic Spring! one touch of thine,
One soft kiss of thy holy wave,

One unction, blessed and benign,
  New freshness to her being gave!

Not young again, not pure, nor gay,
  But peaceful, hopeful, and resigned,
Nora, the aged, day by day,
  On thy soft breast her form reclined.

And day by day her hollow eye
  Grew brighter with an inward light;
Strength nerved her frame, and Shame's red dye
  Changed into Faith's celestial white.

So time passed on — till from a mount
  One summer's night a watchman's eye
Discerned a white mist from the fount
  Float up, and cross the moonlit sky.

It spread its silvery wings, and caught
  The glories of the full-orbed moon;
The Pleiades a garland wrought
  Around its head. It vanished soon.

Next morn the watchman sought the Spring
  In vain; a greener circle lay
Where once its waters slept; a ring
  Of willows sparkled with its spray.

But ne'er a fountain gushed again
  Beside that fallen oak. The woods
Still whisper Nora's name. The lane
  Writes it in leaves and buds.

The birds repeat it in their songs;
  In the soft brooklet's voice it flows;
Echo the haunting sound prolongs;
  But Nora with the Fountain rose.

1848.

DEVOTION.

To Thee, O God, adoringly,
  We lift our reverent eyes —
For thou hast made the glorious earth,
  And filled the awful skies.

To Thee submissively we look ;
For all we have is thine ;
Most gratefully we would receive,
Most cheerfully resign.

And ever most entreatingly,
O God, we turn to thee,
In humble trust for all we are,
And all we hope to be.

1848.

CONTEMPLATION.

Her thoughts are of the Beautiful. Her soul
Dwells with the shapes and colors of the Fair.
Flowers that spring up in rocky clefts and droop
Mirrored above the waters, stars hung high
In the blue dome of night, like urns of gold
O'erflowing all the earth, foam-crested waves
That dance to inborn melodies, light, air,
Sunshine and rainbows, hills and dells of green,
Far off sweet glens among the mountain streams,
And woods o'ercrowded with abundant growth
Of moss, and vines, and lichen — dreams like these
Fill up the happy soul within whose depths
Hard care has never entered, and from these,
How easy, step by step, to rise from earth
Into the region of the Power whose will
Created all this Beauty, and bestowed
On us the higher grace of Thought and Taste
To understand and feel it. Surely there
Her soul hath entered now, and is entranced.

1848.

THE ADVENTURE.

'T was a day in the middle of spring, Lucy,
Mellow and hazy and warm ;
The sky wore the thin silver grayness
That hangs on the front of the storm.

I sought with my rod and my angle
The cove where the willow-trees grew;
They hung o'er the stillest of waters,
And deepened the densest of blue.

And when a fresh sweep of the wind, Lucy,
The long, tasselled boughs blew aside,
I could see the old mill in its ruins,
Half standing, half sunk in the tide.
The moss on its roof was then greenest,
Well freshened by sunshine and shower,
And soft amber vapor rose upward
And crept round its ivy-wreathed tower.

As I sat on the roots of the willows
Where mosscups and violets grew,
The scent of the gold-dusted bloom, Lucy,
Seemed thrilling my whole being through.
The red-spotted trout that came gliding
And darting alert through the cove,
Scarce woke my rapt soul from the dream, Lucy,
That Nature and Feeling had wove.

But a glance where beside the old ruin
The mill-stone lay hid in the grass,
With a tuft growing up through the centre,
And flowers nodding out from the mass—
One glance at a bright golden head, Lucy,
That hung like a flower 'mid the green,
Dispelled all the dreams that had bound me,
And brought me once more to the scene.

I flew as though wings had burst from me;
I startled the dove from her rest
She fled to the shade of the ruin,
The hawk followed up to the nest.
A flume whence the wheel had been taken,
Stood open behind the old mill;
'T was now more than half filled with water,
Black, slimy, and dismally chill.

I shuddered with horror and anguish:
Alas! she had rushed to its brink;
She stood on the old rotten cross-beam—
One step, it would totter and sink;

I shrieked, "Oh forbear! oh forbear, Lucy!"
My cries but alarmed her the more;
She sprang to the point that was frailest —
One crash, and the horror was o'er!

The horror, but not the endeavor;
I rushed with one bound to her side;
I saw her pale face and gold tresses, —
A lily afloat on the tide.
She reached her white arms toward my neck, Lucy,
I knelt, and with both arms outspread
I drew the wet dove to my bosom,
Pale, fainting, and seemingly dead.

I wrapped her about with my arms, Lucy,
I warmed her cold lips with my own;
I felt that at least for this moment
Her being was mine — mine alone.
Nor did she that claim disallow, Lucy,
When lifting her heavenly eyes,
She gazed on my face with a gladness
That fully o'erpowered her surprise.

I drew her then closer than ever —
Ah, Lucy, what meaneth that tear?
Dost *thou*, then, the dear scene remember?
Then come and react it all here.
Say now, as thou then saidst, "I love thee!"
Though twenty long years have gone by
Since first I dared gather that meaning
From all the kind looks of thine eye.

Ah! never less sweet would those words be,
Though we are as "old as the hills,"
For love that is true in its budding
The winter of time never kills.
Nay, rather old age does but mellow
And sweeten the fruit of true love;
For however storms beat around it,
The sun always shines from above!

1848.

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

Whence came this little phantom
That flits about my room —
That 's here from early morning
Until the twilight gloom?
Forever dancing, dancing,
She haunts the wall and floor,
And frolics in the sunshine
Around the open door.

The ceiling by the table
She makes her choice retreat,
For there a little human-girl
Is wont to have her seat.
They take a dance together —
A crazy little jig;
And sure two baby witches
Ne'er run so wild a rig!

They pat their hands together
With frantic jumps and springs,
Until you almost fancy
You catch the gleam of wings.
Shrill shrieks the human-baby
In the madness of delight,
And back return loud echoes
From the little shadow sprite.

At morning by my bedside,
When first the birdies sing,
Up starts the little phantom
With a merry laugh and spring.
She woos me from my pillow
With her little coaxing arms
I go where'er she beckons —
A victim to her charms.

At night I still am haunted
By glimpses of her face;
Her features on my pillow
By moonlight I can trace.

Whence came this shadow-baby
  That haunts my heart and home?
What kindly hand hath sent her,
  And wherefore hath she come?

Long be her dancing image
  Our guest by night and day,
For lonely were our dwelling
  If she were now away.
Far happier hath our home been,
  More blest than e'er before,
Since first that little shadow
  Came gliding through our door.

1848.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM FREILIGRATH.

On her soft and snow-white pillow
Lies the maiden, sleep-enchanted;
Deeply sunk, her long brown lashes
O'er her crimson cheek are slanted.

On the toilet table glistening,
Stands a flower-vase, richly graven;
In this vase are glittering blossoms.
Scented with the dews of even.

Brooding, has the sultry dampness
All the chamber-lawn pervaded;
Fearful of the summer coolness,
Windows all are closed and shaded.

Deep and dead the silence reigneth;
Sudden, hark! a low, soft whisper!
In the flowers, among the branches,
Breathes it like a fairy's vesper.

From the flower-vase, rising slowly,
Many a vapory shape appeareth;
Mist-wreaths form their subtle raiment,
Each a crown and shield upreareth.

From the Rose's purple bosom
Rises now a slender maiden,
And her soft locks, floating loosely,
Are with pearls, like dew-drops, laden!

From the helmet of the Monk's Hood,
'Mid its dark green foliage beaming,

Stalks a knight of valiant courage,
Sword and helmet brightly gleaming.

O'er his casque a heron's feather
Nods its silvery hues beclouded.
From the Lily floats a maiden,
In a veil of goss'mer shrouded.

From the Turban-flower upstarting,
Strides a grim Moor, proud, puissant;
Brightly on his dark green turban
Glows the half-moon's golden crescent.

Glittering from the Crown Imperial,
Boldly forth an emperor stalketh;
Following from the deep blue Iris,
Lo, his sword-armed hunter walketh.

From the leaves of the Narcissus
Steals a youth, with eyes of sadness,
Mounts the bed, one kiss imprinting
On the maiden's lips in madness.

Now the silent bed encircling,
Where the shades of night are deeper,
Turn they, swing they, softly singing,
This sad chorus to the sleeper:

"Maiden! maiden! thou hast cruelly
Torn us from the things we cherish,
That within this costly chalice,
We may wither, fade, and perish!

"Oh we rested there so happy,
On the bright earth's mother-bosom!
Where, through greenest branches pouring,
Sunbeams waked us into blossom!

"There the vernal winds refreshed us,
To and fro our frail stalks bending; —
There at night like elves we sported,
From our house of leaves ascending.

"Clear fell round us rain and dew-drops;
Now we float in turbid water;
We must die: yet ere we perish,
Vengeance seize thee, Beauty's daughter!"

Hushed the song ; again the spirits
Bend around the fair one sleeping ;
Through the old dim, hollow silence,
Hark ! again the murmur creeping.

Such a rustling ! such a whispering !
How the maiden's cheeks are glowing !
How the spirits breathe upon them !
How the vapor now is flowing !

Now the sunshine greets the chamber ;
See, the ghosts withdraw their forces ;
Cold upon her soft white pillow
Sleeps the loveliest of corses !

She, herself a withered floweret,
With her crimson blush still cherished,
Sleeps beside her withered sisters ; —
By the breath of flowers she perished !

THE YOUTH AND THE MILL-STREAM.

FROM GOETHE.

YOUTH.

Where glidest thou, clear little stream,
So brightly ?
Thou hastenest with a joyous gleam
Down lightly ;
What seekest thou within the vale !
Hear me this once, and tell thy tale.

STREAM.

I was a little running brook,
So sparkling !
My sunny waves they captive took ;
Now darkling,
I through the dyke, beneath the mill,
Flow swift and full, and never still.

YOUTH.

Thou hastenest with a gentle will
To duty,

And know'st not how my young veins thrill
To beauty!
Oh, does the pretty mill-maid look
Oft gently on thee, little brook?

STREAM.

She lifts at morning's rosy break
The shutter;
And comes to bathe breast, lip and cheek
In water;
From her soft bosom, full and white,
I rise in vapor warm and bright.

YOUTH.

If she can make the watery flood
Her lover,
Oh, how its peace shall flesh and blood
Recover?
If once man's path by her be crost,
His rest is gone, his peace is lost.

STREAM.

Then rush I from the wheel below
In thunder;
And all the dashing ladles go
Down under!
The water has a marvellous might
While this fair maiden toils in sight.

YOUTH.

Thou poor one! shareth not thy breast
My passion?
She smiles on thee, and says in jest,
Now dash on!
Yet with a sweet love-glance delays
Thy waters ever 'neath her gaze.

STREAM.

From hence I find, where'er I flow,
All shadow!
I murmur, murmur slowly through
The meadow;
And could my own will be my guide,
How soon would I *returning* glide.

YOUTH.

I go, thou sharer of my love
And sadness!
I yet, perchance, may hear thee move
In gladness.
Go, tell her now, and every day,
What still I wish, and hope, and pray!

TO THE ESTRANGED.

FROM GOETHE.

And have I lost thee, then, forever?
Art thou, oh dear one, from me flown?
In my accustomed ear rings ever
Thine every word, and every tone.

And as the traveller's gaze at morning
In vain far through the sky upsprings,
When, hidden in the deep blue dawning,
High over him the sky-lark sings;

So, anxiously, my own glance, flying,
Scans field, and copse, and wood and tree;
To thee, too, all my songs are crying,
Oh, come, beloved, back to me!

SPRING'S ORACLE, OR THE CUCKOO.

FROM GOETHE.

Thou prophetic minstrel, thou!
Singer 'mid the blossoming bough!
In this fairest of the year,
Thou the prayers of lovers hear!
If sweet hope our hearts may swell,
Hear us, dearest bird, and tell;
With thy cuckoo, cuckoo, coo,
Evermore cuckoo, cuckoo.

Listen thou! A loving pair
Fain their bridal chain would wear;
And they now are in their youth,
Full of virtue, full of truth.

Has not yet arrived the day?
Say, how long must we delay?
Hark, cuckoo! Hark, cuckoo!
Hush, hush, dear bird! add nought thereto!

Ere that crowning day appears,
We must wait two patient years!
But, when we shall share one home,
Will the "*pa-pa-papas*" come?
Know that thou wilt please us well,
If thou many shalt foretell.
One, cuckoo! two, cuckoo!
More, yet more! Cuckoo, cuckoo, coo!

Ah! and have we counted right?
'T is not half a dozen, quite.
If we thank thee, wilt thou tell
How long we on earth shall dwell?
We our wishes will not hide;
Gladly would we long abide.
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo.

Life is one great holiday,
If we grieve it not away.
If together it be passed,
Say, oh say, shall *true love* last?
Oh! if that can e'er be o'er,
Nought will then be lovely more!
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo.
(By grace, *ad infinitum.*)

VINETA.

FROM WILHELM MÜLLER.

From the ocean's deep and dark foundations,
Faint and dull the bells of evening ring,
And to us mysterious revelations
Of the grand old wonder-city* bring.

* Mahabalipur, or the city of Baly, was swallowed up by the sea. Ages after, it is said, its towers and battlements were seen above the surface; and being plated with copper, they shone with dazzling splendor in the beams

Where the green sea in its caverns darkles,
Still the sunken battlements remain,
Gleaming o'er the waves, like golden sparkles
On the reflex of a mirror seen.

There the seaman, who the enchanting glitter
Once at sunset on the red waves met,
'Mid the cliffs retained by some strange fetter,
Tracks the self-same round of waters yet!

From my heart's own deep and dark foundations,
Faint and dull, like bells, low voices ring;
Ah, to me what wondrous revelations
Of its early perished love they bring!

Where the deep sea of my spirit darkles,
Ruins of that beauteous world remain;
Like the glow of heaven's bright, golden sparkles
In the mirror of my dreams oft seen!

Then I fain would plunge the great deep under;
Sunk 'neath the reflex gladly would I be!
To that olden city, world of wonder,
Hark, the voice of angels calling me!

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM UHLAND.

THERE stood in olden ages a tower so high and grand,
It shone far o'er the valleys to the blue sea's rocky strand;
Around it sprang fresh fountains, by glittering rainbows crowned,
And gardens, rich in blossoms, like garlands spanned them round.

There sat a haughty monarch, in land and conquests rich;
Pale sat he on his throne, like a statue in a niche;
All that he thought was terror, all that he looked was rage,
His words were fearful scourges, and blood filled every page!

Once went to this grand castle a noble minstrel pair;
One shone with golden ringlets, and one with silvery hair;

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of the morning and evening sun. There is a magnificent description of this submarine city, in Southey's "Curse of Kehama" — both as it appeared above and beneath the sea. — TRANSLATOR.

The old gray-headed harper a gallant steed bestrode,
And on the flank, well-mounted, his blooming comrade rode.

The elder to the younger said, "Be ready now, my son!
Our deepest airs remember, — 'cord to the fullest tone!
In songs of love and sorrow we 'll blend our mightiest art,
For it must be our aim to-day to move the king's stern heart!"

Already stand the minstrels in the pillared hall of pride,
Where on the throne are seated the monarch and his bride;
The king fearfully splendid, like the bloody northern lights,
The queen as sweet and gentle as the moon on summer nights.

Then struck the aged minstrel his harp with hand so skilled,
That rich and ever richer on the ear its music swelled;
And now, in heavenly sweetness, the young man's strains begin,
While like a dull ghost-chorus, the old man's song flows in.

They sing of spring and friendship, of the blissful golden time,
Of freedom and man's dignity, of truth and faith sublime;
They sing of all the sweetness that trembles through man's breast,
Of all the scorn that maddens him, and breaks his spirit's rest.

The band of circling courtiers forgot each sneering word,
The king's old valiant warriors bowed low their hearts to God;
The queen, dissolved in sorrow, and by thrilling joy oppresst,
Threw, smiling, toward the minstrels the rose from her white breast.

"You have bewitched my people, will you now seduce my bride?"
Raved the king, his whole frame shaking in his fury and his pride;
He hurled his sword, that gleaming, through the young man's bosom swept,
Whence, in place of golden music, the crimson blood outleapt.

While from this frightful tumult the listening crowd retired,
The golden-haired young minstrel in his master's arms expired.
Then he wrapt him in his mantle, and sat him on the steed,
And from the stately castle set forth in silent speed.

Yet at the high gate halting, his harp the old man grasped;
It was the prize of all harps that ever minstrel clasped;
Against a marble column he dashed it in his wrath,
And sent his curses fearfully through hall and garden-path.

"Woe be to thee, proud castle! No sweet sounds e'er again
Shall ring along thine arches, of harp or minstrel strain;

But groans, and creeping slave-steps that dread the tyrant's frown,
Until to mould and ruins the avenger tread thee down!

"Woe be to you, ye gardens, in the sweet, soft light of May!
Here, look on this grim visage, this pale, disfigured clay!
That henceforth ye may wither, your gushing founts run dry,
And stones and broken columns o'er all your beauty lie!

"Woe be to thee, thou murderer! cursed of the minstrel powers!
In vain are all thy conquests and bloody wreaths of flowers;
Thy name shall be forgotten — in night eternal veiled,
Or like a rattling death-gasp, in empty air exhaled!"

The old man hath pronounced it, — to heaven the curse hath flown;
The walls lie low and crumbling, the halls are overthrown;
To tell its vanished splendor but one column now remains,
And that, already shattered, will soon o'erstrew the plains!

In place of fragrant gardens lie waste and dreary lands; —
No tree throws there its shadow, no fount o'erflows the sands;
No songs, no books of heroes the monarch's deeds rehearse;
Down-trodden and forgotten, — that is the Minstrel's Curse!

THE GRAVE OF THE PERSIAN POET.

FROM MILLEVOYE.

"Thy voice, Zaïdá, is the voice of the breeze;
All my soul on its sweetness is wafted along:
But say, what bold lyre could from Paradise seize
The notes that enliven thy beautiful song?

"O! sure, ne'er the roses that Poesy loves,
Those treasures with fragrance and beauty replete,
Embalm with such perfumes bright Asia's groves:
Not even the kiss of thy lips were so sweet!"

"This hymn, noble sultan, the great Benamár
Evoked from the lyre with his magical hand;
A poet who showed us the dawning afar
Of a day without end in a holier land.

"His lost songs have yet no recompense found;
Toward the drear sands of Iran he wandered astray,
To tune his wild lyre to the hurricane's sound;
One star, his young daughter, to brighten his way!"

" Brave Emir! go mount thee my gallant black steed;
Her feet are as light as a mountain bird's wing;
Fly, fly to the deserts! outstrip the wind's speed!
And give Benamár this diamond ring.

" Now Night and thy Darkness! witness my words;
Such jewels and honors the poet shall see,
That the stars roaming over the heavens in herds,
Less numerous are than his treasures shall be!

" Perchance, he may lead his sweet child on his arm
To fill our saloons with harmonious song!
From the eyes that admire her this isolate Palm
On the sands of the desert hath flourished too long!"

Lightly urging the courser, the Emir obeyed;
He shot o'er the plains like an arrow in flight;
On his way, a young stranger, a beautiful maid,
Pale and charming, appeared toward the fall of the night

" O Traveller! Thou who, unsheltered and far,
Through the drear sands of Iran art wand'ring alone,
What seekest thou here?" " I seek Benamár,
The Pride of the Sultan, the Bard of the throne!"

" O Traveller! great Benamár was my sire;
No longer he liveth to suffer and weep,
'Neath those tall cypress trees he lies clasping his lyre,
And near him, I too in the desert shall sleep."

" Flower of Beauty! thy charms will revive in the light;
Come, let us this eve from the desert depart;
The star of prosperity, changelessly bright,
Henceforth shall illumine thy desolate heart."

" Thou seest the grave where sad vigils I keep;
So closed is my heart from the joy of the sky;
My wealth was my father; he lieth asleep;
Poor Benamár lived, poor his daughter will die!"

And sinking, she clasped to her sorrowing breast
The soil of that grave she was yearning to share;
While the boughs of the cypress, by zephyrs caressed,
Commingled their shade with the black of her hair.

With a faltering voice, once again to her lute
The notes of a beautiful anthem were given;
It died from her lips, and the chords became mute;
She began it on earth to complete it in heaven!

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

The Tomb said to the Rose:
"With the tears the morning throws
O'er thee, what doest thou?"
The Rose said to the Tomb:
"With him who to thy gloom
Goes down, what doest thou?"

The Rose said: "Mournful Tomb,
With these tear-drops I perfume,
Amber sweet, the dusky brake."
The Tomb said: "Rose, each soul
That comes unto my goal,
I a heavenly angel make."

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

FROM BERANGER.

Marie, I pray thee work no more!
The lover's star is in the skies, —
My mother, on a foreign shore
A village youth now captive lies.
Taken afar upon the sea,
He waiteth still his ransom day.
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My child, I light my lamp for thee;
Ah! why these tears that fill thine eyes? —
Mother, he pines in misery;
His foes insult him, where he lies.
A child, still Adrien cared for me;
He made our fireside bright and gay.
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My child, I too for him would spin;
But I am old, so very old! —
Oh send to him what I shall win, —
Oh send my little hoard of gold!
I will not at Rose' bridal be —
God! I hear the fiddler play!
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

Draw near the fire, my dearest one!
The night has come to chill our bones. —
Mother, they tell me Adrien
In the damp floating dungeons groans.
They smite the pale hand cruelly
That he on their coarse bread would lay.
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My daughter, I have late had dreams,
In which thou wert his happy wife.
Before the thirtieth morning beams,
'T will all be real in thy life. —
What! The budding grass will see
His return for whom we pray!
Spin, spin, poor Marie.
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

THE OLD VAGABOND.

FROM BERANGER.

Here in this ditch, I 'll end life's day;
I die infirm, and old, and worn;
"He 's drunk!" the passers-by will say;
'T is well; they will not need to mourn.

Some turn their heads ; a few, at least ;
From others a few sous are thrown ;
Run quickly, hasten to the feast ! —
Old vagabond,
Sure I can die alone.

Yes, here I perish of old age,
For one of hunger never dies ;
I hoped th' asylum would assuage,
At least, my dying agonies.
But every ward is full, and worse,
So many people are forlorn !
The street, alas, was my first nurse.
Old vagabond,
I 'll die where I was born.

To laborers I in youth applied ;
Teach me, I said, some honest trade ;
" Scarce can we for ourselves provide ;
Go beg !" was the reply they made.
" Work !" said the rich. Some bones to gnaw
I had from you ; I will allow ;
'T is true, I slept upon your straw.
Old vagabond,
I will not curse you now.

I could have stolen, I, poor wretch ;
But no ; I rather chose to be
A beggar ; or, at most, to catch
An apple from the wayside tree.
A score of times on me they drew
The prison bolts, by king's decree ;
They stole the only wealth I knew ;
Old vagabond,
The sun 's at least, for me.

A country — has the poor man one ?
For me, what have your grain and wine,
Your industry and glory done ?
Your throngs of orators divine ?
Ah, when the armies of the foe
Were fattening on your open lands,
How like a fool my tears did flow !
Old vagabond,
They fed me from their hands.

Men, will you crush me, like a worm,
  Made but to injure and corrode?
Oh, rather you my life should form
  To labor for the general good.
When sheltered from the adverse wind,
  The worm into the ant will grow;
I would have cherished all mankind.
    Old vagabond!
  Alas! I die your foe.

THE WREATH.

FROM UHLAND.

A LITTLE maiden from the earth
  Did many a little blossom pull;
Then came there from the green wood forth,
  A lady, wondrous beautiful.

She met the maiden with a smile;
  She twined a wreath around her hair;
"It blooms not yet, but will erewhile;
  Oh, wear it ever there!"

And when the little maiden grew,
  And roamed the moon and stars beneath,
And wept sweet tear-drops, tender, true,
  Then buds were on the wreath.

And when her bridegroom to her heart
  With tender love she safely drew,
The buds with gladness burst apart,
  And into blossoms grew.

And soon a sweet and laughing child
  Her arms did tenderly enfold;
Then mid the dark green foliage smiled
  A fruit of richest gold.

And when her loved ones buried were,
  And she left lonely in her grief,
Then waved around her loose strewn hair
  A faded autumn leaf.

Soon lay she also faded there,
  Yet still the precious wreath she wore,
Which, wonderful beyond compare,
  Both fruit and blossoms bore.

THE NUN.

FROM UHLAND.

Through the still cloister garden
  Went a maiden pale and young,
Lit by the moon's dim flashes;
  And love's soft tear-drops hung
Upon her silken lashes.

"Oh, well for me, my true love
  Is in the dusk laid low;
I dare again to love him;
  He is an angel now!
An angel, I dare love him."

The image of the Virgin
  She reached with trembling feet;
It stood in the soft glimmer;
  Its smiles so mother-sweet,
For loving did not blame her.

Sunk at its feet, upgazing,
  She in heavenly peace reposed,
Till Death, the Love-restorer,
  Her eyelids softly closed:
Her veil waved downward o'er her.

TO DEATH.

FROM UHLAND.

Thou who silently at evening,
  Wanderest through earth's flowery lea,
Blossoms bright and golden fruitage
  Gathering, which God gives to thee;

Spare, oh Death! what soft enraptured,
Clinging on Life's bosom lies,
Gazing in its mother's eyes,
By her sweet songs gently captured.

Leave the earth her sons of pleasure,—
They whose strength in trial flies;
That a joyous, gladsome echo,
Fleetly from the dead woods rise!
Quench thou not the pure sun-splendor
Of the spirit of the wise;
Which the young moon's dance supplies,
With a guidance meek and tender.

Silently, on clouds of silver,
Go when starlight reäppears,
Where an old man at his altar,
Every evening kneels in tears.
Breathe to him names dear and tender;
To their circle bear him up,
Where no bitter, burning drop
Dims the eye's eternal splendor.

And the Youth, in whom Love wakens
Yearnings hot and unappeased,
Who his open arms outstretches,
By a tameless impulse seized:
When to heaven's rich starry brightness
He uplooks with passion warm,
Seize him kindly, arm in arm,
Bear him to the blue remoteness!

Where, 'mid bridal sounds and glories,
Breathing love, a form draws near,
Which, before, in spirit only
Breathed soft greetings in his ear;
Where the soul has May-day ever
And again, with new life young,
Dwells in everlasting song,
And in ecstasy forever!

TO THE CHILD OF A POET.

FROM UHLAND.

Thou Poet-child, right welcome be
  Within the golden door of being!
Most fitly chosen gifts for thee
  Are poem and prophetic saying.

In mighty times dost thou awake,
  In earnest days and full of wonder;
When o'er thy infant rest doth break
  A holy warfare's solemn thunder.

But thou art happy, sleeping in
  Hereditary poet-dreamings
Of azure skies, and woodlands green,
  Of trees, and flowers, and starlight gleamings!

Meanwhile the storm has met its doom;
  The clouds that dimmed the age have broken;
Fitly dost thou, a *virgin*, bloom,
  Love's coming empire to betoken!

What to thy Father's songs was given
  As merely prophet Faith's foreseeing,
Shall from the happy fields of heaven,
  As Life, rich *Life*, o'erflow thy being.

PROSE SELECTIONS.

ANNETTE LEE.

It was the celebration of the holy eucharist. The church members gathered reverently around the sacred table, one by one, as they would have approached the sanctuary of the dead. The aged deacon walked slowly up to the side of his young pastor, and feebly to his own side crept his faithful wife. It was an aged company. There was not one of all that holy band, that might not have numbered threescore years, save the youthful pastor, and one young girl, who had stolen to the foot of the table with downcast eyes and silent step, a beautiful representative of the lowly Mary, sitting at Jesus' feet. Never did a sweeter or holier flower offer its incense at the shrine of heaven. Scarce sixteen years had cast their sunshine on her pathway; yet there she stood, in communion with aged saints, consecrating the youthful affections of her heart to the service of her holy Master. Youth, purity, and beauty, offering themselves at the altar of heaven! What a lovely example was she to the young sisterhood of Christians! What a beautiful model for the study of the young daughters of Zion!

For a week she had watched ceaselessly at the bedside of her sick mother; and it was only for the blessed privilege of partaking of the holy supper, that she had now for the first time left her. No wonder, then, that her cheek was pale, and her eyes sad with tears. Once, and once only, did she raise them, as she approached the table of the sacrament. It was to glance at the vacant place beside her own — the place which her mother had occupied for years. Sadly again, the long,

silken lashes drooped over her blue eyes, as she folded her dimpled hands upon her heart, and bowed her head at the blessing of the sacred feast. A sigh rose from every bosom in the aged circle, as the meek young creature stood so sadly before them — she who was the lamb of their passover — the sweet rainbow that shed brightness over their holy vineyard. They felt that she was soon to be an orphan; that the fond mother who had cherished her, as she would have cherished a tropical flower, who had led her from her earliest years to the tabernacle of her Lord, and opened her young mind to the light of the gospel, was to be taken shortly to her grave. And where, thought they, will the young dove find a shelter? Who will be to her a mother, and watch over her with the untiring solicitude of her own beloved parent?

Edward Marion, the young clergyman who had that day ministered to them for the first time, was as much startled at the appearance of the maiden, as though a vision of heaven had burst upon his sight. Could this be Annette Lee, the lady whom Deacon Gray had pictured forth to him as a *pattern* Christian — an exact model of the good Dorcas of Scripture celebrity? Surely, it was not the Annette Lee of his imagination; the tall, dark, sober woman of some twenty-five or thirty years of age, that had been shadowed forth by his fancy, as a just personification of the sober picture drawn by the good deacon, of her goodness, and virtue, and unostentatious piety. If he had but added the terms *youth* and *beauty*, the young minister might have formed a more perfect conception. But of these Deacon Gray was altogether unmindful; they were charms lost to him, in the preferment of her nobler qualifications. He thought only of her innocence, fidelity, and Christian deportment, and therefore of these only did he speak.

Yet the image which Marion had formed was a natural one; one which experience (alas! that this experience should be so universal) had taught him to be correct, as embodying the spirit and principles of Christianity in a form *distinct* from youth and beauty; and as arraying religion in garments of stern plainness and sanctimonious simplicity. But for once,

he found religion coalesced with extreme youth and exquisite beauty; for once, he found the spirit of true piety dwelling in the heart of a beautiful young maiden. What a glorious, what a holy dwelling-place! How fit for the residence of faithful and devoted piety! And yet how seldom is it made its home; how seldom does it preside, the divinity — the guardian spirit of the youthful affections! Maidens, sisters, open your hearts, and bid it welcome to an everlasting habitation. Its office is to suppress exuberant gayety, to subdue pride and vanity, and to guard the sweet affections of our youth from every vile obtrusion. And where can it find a throne, like the heart of an innocent girl? Where can it find a crown so becoming as youth and beauty?

The young clergyman lifted the silver cup to his lips: "Let us drink to the memory of our Saviour," said he, "the Saviour of the world!" and raising his eyes to heaven, continued, "Redeemer, crucified Redeemer, this do we, in remembrance of thee." There was an eloquence in his voice, and an inspiration in his eye, as he pronounced these emphatic words, that called a celestial glow to the fair cheek of Annette Lee, and lighted up her eye with the lustre of a seraph's. There was a holy enthusiasm burning upon the altar of her heart, that needed but one breath of the spirit of its genius, to kindle it to a flame that would flash out beyond its own sanctuary, and impart its warmth to the souls of others. The dim eyes of the old men and women caught life and spirit from hers, and their voices grew strong and harmonious, as they uttered a fervent response to the sacred sentiment of their devout pastor. Edward Marion looked around upon the pious group, so richly endowed with spiritual gifts; and felt that he was blest indeed, to be the chosen pastor of so faithful a flock. The aged minister, who had for many years presided over the spiritual empire of the church, had lately gone to his grave; and of the respectable body of Christians who had formerly united themselves under his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, only twelve now remained. He was a pious and godly man, and had been remarkable for preserving peace and unity in the church; but he lacked the energy and enthusiasm requisite

for overpowering prejudice — the mightiest obstacle in the pathway of truth — or for fanning the fire in the souls of his hearers, to anything more than a dallying flame, which, by its wavering and uncertain light, tantalized their hopes and anticipations, till they expired from very weariness. The only accession which had been made to the church since its first organization, was our sweet Annette; and it was more through the persuasions of her devoted mother, and the holy impulses of her own heart, than any influence of the good pastor, that even she was added to that small company of saints. It cannot be wondered, then, that some golden visions should flit through the brain of their new pastor, young as he was, and with a soul full of bright promises and glorious anticipations. It cannot be wondered that his heart grew light with hope, and his soul warm with zeal, as he looked upon the great work before him, — a limitless work of enfranchisement and salvation.

True piety is the touchstone of the heart. There is a magic in it that opens the sealed fountains of the soul, — that wakens scintillations in every ray of its holy light, and that calls forth life, and beauty, and harmony, from even the marble heart, that is shrunk in the miser's breast. It kindled a flame in the soul of Marion, that rose to heaven. His eye grew even brighter, and his voice more eloquent, as the communion hymn swelled up from his lips; and his tall, slight frame seemed nerved with more than human energy. For a few moments his voice was solitary; but presently a sound, low, sweet, and tremulous, stole from another of the worshippers, and grew stronger, clearer, and richer, till it seemed the very minstrelsy of an angel. Every eye was filled with tears — tears of love, thanksgiving and joy, and every soul was exhilarated with the fervor of its hopes, and the intensity of its devotion. Every power and principle of their natures — their thoughts, their hopes, and their affections, were mingled together in the triumph of that song. It seemed to them that the veil was already rent, and that the glory of the New Jerusalem was shining round about them. Here was none of the pomp and ceremony of a Romish carnival, no false form

of fashion or Pharisaical sanctity, to dazzle the eye and pall the soul; but there was nature — free, impulsive, enthusiastic nature, welling up from the deep heart, and coursing its way to the boundless waters of eternal life. What a scene for the infidel to look upon! Let him "who scoffs at piety and heaven," — who ridicules the holy name of Jesus, and bows to the dark idol that his own imagination has created — let such an one enter the tabernacle of the Almighty, where his worship is set up in the heart, and kindled by the rays of his everlasting love; where forms are forgotten, and fashion has no sway; where the souls of the worshippers become transparent, and their hearts are seen without a blemish, and he will feel a chord in his own soul thrilled by the magic touch; a chord that may have lain senseless, but is not dead — that, like an Æolian lyre, needs but a constant breath, to yield undying melody.

Three months followed the day of sacrament, and Marion stood by the death-bed of Mrs. Lee. Consumption, with its pale fingers, had been slowly and almost imperceptibly severing the silver chord of life, and its submissive victim lay patiently awaiting the finishing stroke that was to make her spirit free. Marion, with Annette, had been the patient, and almost constant guardian of her bedside, watching through the long summer days, and planting flowers in the dark pathway that leads to the silent chambers of death. Not a cloud drew near, to dim the spirit of the sufferer. Every doubt was removed, every fearful thought was driven away; not a feeling of her heart was unweaned from earth. Even her beloved daughter, the sweet priestess of her heart, who had tuned the broken harp of her widowed affections to a new melody — the melody of a mother's love, — the meek and uncomplaining angel, who had clung unweariedly to her bedside through the long months of her illness, and who was now resigning her with the submission of a martyr to the outspread arms of her Redeemer, even she, had now no fetters to bind her heart to earth.

The white muslin curtain had been drawn aside, and the pink blossoms of the honey-suckle peeped through the trellised

window, to look on the death-scene of a Christian. The sun had gathered his last, lingering rays beneath the drapery of his couch, and the pale twilight had drawn its silver curtains around the soft, faint stars. The cool breath of the evening stole through the green lattice, and stirred the chords of an Æolian harp, which had been placed in the window at the request of Mrs. Lee, to beguile the weary moments of a tedious illness. Annette would have removed it. "Nay, Annette, let it stay. I love those tones — so sweet, so celestial, so ethereal; they seem like the voice of a welcoming spirit, calling me to my eternal home. This is the happiest hour of my life. I have long thought of death, as a beautiful entrance to my father's fold, — a quiet way by which to enter the pastures of my good Shepherd — but never, never did I know the joy, the ecstatic joy, that is this moment lighting up my soul with the brightness of heaven. It is the shadow of celestial peace — the dawning of Elysian light — the first, sweet, faint glow of an eternal radiance. It is a joy that has no tincture of earth — that takes its hue from the ray that streams through the arches of heaven. How many a bitter pang might my poor heart have been spared, had this light beamed upon it in early life. Oh! death teaches us a glorious lesson! The mist that clouds our mental perception in hours of life, fades before the brightness that is shed upon our dying moments — and in those few moments we see with the clear vision of Deity. The frailties and follies of human nature — the crimes and vices that are so magnified by the haziness that is spread before our moral perception in hours of health, when seen by the clear light of celestial mercy that hallows our hearts in our dying hours, seem like mere points of darkness upon a broad surface of light — and we trace so distinctly, too, the clear outline of their shadows — the miseries and wretchedness that follow in their train — that it seems to us, could we retain this knowledge in our minds, and be brought back again to the entrance of life's pathway, to walk once more within its flowery borders, that we could easily avoid the deadly nightshades that spring up amid its richest clusters, and feast ourselves upon all the joys and excellences of earth, as freely, and

as unharmed, as though the noxious poison were uprooted forever from its soil." She paused a few moments to recover strength, and then proceeded: "I might have some fears of leaving you, my Annette, so alone in the world — without father or mother to shield you — but I have trust in the guardianship of a mightier Friend; and I know that your own pure and innocent heart is a talisman, of itself, to keep it sacred from the touch of sin. You have offered the sweet incense of your young affections at the shrine of heaven — offer it there still, my beloved daughter; and the vain idols of earth will have no power to enforce your worship. The golden crown that heaven will lay upon your head, will have a wealth that all the idols of the earth could never purchase — the wealth of a pure conscience and a happy heart."

There is something mournful in death, even when it comes in its kindest aspect; and Annette's sensitive heart, so easily affected by a shade of grief, felt, to its very core, the deep, celestial tenderness of her mother's love — and the touching beauty of its expiring brightness fell with a powerful energy upon her soul, that melted it to tears.

> "Few orators so tenderly can touch
> The feeling heart."

Annette was one of the meekest, most trusting, and unexacting of God's creatures. His will was her law; she never asked of him a blessing that would require a miraculous display of power to bestow; she never pleaded for exemption from any of the afflictions of earth; and though she felt her heart torn and bleeding by the stroke that death was now inflicting, yet no murmur escaped her lips; she asked for no escape, no relief — she knew that it was right, and why should she repine, or wish to alter the purpose of God? Her Saviour's prayer was hers, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done."

The faith that had early sprung up in her heart like a tender plant, had been fed and nourished, till it had rooted itself in the deep fountains of the soul, and drank in its immortal nature. It was a faith independent, irrepressible, and eternal,

growing brighter beneath clouds, and stronger in the tempest. She stood leaning over her mother, and gazing into the clear depths of her full blue eyes, which had gradually faded from an almost preternatural brightness, till the last ray of intelligence was dying from their surface. Annette started as she saw the dark mist of death gathering like a shroud above them, and clasped her arms wildly about her mother's neck. She feared to behold the dying struggle — she imagined there was something in it appalling to her gentle nature. A sudden brightness again flashed to the mother's eye, and she started from her pillow and placed her hand upon her daughter's head. Annette knelt — and Marion stood by her side, and took her hand. A smile gathered upon the dying woman's lips — she half murmured a blessing — sunk back upon her pillow — and raising her eyes to heaven, like a lamb to its shepherd, yielded her spirit to the God who gave it.

"O death! where is thy sting?" It is in the heart of those who have no hope in God — in the soul of the infidel and the unbeliever — but never, never in the soul of the Christian. "Thanks be to God, that hath given *such* the victory:" it is their reward — the finishing reward of their piety and faithfulness — their last and richest recompense.

Annette was not left alone. She found a home in the heart of one who loved her; of one who had seen her in the service of the temple, unshackled by the rigid restraints of fashion, impulsively throwing open the doors of her heart, and letting its sweet affections walk forth to the baptism; one who had seen her at the sick bed of a parent, forgetful of self in the soft ministrations of filial love; one who had seen her resign that parent to the arms of death, without a murmur, a despondent sigh, and almost without a tear. Had Marion met her in a giddy throng, "mid fashion's votaries," he might never have known the wealth of her spotless heart; but he had seen her in trial and in grief; and the priceless pearl had remained untarnished, and won his soul.

1836.

THE MARTYR.

THERE is a simple tale related in the annals of martyrdom, that most beautifully illustrates the power of the Christian faith, in strengthening the heart for the most fearful trials, temptation, persecution, and death. It is the tragic story of Joan Lashford, one of the long lists of martyrs who suffered in Mary's reign. Her unassuming name has found but a shaded recess in history, for the brilliancy of greater names has cast a veil over the starlike beauty of her character — its tenderness and meekness, its truth and constancy, its fortitude and faith.

Her way was in the humble walks of life; but manifestations of moral beauty are not dependent upon outward lights, — rank, opulence, and brilliant genius; they are revelations made by the spiritual light of innocence and piety, and are as often visible in the deeds of the lowly-hearted peasant, as in the proud performances of lords and kings. The rank and genius that have made Cranmer and Latimer so eminent in the history of martyrdoms, have added no lustre to the name we would commemorate. Joan was not noble in birth and station, but in mind and deed; she was not gifted with wisdom and eloquence, but with a pure spirit and a faithful heart; and are not these the only *true* distinctions of greatness? It mattered little to her that the volumes of mystic lore were sealed — that the oracles of classic wisdom were hidden mysteries; the only volume that *she* cared to unclasp, yielded its truths to her simplest intelligence; and the oracle of infinite wisdom, the only one that she consulted, needed no interpretation but such as was afforded by the natural perceptions of her clear and vigorous mind.

Joan's early years were passed in the service of Dr. Story, her kinsman — an intolerant Catholic, and violent persecutor of dissenters. His faithlessness and duplicity, his taunting insolence and tyrannical oppression, are almost without parallel. It was a proud boast of his, that there had never been one burnt in Queen Mary's reign, of whose death he had not been the chief cause. What a misfortune to a helpless maiden, to

be held in the power of such a man! Before Joan had completed her twentieth year, her parents, being suspected of cherishing heretical sentiments, were arrested and cast into prison. Here their affectionate daughter ministered to them in their sorrow. But the jealous eye of bigotry was a witness of her holy missions; she, too, was arrested, and after a short examination before the bishop, was conveyed to Newgate. That loathsome habitation of vice was for many months the home of a tender female, whose only crime was fidelity to her Saviour.

At this time, Dr. Story, probably influenced by a selfish desire of preserving the life of a faithful servant, made intercession to Dr. Martin, who then held the office of commissioner, both for Joan and her parents; and being a man of considerable influence, his efforts spared their lives. But it was only for a short time. He was himself, soon after, appointed commissioner, and desirous of displaying his zeal in the cause of the queen, "so far forgot himself and his old servant," says the historian, "that he became no small procurer of their deaths;" thus furnishing another instance of the evil effects of power upon the human heart.

After the martyrdom of her parents, Joan was again brought before the bishop. But her faith was unwavering; she was neither moved by his temptations, nor intimidated by his threats. He questioned her concerning her faith; to which she replied, "For more than twelve months I have come unto no popish mass, nor service of the church; neither will I, either to receive the sacrament of the altar or to be confessed, because my conscience will not permit me so to do. And I do confess and protest that in the sacrament of the altar, there is not the real presence of Christ's body and blood, neither is the auricular confession or absolution, after the popish sort, necessary, nor is the mass good, or according unto the Scripture; but all the superfluous sacraments, ceremonies, and divine service, as now used in the realm of England, are most vile, and contrary to Christ's words and institution, for they neither were at the beginning, neither shall they be at the end."

What a dauntless confession for a delicate girl to make to

a powerful and cruel bishop, with the view of a fearful martyrdom before her — within very sight, as it were, of the crackling fagot, and the scorching flame! The bishop then exhorted her to return to the church.

"If you will leave off your abominations," she fearlessly replied, "I will return; otherwise, I will not."

Bonner still persisted, promising her pardon of all her errors, if she would be conformed, to which she answered, "Do as it pleaseth you, and I pray God that you may do that which may please God."

She was condemned, and with five others, brought to the stake; and, in the language of the historian, "there washed her garments in the blood of the Lamb, dying most constantly for his word and truth, to whom, most lovingly, she espoused herself."

We regret that the historian has passed so lightly over her death. We could wish that he had omitted one "ghostly letter" of John Bradford, or one holy epistle of Nicholas Shetterden, and devoted the page to the perishing of that meek flower, whose youth and sweetness were sacrificed without the incense of one tear, perhaps, for she was a lonely orphan, a desolate blossom, crushed in her solitary loveliness, by the reckless tread of bigotry and persecution. We cannot but regret that the last revelations of that godlike spirit were suffered to pass away, unnoted in their wondrous beauty; and that the sweet inspirations of faith and hope, which her gentle voice may have uttered through the drapery of flames that consumed her, should have died away unheard, like the melody of a lone harp.

We have drawn no colors from fiction to aid in the embellishment of our picture; there is a majesty in its plain truth, that would be only weakened by the glare of a false light. A fair creature, in the freshness of her young life, forsaking its hopes and its joys, and in the pious adoration of an humble heart, yielding herself to the cruelties of a dreadful martyrdom, rather than prove false to the doctrines of a loved Redeemer, is a picture that needs but the simple light of its own reality, to startle us with its surprising beauty.

There is a dark catalogue of scenes like this portrayed upon the historic page; and many of them, we grieve to say it, have been witnessed in the gardens of our own fair land. And even yet, that spirit of intolerance, that "holy audaciousness," (as the Dominican friar defined it,) which doomed the Protestant maiden to the stake, is lingering among the beautiful vineyards of Zion, and breathing its feverish malignance upon the rich fruitage that it cannot blight. The same spirit is yet alive, not walking abroad in noonday light, and covering the earth with gloom and desolation, as in the days of its supremacy, but brooding in darkness, and cowering in secret places, keeping a vigilant and envious eye upon the glorious up-building of the kingdom which it would vainly seek to destroy.

1837.

ELEONORA, THE SHAKERESS.

"THERE, there! Nathan, seest that long silver line of mist rising from that dark old forest? 'T is the token of a hidden river — I verily believe me, there lies the actual gold-bedded stream we seek!" exclaimed the beautiful little enthusiast, who sat in the front of a long covered wagon, to an elderly, intelligent-looking man by her side. "Oh, I do hope so! I almost think I can see the glimmer of a blue lake, just such as dear old brother Simon described in his testament."

"Hush, Eleonora," replied old Nathan, fondly, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, and holding it up before his eyes, to screen them from the full blaze of the rising sun, that he might scrutinize the spot pointed out by the little sister; "hush, giddy thing! more like it is the glimmer of your own blue eyes — for do you not see that all before us is one unbroken extent of forest, and that if there were a sheet of water concealed there, your eyes could not penetrate all that mass of trunks and leaves to discover it?"

"But my eyes are young, and yours are old and dim, Nathan. I declare, I *do* see water through the trees! Look steady a moment — how it sparkles in the sunbeams! I

claim the great discovery of Simon's western estate!" and her light laugh rang like liquid melody along the adjacent forest-borders, as she started to her feet and held out her little mittened hand with an air of pomposity; "bear witness, all, that Eleonora Fay is justly entitled to the honor of bestowing her own name upon that bed of water, and that it is no longer 'Simon's Lake,' but *Eleonora's* Lake, or Lake Eleonora. May n't it be so, Nathan?" she begged, with an eager voice, seconded by an eloquent appeal from her clear large eyes, whose petitions, she well knew, were *never* refused.

"Yea, child, if it prove to be what we seek, you shall make it your namesake; but, for my part, I can see nothing like what you speak of, though there is, to be sure, a veil of mist at some distance yonder. How is it, Mary, do *you* see anything marvellous?"

The woman addressed leaned forward in the carriage, and strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of what the little beauty so resolutely persisted in declaring to be distinctly visible. "Yea, most certainly there is water there, but may be it is not 'Simon's Lake,' after all. However, I think we may as well stop and take our breakfast, and after that, send some of the brethren to explore the forest, for we cannot, at all events, be far from the place of our destination."

"Well, well, may be so," replied Nathan; "take the reins, while I alight and consult the brethren." In rear of the carriage containing our friends, Nathan, Mary, and Eleonora, besides half a dozen sisters whom we have not introduced to our readers, followed two carriages of similar construction, containing about an equal number of persons, male and female — still further in the rear, followed a baggage-team, drawn by six strong, plump horses, their warm breaths smoking in the cool morning air, and their sleek sides moist, as though their matin travel had been rapid, and of considerable extent.

After some consultation between the elder and his brethren, in which it was decided that Mary's advice was worthy of being followed, the carriages were speedily vacated, the horses detached, and the whole party grouped beneath the ancient

forest trees, that in their long and glorious existence, had never looked down upon an assemblage of beings, so unique and picturesque, as the small fraternity of Shakers now clustered beneath their boughs. The drab-colored broad-brims and long rounded jackets, the plain peculiar coats and blue yarn stockings of the men, were curiously contrasted with the scant pressed-flannel gowns, narrow gray cloaks and close no-crowned bonnets of the women, who were bustling about with their characteristic notableness, preparing breakfast, while the brethren waited upon their lusty, well-fed animals. Tea-kettles were soon boiling, potatoes roasting, and pork frying at short intervals about the sylvan tabernacle, whilst little Eleonora stood with glistening eyes, admiring the strange and, to her mind, exciting spectacle.

"And so, Mary," said she to the tall, dignified matron we have before mentioned, who sat superintending the operations of the subordinates, "this is breakfasting in an Ohio wildwood, is it not? I had no idea before of such a scene. It reminds me of the gypsy parties you have told me about, only our dresses are not so fantastic."

"You are just about wild enough for a young gypsy," replied the eldress, pleasantly; "come and see if there is not something to tame you here," leading her to the long table which was spread beneath the trees. The whole party were collected at the feast with appetites whetted by long abstinence and that peculiar stimulant which is natural to woodlands, and is said to give such a strong zest to every species of aliment, from the richest roast, down to a cold potato; and while they are satiating those cravings of nature, that, with all their warrings *against* nature, they have never been able to conquer, we will gratify the curiosity of our readers, if we may be allowed the vanity to suppose we have awakened any, by detailing briefly their origin and destination.

They were the better portion of a large society of Connecticut Shakers, who were about to make a settlement upon an extensive estate, deeded to them a few months before, by an aged brother upon his death-bed. Nathan and Mary had for many years been elders of the church, and bore as unlimited

sway over the subjects of their little territory, as the haughtiest autocrat that ever wielded the sceptre of an empire. So long accustomed to their imperative dictation, the fraternity had learned to feel no surprise at the most novel project that might be set on foot by these petty despots, and obeyed their requirements as unresistingly as the "world's people" submit to the laws of nature and expediency. Indeed, there could not be much regret occasioned by the relinquishment of the statute books into less authoritative hands, for though Nathan and Mary were more profound legislators, they were far less lenient executives than their successors.

Nathan had graduated at a university in early life, and had commenced the practice of law, when a serious disappointment of the heart prostrated, for a time, his health and reason. His recovery was attended by a kind of sullen misanthropy, which induced him to withdraw from the world, and unite himself with this secluded people, where he had gradually recovered his cheerfulness, and displayed so many tokens of a *leading gift*, that he was promoted to the eldership of the church, which office he had now held for the term of fourteen years. Those who witnessed him at his graduation thirty years before, and heard him pronounce an eloquent dissertation upon ancient literature, would hardly acknowledge, in the plain personage presiding at the woodland breakfast, the identity of that elegant young collegian. His hair, which, were he our hero, we should canonically term *auburn*, was changing its somewhat brilliant hue, for a color more accordant with the drab complexion of the coat, on which its long, unbarbered locks, clustered in heroic ringlets—his restless blue eye, long, straight nose, and prominent, veiny forehead, were marked by the hand of time in hues fainter and more delicate, yet still distinct enough to betray the chisel of the great Sculptor, whose study includes the universe, and whose materials comprehend creation.

Nathan had one peculiarity, which all his professions of simplicity of manners and plainness of speech had never eradicated. He loved to display his classical erudition, to be chaste, poetic, elegant — and if possible to astonish his un-

taught auditors, and make them esteem him a very demigod. Though initiated in the mysteries of the same idiomatic elegance, Mary's phraseology was remarkably simple and unpretending. She had in her youthful days been a wife and a mother, but the witchery of Ann Lee seduced her from the home she had graced with her virtues and refinement, and turned the current of her affections, which had flowed so abundantly toward her husband and child, into a very different channel, where they had remained in frigid imprisonment, till in the beauty and sweet graces of little Eleonora, they were at length warmed into life and action. She had learned the story of her husband's death a few months after her unnatural desertion, and her child, she believed, must have fallen a victim to want and suffering, though of the certainty of its fate she had never been informed. She was a woman of masculine firmness of mind, and her bold, projecting forehead, and black, piercing, deep-set eye, betokened an unusual degree of intellectual strength, such as might be expected in one who could so unrelentingly break the strongest natural ties, to take up the cross of a false Christ.

Eleonora, now the most fascinating creature in existence, had been found some twelve years before, snugly deposited upon the doorsteps of one of the Shaker domicils in Connecticut, wrapped in flannels, and dressed with exquisite taste, bearing a knot of blue ribbon upon her breast, to which was attached a small note, recommending her, in the most fervent and heart-thrilling manner, to the tender care of the elder sister, Mary Hale, — representing her as a poor, motherless babe, from whom a cruel fate was now tearing the last idolizing parent, and directing that she should be taught in all the Christian gifts and graces, save those that partake too strongly of sectarism, requesting, moreover, that perfect freedom of action, speech, and thought, should be allowed her, so far as it did not encroach upon the strictest rules of propriety and spiritual purity; and, as an earnest to this appeal, was enclosed a considerable sum of money, which was only a foretaste of that which should accrue to them, if the child should be tenderly reared to the age of twelve years.

Eleonora was now commencing her thirteenth year, and as yet no parent had appeared to claim her; a circumstance that Mary for one did not regret; for from the moment that her eyes first lighted upon the thrilling smiles of the orphan babe, her heart had been one fountain of love for her. All the affection that was once bestowed upon her own little cherub boy, was fastened upon her lovely *protégé;* and as the artificial excitement of her religious faith subsided, and it became to her merely a cold, formal profession, so proportionately did her attachment to Eleonora increase. Artless as a young dove, the orphan beauty had grown up, ignorant and incurious concerning her origin — the pet of the elders, and the favorite of all; — how could she be otherwise than the happiest of living things?

The superior talents of the elders (we speak comparatively) were of great service in the education of Eleonora, whose delicate penetration and ardent thirst for knowledge, were satisfied only with the complete solution of every scientific mystery and moral enigma that puzzled her comprehension or her conscience. Those who are intimately acquainted with the peculiar sect among whom she was reared, know well the general ignorance that pervades their ranks, whether from the design or incompetency of those who have charge of intellectual matters, it is not for us to decide. Albeit, the term of Nathan's eldership was distinguished for an unprecedented diffusion of useful knowledge throughout the society; and which was even suffered to exceed the limits of utility in the education of our little heroine, insomuch that she was accomplished in all the branches of ornamental needlework, understood the elements of botany, could relate, with artless elegance, the history of Shakerism, from *the creation of the world* down to the period of her connection with the society, and had even perused an entire volume of poetry, apart from the hymn-book, and a popular manuscript text-book in rhyme, entitled, "A Concise Answer to the Inquiry, 'Who and what are the Shakers?'"

Such indulgence, as is usual, resulted in spoiling her, at least for a practical Shaker, and transformed her into the

most enthusiastic, romantic creature possible. Such she was at the period of their emigration to the western wild, where, in the magnificent forests and rich alluvials, the clear, broad rivers and sleeping lakes, which intersected their line of travel, she found constant themes for her imagination to weave into fantasies of childish romance, and bright, millennial visions.

The lake pointed out by her, just within the borders of the forest, and the meadow-land surrounding it, were too correct prototypes of the descriptive picture left by old Simon, to be mistaken; and as further evidence of their identity, there stood the very huts, also mentioned in the deed, which were erected for temporary shelters to the surveyors, nearly eight years before, and now served the same kind purpose to our emigrants, where we shall leave them for some years, to make clearings and found a village after their own peculiar fashion.

* * * * * *

One of those long golden twilights, that so frequently succeed the decline of the summer sun, was beginning to chequer with streaks and links of yellow light the softly-agitated surface of Lake Eleonora, which still retained its original quiet beauty, amid all the marvellous change that had been wrought upon its borders. There, too, warbled the yellow-bedded Arethuse, winding through rich meadows with a quiet murmur, and becoming gradually more restless, till hushed in the breathing silence of the lake. Alas! melodious rivulet, and sweet, transparent lake! The traveller asks vainly for their location, and the vacant stare and evasive answer prove that their day of romance is past, and that henceforth ruder names will designate their less poetic, and perhaps more utile qualities. But thanks to the presiding muse that cast the spell of poesy over them during the brief date of our narrative; for then creatures of sentiment and gifted intellect wandered delighted upon their sylvan borders, and enacted scenes of holy beauty that well deserve the faithful delineations of a chronicler's pen.

A large, magnificent garden, where the rare exotic and delicate wild-flower mingled like the deities and fairies of orien-

tal lands, was fashioned from the rich soil of the river banks, just where it emptied its clear waters into its little oval reservoir; and even a long extent of marginal land upon the lake was plotted with fragrant plants, that thrived upon its fatness, till their tall blossoms bowed over to gaze at their own mirrored beauty, and blush at its rich excess. A double row of ornamental trees surrounded both divisions of the garden, which were connected by a narrow bridge, built across the Arethuse, and supported by a white arch of open trellis-work, entirely covered by the luxuriant foliage of a wild grape-vine. The young Shaker girls were scattered about the garden, each to her allotted portion, busily engaged in training the fragile stalks that were borne down by their clustering fragrance, and lay trailing in the dust. Close by the side of a beautiful almond-tree, stood a slender girl of eighteen years, twining the long tendrils of a pink-blossomed honeysuckle around the frame-work of a small arbor; and, ever and anon, forgetting her task, she would glide through the intervening paths and stand on the shore of the lake; — there gazing a moment in wild rapture at the glory of the scene, and then glancing back again in her light-hearted mirth, to fondle the flowers that were less fair than herself, and choose from the gorgeous multitude those of the freshest hue and sweetest breath to wear upon her heart — an emblem of its meekness and purity.

Having at length satisfied herself with a selection that would do honor to a painter's taste, and being wearied with her exhilarating exercise, she drew off her white cambric bonnet, and hanging it upon a bough of the almond-tree, threw herself upon the seat of the arbor, and then performed several little trivial deeds, quite inconsistent with the rules of Shaker decorum. The first was the rolling up of her white sleeves above her elbows, for which indiscretion her conscience pleaded two good apologies — the excessive heat, and the fear of adding to the several small stains which she perceived, to her mortification, already disfigured their cleanness. Afterward, as her fever increased, she untied the strings of her close muslin cap, and unconsciously suffered one long

sunny tress to escape from its "durance vile," and dance a free gambol with the sportive zephyr; and then, braiding a knot of delicate harebells and snowy honeysuckles with a small blush-rose, loosened her 'kerchief at the throat, and flinging it apart upon her shoulders, placed the bouquet in the centre of the open angle. Each of these little performances were encroachments upon the prudish propriety of the established customs — but as we have said in our notice of her childhood, indulgence had spoiled Eleonora for a practical Shaker — and although we perfectly exonerate her from the slightest charge of vanity, if feminine loveliness be ever an excuse for this folly, our heroine surely might have been pardoned for indulging in it.

Her fair, rounded arms, bared to the mellow twilight, were such as a sculptor would have sought, were he chiselling a Psyche — her little arched throat, so rarely displayed, was white — O, you may be sure, it was *very* white! — and that auburn curl was a thing, we may venture to assert, never before seen stealing from the coif of a Shaker damsel, as their customs require a shorn head; — but Eleonora's hair was so very beautiful, that her patroness, Mary, would never consent that it should be submitted to the torturing shears, but bound it carefully beneath the folds of her cap, from whence accident had now suffered it to partially emerge — and then her face — we would describe it if we could, but our readers may each cast the features in their own mould of perfect loveliness, and stamp them with the holiest expression of the spirit — they cannot surpass the reality.

A gentle rustling among the leaves of a beautiful young tree, called her attention from her flowers, and there, nestling with a mischievous grace amid the corymbed blossoms, she espied a young dove that she had reared from its parentless infancy, till now it followed her footsteps like her shadow. She called to it softly, and with a glad flutter of its wings, it left the tree, and perched upon her little palm, whilst with her other hand, which looked as though it were made only to dress a flower, or caress a bird, she playfully pulled the soft blue fringe of its folded wings, and smoothed its snowy back.

Suddenly, as though startled, it darted up its head, and flew back to the tree; its mistress raised her eyes, and met the admiring gaze of a stranger, who had approached the arbor unperceived, and now stood immediately before her. She uttered a slight exclamation, and remembering her discomposed attire, snatched the nosegay from her bosom, and dropped it at her feet; then drawing the 'kerchief together at the throat, and feeling the burning crimson mantling to her cheek and brow, fled like a frightened hare to the covert of the trees. She had scarcely time to compose her dress, still less her feelings, when the voice of Nathan summoned her to the arbor again. The stranger was with him.

"Here, Eleonora Fay, this gentleman, Mr. Davenport — a favorite of Apollo and the Muses — desires to be conducted to that part of the garden most favorable for a view of the lake. Now you have a nice taste for such things, and a better knowledge of the different points of prospect than I have, so tie on your bonnet, and lead us to the loveliest spot, — for the starlight will soon fall upon it."

"Yea, and would not starlight, early starlight, just when it steals upon declining day, be the very light of all others, the fittest for such a scene?" she inquired, addressing the stranger-artist, and raising her eyes towards him rather composedly, till they fell, unfortunately, upon the boquet resting on his bosom — the very one she had thrown away; and then her composure was again put to flight. She hastened on, without waiting for a reply, and did not again pause till they had arrived at the upper part of the garden, where a summer-house was erected upon the summit of a slope. Many frail and beautiful exotics were arranged in pots around the border of the mossy floor, and a woodbine covered the white exterior.

"Here," said Eleonora to Nathan, "here is the spot which Mary and I chose for the site of the summer-house, and I cannot but think Mr. Davenport will be pleased with this view of the lake."

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, "one might almost believe it the very land of the millennium, such proud old forests, darkling in shadows and glowing in light, as changeable as the

zephyr that sweeps through their massy foliage — the tranquil lake, tranquil but one moment, ere the whole breath of the woodland is flung down upon its sensitive surface — the garden with its rare young trees and beds of flowers, not to speak of the *animate* charms, that give such sweet expression to the scene" — and here a glance, transient as a meteor, and almost as bright, was directed towards Eleonora. "Oh, now for the canvass and the pencil! this stool shall be my throne, and here will I create a mimic world, as fair as the Eden of the east."

"But beware," said Nathan, solemnly, "beware that you place no serpent in it."

A slight color flushed the painter's cheek. "Ah, certainly, it would be an incongruous circumstance — the presence of the serpent within the holy precincts of a kingdom whose people are said to be his direct foes — no, no, — it shall be the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, like the one now descending upon Eleonora's hand. How apt a representation!"

"Yea," responded the elder, clasping his hands, "yea, yea!" Davenport drew a paper from his portfolio, and while he was sketching hastily from the scene before him, Eleonora had opportunity for the first time to mark his countenance. He was not very young, "full thirty," at least, and without minutely describing his appearance, we assure our readers that he was just such a looking person as everybody at first-sight loves, for the very good reason, that he looked as though he, at first-sight, loved everybody. Eleonora now joined the sisters who were returning from their evening toil, as the tinkling tea-bell promised a grateful refreshment, and when, two by two, the white-clad virgins passed the little retreat of the artist, his eye followed their steps with an expression of fervent admiration. He declined the elder's invitation to partake of the evening meal, and bidding him farewell, passed through the gate and disappeared.

When Eleonora had retired to her little bed, which occupied a pleasant corner of the dormitory, her mind recurred to the scenes of the day. And then stole forth the deeply penitent prayer for pardoning grace to quench the rising sin, that

she vainly strove to repress. She invoked the Holy Spirit to operate upon her heart, for a forbidden affection had entered its inmost sanctuary — a love stronger than that of a sister — for Mary, nor Nathan, nor one dear member of the fraternity had ever held such sway over her thoughts, as the stranger whom a late hour had first presented to her. She dwelt upon his first look of admiration at their encounter in the arbor — upon the boquet in his bosom — the glance in the summer-house — upon every word he had uttered, every action he had performed. Was it not wrong — vitally sinful? Her creed answered *yea* — and ere she could be absolved, she must confess her bondage, and vow a new allegiance to the cross. "Yea," she mentally ejaculated, "to-morrow I will confess all to Mary, and then I shall know peace again. O my God! I have told *thee* my weakness, but thou art so full of mercy that thou dost not rebuke me. It seems that now my spirit hears thy kind, soft voice reply, — 'It is no sin!' But it is an illusion, Father; an illusion of the evil one — it *must* be sin, else why is it forbidden?" Poor Eleonora! she knew not the deceit that had been practised upon her innocent mind; she knew not that she had been instructed in a spurious gospel, wrought out from the vain traditions of men.

They had taught her that all natural affection is vile, even the holiest ties of parental and conjugal love; that the ties of consanguinity should be broken as chains of carnal bondage, and a zealous warfare carried on against the laws of nature, ere the spirit could be entitled to wear the millennial crown. But the law of love is imperative — not so easily subdued as its rebel subjects could desire. Thanks be to God! it is written upon their hearts, and till *they* are wasted to the inmost core, the burning sentence will remain — the irrevocable edict of the King of Love!

Even sleep, the spirit's "sweet restorer," did not obliterate the image of a rich black eye and thrilling smile from Elonora's mind, and when the Sabbath dawn awoke her to their more vivid remembrance, her first lisping from the footstool of grace was, "Father in heaven! give me strength to confess all!" Soon as the duties and religious exercises of the morn-

ing were through, and all were apparelled for their public "labors" at the church, she requested a momentary audience in private, with the beloved eldress; and withdrawing to a small apartment, used as a sort of oratory, or confessional, she kneeled at Mary's feet, and related, in the most artless and affecting manner, her transgression of the laws of God. Her confessor was moved to tears.

"Dear sister," she replied, "ours is an ascetic life; constant mortifications and crucifixions are to be endured, natural affections denied, and earthly hopes repressed. Eleonora, angel of light! to you alone, beside my God, I make this humiliating confession, — saint-like as is my outward appearance, insomuch that they have styled me the daughter of the Lady-elect; free as I seem from the vassalage of earth and earthly passions, never, in the height of my giddy career within her carnal courts, was I so entirely within her bonds as now. Eleonora, young sister of my heart, — no tie in earth or heaven retains me here but you! No tenet of my faith is strong enough, no hope of heaven, born of sacrificial rites and holy penances, is dear enough, to hold me longer to monastic life. And why, your eyes inquire, why this sudden passion for the world? Once, sweet child, it would have been a fruitless task to have explained my motive, with a hope to make you comprehend it; but *now*, now that you love, — start not, for your artless confession has revealed the truth, — now that you love, it will not be impossible for you to know that a *mother* can love as deeply. I need not caution you to preserve my secret — *you* never betray another's revelations — but believe the truth I tell you — Charles Davenport is *my son!*"

"Spirit of truth!" exclaimed the pale penitent, starting to her feet, and clasping the trembling hand of her confessor, "your son? you told me that your son was dead — that he slept in the grave with his father!"

"I thought it was so; but an incident that occurred yesterday, has unveiled the truth, that my own dear Charles is living — and I have gazed upon his face, and heard his voice of music. Oh, how sweet that voice! I hear it now; so

like his father's when he breathed his last farewell and blessed me, all the while that his heart was breaking with grief at my cruel desertion."

"And how did you ascertain the relation?" inquired Eleonora, all engrossed by the strange discovery.

"Sit down with me, and I will tell you all. Yesterday, just about sunset, elder Nathan entered the office, where I was sitting with several sisters, accompanied by a gentleman bearing in his hand a large portfolio. At the first glance, I started as though a spectre had crossed my path; but Nathan introduced him as Mr. Davenport, and I felt relieved. It was only momentarily, however, for he spoke, and I have told you the effect of his voice. I can never forget the sensations of that moment. He said that the exceeding beauty of our lake had allured him to the village, and as he had an earnest desire to take a sketch of it, he had spoken to the elder for a temporary location for his easel upon a favorable point of our land; and as a slight return for the kind permission granted, he was about to allow us a peep at the contents of his portfolio. He opened it as he spoke, and we clustered about him; the sisters to admire his sketches, myself to stand by his side and scrutinize his magic countenance. It was like my own; I could perceive the resemblance, but it was more like my husband's. He noticed my earnest gaze, and cast an inquiring glance, that seemed to say, 'Who are you?' then turned away unsatisfied, and shuffled over the beautiful specimens of his art. My eye fell unconsciously upon them, and was chained with serpentine fascination to a half-concealed miniature; I snatched it from among the sheets, and read the name written beneath it, — 'Likeness of Charles Hale, copied by his son.' I saw no more; my head whirled; darkness concealed the name, and I fainted. Such is the tale of my strange discovery. When I recovered, the stranger, my *son*, had departed. No one knew the cause of my indisposition, no one suspected it. I retired to my chamber, and gazed from the window that overlooks the garden, to catch another glimpse of the being who had so magically unsealed the fountain of maternal love. My eyes followed every step till he

was lost among the trees, and then waited, oh how anxiously, to see him emerge. The last sight was but momentary — he mounted his horse, and rode speedily away. To-day, weak and perturbed as I am, I have prepared myself for church, in hope to see him there. I feel that my very life is bound up in him; he whom I so unnaturally deserted in the weakness of infancy — a maniac I must have been to have done it — has now appeared before me in the pride and beauty of manhood, to make me feel to the heart's core, the depravity of which I have been guilty. I threw away my treasure, but it was not lost; and now in its rich maturity; it gleams across my pathway, to leave it again darker than the walks of death. Alas, for the witchcraft of Ann Lee!"

"Witchcraft! Oh, Mary, do not blaspheme! Was she not the Messiah — the holy mother of believers — the second incarnation of God's only begotten? Mary, dear Mary, do not deny your Saviour!"

"Sweet, infatuated child! Must I answer to Heaven for your delusion also? Let me go back to the days of my first deviation from truth, and give you a full confession of all my errors. You will respect me less, but my conscience will feel lightened of its burden, and you will pity, if you cannot pardon me. Thirty years ago I was a happy wife and mother — the mistress of a little paradise upon the banks of the Housatonic, surrounded by cultivated society, and blest as mortal can be. At that time, the fame of Ann Lee was spreading like wildfire through New England, and marvellous tales were told of the wonders she performed, the miracles she wrought, and the multitude of disciples that left all to follow her. She entered the village where I lived, and my ardent temperament was excited to the highest degree by her singular appearance. She would often appear in the middle of the street, no one knew how; and spinning swifter than a top, would whirl round and round till out of sight, in a manner that exceeds description. Sometimes spasms and fits of various kinds would assail her, which she pretended were operations of the Spirit; in short, all the wild exorcisms and rantings of a witch and a fanatic, were resorted to, as successful machinery

in her unhallowed operations. Husbands forsook their wives, and parents their children; families were broken up, and domestic harmony destroyed in more than one hamlet, by the power of her mad incantations. But her eloquence, — for she was eloquent in a peculiar way, — was what completed my infatuation. Religious lunacy, or something equally unnatural, usurped the throne of reason and common sense, and I became one of the most raving of zealots. But after I joined the society at Union Village, my excitement gradually died away, and the dull, formal life which succeeded, brought me to a sense of my folly. The death of my husband was a powerful awakener, but I was too proud to betray any repentance and from a fiery enthusiast, I changed to a cold, unfeeling stoic. This reckless indifference to everything around me, was looked upon by my sectarian friends as the evidence of great internal piety, and I was gradually promoted till I obtained the eldership of the church. About this time, Nathan joined us; and his fine talents, and somewhat aristocratic nobleness of soul, won my respect and friendship. I used all my influence, which has never been slight, to effect his promotion, and in two years I greeted him as brother-elder. He never was at heart a believer, and I knew it; but I was as little of one as himself, and no slight diplomatist withal. I reckoned much upon his coöperation in all matters of sacerdotal legislation, and was not disappointed; for the powers of his mind were well adapted to the administration of laws, and those, too, of not the most lenient nature. We were both of us somewhat despotic, but neither of us what you would call tyrants. Yet I was never happy till since you were left with us; till that time, my affections lay dormant, and woe to the woman who has nothing to love! You never saw the note that was written by your father, nor have you been informed of its contents. I intended to have shown it to you when your age became ripe enough to allow you to understand its import; but as every added year flung new and sweeter beauties upon your head, that drew still stronger the cord of love around my heart. I grew selfish, and dreaded to acquaint you with its contents, lest its promise might fill your

heart with hopes and affections toward another being than myself. But you shall see it now."

She drew from her bosom a small morocco case in the form of the lady's purse used in olden time, and took from it a slip of paper which she handed to Eleonora. "I have kept it in this little depository of cherished relics, and worn it ever on my heart. Forgive me for concealing it from you." Eleonora perused it eagerly. "To the age of twelve years!" she exclaimed. "Ah, that era has long since past, and no parent has claimed me." A sigh, deeply sad, stole from her heart. "It is well — well that the note was kept from me, for I could not have borne the disappointment. In my ignorance I was happy; I have ever been happy till now, and when I seek in you consolation, I find that you have none to give. My father, O my father! why was not thy promise ratified? Is thy child forgotten; thy motherless one unloved? or has death taken thee forever from her?" The large tears rolled down her cheeks; she rested her head on the bosom of her affectionate friend, and unburdened all her sorrow there.

"Dear child," said the compassionate sister, "there is yet hope for you, now that you can speak thus; there is a fountain of natural affection in your heart, that all the false creeds in the world cannot evaporate. I feared the lessons which I had so pertinaciously taught you, had sunk too deep to be eradicated; for despite my own scepticism, and the injunction in the note to suffer your mind to expand in the full light of Christianity, unshackled by creeds and sectarism, my selfish love had fears that your enthusiastic mind might despise the narrow spirit of our faith, and prompt you to forsake us for the more liberal and cultivated society of the world. But I tell you seriously, with an honest conviction of the truth of what I utter, that the whole articles of our creed are false, — false as the doctrines of Eve's seducer. Nay, even more, the Bible — *our* Bible — in which we profess to find foundation for our foolish tenets, even *that* is chiefly false — a mere adulterated transcript of the Holy Testament of God. But my deception ends not here. At the time of our departure from Connecticut, so fearful were Nathan and I, that your father might

return and make inquiries for you, that we bribed the society, by a relinquishment of all the money that might be offered as a recompense for the care taken of you; to feign a story of your recent death, and of my apostasy from the faith and return to the society of the world. This was the wickedest of all my deceits; but, oh! the prospect of loneliness and heartsickness that would be the result of your loss was not to be thought of; I could not believe that the story of your death could affect a parent who had never seen you from your earliest infancy, with the same depth of sorrow that your loss would one who had lived in the light of your smiles from their dawn to their midday. Perhaps he has never sought you, but if he is living, it is more probable that he has. May we not hope yet to find him?"

"And if we *do?*" inquired Eleonora emphatically, grasping Mary's arm, and gazing earnestly into her face.

"O, ask me not what! I cannot tell you all my wishes and premeditations."

"But I can guess *some* of them!" said Eleonora, the light of hope again beaming from her eyes. They had no time, however, to hatch conspiracies or make longer confessions then, for the clock struck eleven, and that was the signal to form the procession to church.

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Evening is the season for romance, for penitence and prayer; it is the hour of poetry and spiritual existence, when the soul's high gifts utter themselves in melody; it is the point at which we would have the hour-glass pause, and time fold up his wings. So thought Eleonora, as she sat in her little arbor at the close of the day following her long conversation with Mary; she was alone in the garden, all the young sisters being absent with elder Nathan upon an excursion for gathering wild berries, agreeably to a proposition of the eldress, who, for reasons best known to herself, had thus contrived to have the garden vacated. Eleonora's employments had been such as to prevent her earlier attendance upon her flowers, and she had entered the garden now at the bidding of the eldress, whose coming she was directed to await there.

The western clouds were gathered in gorgeous drapery above the couch of the monarch of day — royal purple fringed with gold, and light crimson banners wreathed in fantastic shapes, as though

> "Angels, soaring through the air,
> Had left their mantles floating there;"

and just in the scallop of a soft white cloud, glittered the narrow bow of the new-born moon. The lake was motionless as the sky above it, save now and then disturbed by the ripple of an oar in the hands of a Shaker lad, who was throwing his line along the centre of the gleaming waves for speckled trout and brindled pike, and sometimes pausing by a bed of water-lilies, to enjoy their beauty and fragrance, without presuming to pluck one from the stem, or even disturb it with his oar. Eleonora had paused a few moments to enjoy the scene, and then passed on to the arbor. She had been reclining there but a few moments, when, as usual, her little dove lighted upon her hand, but not calmly as he was wont; he was pecking angrily at a paper which was tied to his throat. With a trembling hand his mistress untied the small blue bow that fastened it, and thus released, the bird darted gayly away. She opened the paper, and started to see a beautiful copy of the boquet the artist had worn away upon his bosom, and beneath it was a little sonnet, inscribed to Eleonora. We have the very original before us, but we are aware that it would be dishonorable in us to make public what was intended for one eye only, though it must have been empowered with the true spell of poesy, if we may judge from its effects upon the countenance of her to whom it was addressed. She had only time to peruse it hastily and hide it in her bosom, ere the eldress approached the arbor.

"Eleonora, you are here; are you sure there is no one else in the garden?"

"No one, I am confident," she replied. "Follow me, hastily, then, and stand near the summer-house to see that no one intrudes while I am there." She obeyed reluctantly. How could she meet the author of that sonnet with anything

like composure? Her countenance was such a gossip of her most secret feelings, that to look at him would be to betray them all. She therefore begged to remain within the bridge near the summer-house, till her friend's return; and having granted permission, Mary disappeared.

Eleonora waited half an hour in the utmost agitation for her reäppearance; at times pacing the floor of the bridge with folded arms, and anon venturing a few yards up the path toward the little summer-cove, dreading, and yet impatient for her return. At length, as she stood within the bridge, leaning against the trellis and half hidden by the broad-leafed foliage of the grape-vine, she heard voices approaching which she recognized as those of the eldress and her son. What an awkward situation! Should she remain where she was, or flee back to her bower? was the momentary disquisition of her mind. She had not time to decide, ere the voice of Mary called her to meet them. "Dear Eleonora, hither a moment —here is my son, and he brings you news of your father."

"Of my father!" she exclaimed, forgetting all fears, all reserve, in the absorbing interest of that name, and running to meet him with an open hand, which she placed in his with the most winning confidence, and looked up to him with such intense anxiety and pleading eloquence that his heart was touched to the core; begging that he would tell her much— *everything* of her father. "Is he living? Does he seek his Eleonora?" she added, eagerly.

"Yes, he lives, but seeks not his daughter save in heaven, where he believes her spirit long since fled."

"Dear father! where is he? can I see him soon?"

"He is now many miles distant; but he will soon be with you, for I have written him that his child is found."

"Heaven bless you for it!" replied the lovely girl, her countenance betraying a happiness of the heart, too deep for words to express. "But tell me, I entreat you—I am so anxious to know—who he is, and why he left me so many, many years."

"Come, sit with me then, for it is a long tale," he replied, leading her into one of those shady arbors that were erected

in every part of the garden. "But you must make it a brief one," said his mother, "for do you not see that it is nearly dark? and, Eleonora, my dear, you must remain without me, else I shall be missed at the tea-table, and that would excite suspicion. But remember and be brief."

"Indeed, I cannot remain without you," said Eleonora, rising, and taking her friend's arm, as she approached her son to bestow a parting kiss.

"Then you have forgotten your anxiety about your father," said Mary, a little sorrowfully. The poor girl hesitated; Davenport took her hand, and drew her gently to her seat; "Sweet Eleonora," he said, tenderly, "you do not fear to be left with your *brother?* I am the son of your father's adoption, the inheritor of his name, and will not you be my sister?"

"Yea," she whispered, and never did the tone of a harp sound so sweetly in his ear as the soft cadence of that simple affirmative. "Yea, I will be anything to one my father loves."

"Thank you! sweet sister; and now listen to a slight history of that dear parent. William Davenport—that is his name—was the only son of a wealthy English baronet, and betrothed at the age of eighteen to Lady Emily Huntingdon, the only child of a widowed Countess, and a young lady of rare excellence. This betrothment was the work of the parents, and not objected to by themselves. Your father had a sincere friendship for Lady Emily, and her affection for him was even of a tenderer nature. The two years that were to elapse before the celebration of their nuptials, he proposed to spend in travel. To this his father did not object, and he, accordingly, came over to this continent. Shortly after his arrival he saw, and loved a penniless orphan—a young village school-mistress—but who was, nevertheless, a being of surpassing beauty and angel-gifts of mind and heart. He forgot his affianced bride, and breathed new vows into the ear of the artless Eleonora."

"My mother!" exclaimed his all-captivated auditor. "Yes, your mother. Her name was Eleonora Fay, and judging from the picture of her countenance which he once showed me—

you are her very image. He married her and was happy — but in one year she died, leaving him a precious legacy — you can guess what it was. A few days after this event, which nearly crushed the life from his heart, he received a summons to attend the death-bed of his father, whom a consumption was slowly destroying. He obeyed; but wishing to conceal the secret of his marriage forever from his friends, he left his little babe to the care of my mother, whom he had heard spoken of in terms of high commendation, and where he thought she would be secure from the vanities and follies which would surround her in the world; yet, wishing to preserve his own name and condition a secret, he sent a faithful messenger to deposit you somewhere about the premises, and to remain in the vicinity long enough to be certain that the request of the note was complied with. He then returned to England, and renewed his promise to his dying father to marry Lady Emily, which promise was fulfilled one year after. He lived very happily with this lady, notwithstanding his sorrow for his lost bride, save the painful remembrance of his little Eleonora. At length, as the twelve years were vanished that he had promised should bring him to claim her, he confessed the event of his former marriage to his wife, and begged her affection for his little forsaken child. The tender woman forgave the deception, and having no child of her own, very gladly accepted his proposal to accompany him to America, in search of her. His lady, however, was taken ill just as they were in readiness to embark, and a month after he laid her in the tomb, with grief almost as acute as that which visited him in his first affliction. He had but one tie now that bound him to earth, — the hope of finding you, sweet sister. He arrived at America just thirteen years after he had left you with my mother — but what was his despair to learn that you too, the last of his treasures, was in the grave — that Mary Hale had shortly after returned to the world, and pined away with very grief, till she, too, rested in the same sleep. Your father was, by this intelligence, sunk into the deepest despair, and it was at this era that I first formed an acquaintance with him. I had been brought up by an aunt, the only relation I possessed

in the world, except my mother, and I could consider her no relative, for I had never heard a word from her, and knew not with what society of Shakers she had connected herself — she having kept that matter a secret. My profession had been the result of a natural talent, which exhibited itself in my earliest years, and was encouraged and fostered by my indulgent aunt, as long as she remained to watch over me, and by her death, I became heir to her little competency which enabled me to improve my taste in a considerable degree. I was engaged in the exercise of my art in the city of Boston, when I met, and became interested in your father. The interest soon became mutual. He learned that I was the son of the patroness of his little Eleonora, and he clung to me as the fragment of something dear to him. He was the first who informed me of the death of my mother — but the intelligence caused me little grief. I knew nothing of her, personally; but my aunt, who looked upon her as a monster of depravity, for having deserted and broken the heart of her husband, my aunt's only brother, had represented her to me as a cold, bigoted devotee, destitute of natural affection, and regardless of her son as though no tie of consanguinity had ever existed between us. Every day strengthened Mr. Davenport's affection for me, and at length he offered me his home and all his possessions if I would become a son to him and bear his name. Could I reject so kind a parent? Five years have now passed since this connection was formed, and it has been one of unmingled happiness on my part, and of peace and tranquil enjoyment on his. I have continued in the exercise of my profession as before, for to relinquish that would be to relinquish the chief enjoyment of life, — and in pursuance of themes for this exercise, I a few months since obtained his permission to traverse the western country, and gaze upon its rich forests and noble waters. Somewhere in this vicinity I was startled by the mention of your name. A gentleman was recommending Lake Eleonora to my attention as a subject well worth an artist's pencil — and as a prelude to his description of its beauty, he gave me a slight sketch of its discovery, and the origin of its name. You may judge of my surprise at learn-

ing your existence in this distant country — for of your identity with the lost daughter of my best friend, I had little doubt; yet, to satisfy myself beyond the possibility of mistake, ere I awakened the hopes of your father, I resolved to see you with my own eyes, and be assured of the fact. For this purpose, I introduced myself to elder Nathan, under plea of taking a sketch of the lake, and at the first view of you in the arbor, I recognized the daughter of our father's first bride. But my mother I did not so readily identify. The falsity of the tale respecting yourself, made me doubt the report of my mother's death, and the faintness that attacked her when her eye fell upon a miniature of my own father, which lay among other papers in my portfolio, first awakened my suspicions. But in vain did I scrutinize her countenance, as she lay so pale and lifeless upon the floor, to recognize one lineament like those the artist had delineated upon the canvass in my possession, and which I had studied much, as one of the finest specimens of the art. In vain did I seek to find some vestige of that majestic beauty in the sallow complexion, withered cheek, and sunken eyes of the being at my feet. The plain close cap, in lieu of the glossy braids she wore in her youth, the white 'kerchief where jewels had rested, in short, the *tout ensemble* was so very different I could find no food for my strongest suspicions. But yesterday, when her eye was lit with maternal love, and her cheek glowed with the fire of the soul, I could, after many searching glances, perceive a resemblance to the portrait of my mother; and then her own countenance showed that she recognized her son; but I feared that her attachment to her faith was too strong to suffer her to avow the truth to me, and I was not a little surprised as well as overjoyed by her voluntary declaration of our relationship, and solemn recantation of the vows that had so long caused her to deny it. Forgive me for having detained you thus long. Permit me, dear sister, to hope that we shall soon meet again, never to be parted. Farewell," he whispered, pressing her little hand to his lips, "farewell! May angels guard you!"

"Farewell!" she replied, and turned away with tearful eyes.

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Our readers have been with us a long, circuitous path, and perhaps have found the journey frequently dull and tedious; but they have arrived at the last scene now; and say, dear readers, is it not a pleasant home? The parlor is richly furnished, and its decorations are such as bespeak its occupants beings of taste and refinement. The representatives of the nine Muses are there, in their rarest and sweetest personations, and the large, magnificent windows open upon one of the loveliest scenes in the world. The Hudson flows somewhat restlessly among the picturesque highlands just in front, and the last bright rays of the setting sun stream in upon the auburn curls of a fair young mother, and change their soft hue to a radiant gold. A hue, "like the soft pink tint of an Indian shell," is lighting upon the lily whiteness of her cheek, as she bends delighted over the smiling seraph in her arms. That beautiful mother is Eleonora Davenport — once Eleonora, the Shakeress — still as fair, as meek, as happy, as when, in her maiden days, she hid her ringlets in a coif, and wore a scanty robe, far less becoming than the snowy muslin that now enfolded her more fully developed form. Behind her chair, with his hand half hid among her rich tresses, stood her father, a fine-looking man, who was seldom more than a yard distant from his daughter, and who was alternately bestowing his caresses upon the mother and his happy grandchild. In a chair, by the side of his young wife, sat Charles Davenport, resting his elbow upon his easel, where was spread out the half-finished portrait of his little laughing Emily, forgetting his task in his admiration of those living pictures, so much lovelier than human hand can delineate — and just a yard or two in front, sat another figure to complete the group; it is our friend Mary — but who would recognize her in the metamorphosis? Her plain muslin cap had been displaced for a lace one with a full frill and white bow; a richness had been imparted to her noble brow by a fold of jet-black hair — no matter if it be false, since time had bleached the original tresses, which had not yet regained any considerable portion of their natural length — and her former white summer garb

is supplied by a dark silk, with a large pelerine and square muslin collar.

The door opened, and a servant ushered in an old man dressed in black, and wearing a white broad-brimmed hat. He approached the group a few yards, and paused without speaking. Mary took off her spectacles, wiped them with her handkerchief, and replaced them, peering all the while very earnestly at the stranger. Old Mr. Davenport bowed, Charles rose and offered a chair, but Eleonora, dropping her babe in her husband's arms, sprang forward and grasped the old man's hand, exclaiming, "Why Nathan, dear, dear Nathan, is it you?"

"Nathan! elder Nathan!" was echoed on every hand — whilst Nathan's arms were round Eleonora's neck, and the tears streaming down his cheeks as though he were a child. "How *did* you come here?" she exclaimed, as soon as he had released her, to grasp Mary's extended hand. "How did you come all this long way in your old age, and so changed too!" glancing at his attire.

"How came I here?" he replied; "do you think old Nathan could remain longer in the desolate nest, when his prettiest bird was flown — and his mate too — the faithful mate of many years?" shaking Mary's hand till it ached with the hearty pressure. "Nay! God forbid that my last days should be spent away from my soul's dearest treasures! I have come to make my home with Eleonora."

"Right welcome! dear, kind Nathan," she replied; and the friendly word was responded by every voice, "Welcome, right welcome!"

1837.

THE RUSTIC WIFE.

"THERE is no feminine grace so perfectly enchanting as a cultivated intellect," said Laurine Seton, to his lovely companion, who was sitting silently by his side after the departure of visitors, with her elbow resting on the arm of the sofa, and her head languidly reposing upon her little hand. It was a

very beautiful head, high, *a lá Grecque*, and covered with rich brown curls, which hung with a shadowy grace about her white throat, and fell droopingly around a pair of splendid eyes, — such eyes as carry within them fathomless fountains of love and poetry.

She turned with a sweet look of affection toward her husband, when he spoke, and something like a sigh stole silently from her parted lips. "You are thinking of Madeline Leigh: she is very accomplished."

"Yes, and very talented. What a perfect fascination there is in her conversation! she leads mind and heart captive, even against one's will. In mental cultivation she surpasses any woman I ever knew, and yet she is young, not passing twenty-five, I presume."

"Did she carry your heart captive, dearest?" said the gentle wife, drawing closely to his side, and turning her radiant eyes upon his with a most earnest tenderness. "Is it not still mine, simple and uncultivated as I am? O Laurine, do not *yet* tire of me!"

"Tire of you! my love," he exclaimed, folding her to his heart; "O never! You are very dear, my sweet Claribel, very; but you have not all of Miss Leigh's intellectual accomplishments; few have: yet not less do I love you for that. You have a sweeter temper, a more loving and generous heart, a more angel-like beauty; and even Madeline Leigh, with all her brilliant talents and glowing eloquence, has not such fresh, pure fountains of poetry in her heart as my own gentle Claribel. So do not fear that I do not yet love you as fondly as ever."

"But, my husband, you must often painfully feel my deficiencies of education, when companies of your intellectual friends are around you, when they attempt to converse with me, and find me so ignorant of all subjects of literature. O Laurine! I have felt that I would go back to my mountain-home, and live once more with those with whom I was born, and who are as simple and ignorant as myself. *You* then would be spared the mortification you now endure, and *I* should be happy in one thought at least, — that you were not obliged to blush for me."

"O Clari! this is not well in you. Would you leave me, then, now, when I most deeply, most entirely love you? Is your mountain-home dearer to you than to live with and for me? Have I ever treated you coldly, or as though I were ashamed of you? O, could you know, my love, how proud I have been of your beauty and sweetness, and artless grace, could you know how all your winning simplicity has been admired, and all your timid enthusiasm loved in my inner heart, you would not, could not, doubt me thus."

"O, I don't doubt you, I don't, any longer, love," softly murmured the beautiful being, twining her arm about his neck; "but you know so much, and I so little —" She could not finish her words, for her lips found themselves held in captivity.

"Say no more, Clari: I ask no charms sweeter than those that make you already too bewitching. Pray sing to me now, if you are not too weary, that little song you were warbling this morning."

"Well, let me have my lips again, and I will sing," she whispered, blushing softly; "but, O, you have made my heart beat so —"

"How, love?"

"You should not let me know how you love me, when you wish me to sing. Turn away your eyes, Laurine, then I will try."

She attempted one or two lines in vain. Her voice was lost in the sweet emotions which his tender caresses had excited. "I am sorry I cannot sing to please you, but you see it is impossible. Shall I repeat the lines to you? and afterward perhaps I can sing them."

"Yes, dear, repeat them; do."

Her voice was very tremulous, but her enunciation very soft and tender, and she looked up into his eyes with unutterable thought and feeling while she repeated the lines which follow:

Come away, love, come away!
In the fountains stars are beaming
Like the thoughts within thine eye:
Moonlight on the lake is dreaming;

Shadows round its borders lie ;
On the hill
The air lies still :
Gentle love, O come away !

Come away, love, come away !
Come where folded flowers are sleeping,
With their holy thoughts shut in ;
Where the solemn air is weeping
Tears above a world of sin ;
Where the rose
Finds sweet repose :
Gentle love, O come away !

Come away, love, come away !
Where the smile of God descending,
Glorifies the listening air,
There, upon the turf low bending,
We will breathe a silent prayer, —
Thou for me,
And I for thee :
Gentle love, O come away !

"Thank you, Clari. Whose song is that? Where did you find it?"

Claribel blushed, and faltered a little; then, hiding her face on his bosom, answered, "In my own heart, dearest. Now don't laugh at me. I know it is very simple, but you love me too well to chide me for my foolish fondness."

"Chide you, *dear* Claribel! I have never yet half appreciated you. I see there is a fountain of soul within you I have never known before. These gifts of yours must be cultivated. Will it not be pleasant for you to spend some hours of every day in study?"

"O Laurine! with you for my tutor! Bless you. I will go and get my books this moment."

"Not to-night," said the delighted husband, smiling, and parting the bright curls from her beautiful eyes; "not to-night: these sweet eyes need sleep and rest: to-morrow shall it not be, love?"

"Just when you will, only let it be soon."

Claribel scarcely slept at all that night; but as she rested quietly upon her pillow, sweet dreams of the future passed through her brain, receiving from love and poetry hues all *coleur de rose*, and seeming so real in their beauty that she almost deemed them prophetic of blessedness to come. The doubts and apprehensions which had haunted her so long, and disturbed the serenity of her affections with their cold, portending shadows, had passed suddenly away, and the sunny beams of unclouded joy shone deeply down into the fountains of her spirit.

She felt the fluttering wing of a rich genius half-poised in those sunbeams, and she knew it had strength to soar aloft through the boundless heavens; she knew she could yet become the companion of her husband's intellect, as she had long been of his heart; and that those who had once smiled at her ignorance, would yet be pleased to share her intercourse. She loved her husband with a degree of affection passing into idolatry; and he deserved it all, for he had taken her from her rustic home, where she was wasting her sweetness among the rude and ignorant people of a vicious neighborhood, and brought her into the refinement and elegancies of cultivated society; and there he had cherished her tenderly, and loved her in all her simplicity and untutored intelligence, better than he loved aught else on earth.

When the morning dawned, and the first song of the little canary broke the stillness of the house, she arose softly from her bed, and hastily executing her simple morning toilet, stole down into the library before any of the household were awake. It was an elegant little apartment, and everything within it was arranged with taste and neatness. She threw open the eastern windows and blinds, and let in the light of the golden dawn. The air was warm and bland. It came from a garden of acacias and rose-trees, scented with all their sweets, and passed into the spirit of the young wife with a power to elevate and awaken all the rich melodies of her being. She took up a book that lay near her. It was a volume of Mrs. Hemans' lyrics. She had read them a great deal since her marriage, but had never dared speak of them to her husband, lest she

should commit some error of taste. She knew that she loved them to excess, but she did not know that he, too, loved them; and he had so cultivated and so exquisite a perception of poetic beauty, she feared he would blush at her simple preferences. He was not in the habit of conversing with her about books, for he knew that the wildwood range of her education had led her simply to objects of perception. She had not been accustomed to the silent companionship of abstract thought, and could, therefore, have no taste for other poetry than the murmur of running brooks, or the hum of a roving bee.

He thought all this, and though he often, very often, felt her deficiencies of mental culture, he sedulouly avoided any allusion that could bring a shade upon her sensitive spirit. It did not occur to him, perhaps, that he might be her teacher, that he might easily win her mind to a love and correct appreciation of literature. He had waited for some evidences of an inward capability; and she, poor girl, though she read, and thought, and felt, dared not speak, lest she should commit some blunder, or betray her simplicity. He had never alluded to the subject of intellectual accomplishments, save in a casual and impersonal manner, and she supposed he deemed her incapable of mental improvement. The timidity of a love that felt itself wanting the links of the *mind*, though the ties of the *heart* were strong, kept them reserved upon all points in which they felt no assurance of a mutual sympathy.

Deep as was Claribel's joy when the subject was at last introduced, and she had confessed all her doubts, and fears, and wishes, she could not have felt a sweeter relief than that experienced by her husband when he found that she had both desires and capacities for literary attainments. He knew — he had long known — that she had quick and beautiful perceptions of things in the material world; that there were fountains of poetry in her heart, deep and full of hallowed feeling; that her mind was delicate and high-toned — he could not have loved her had it been otherwise — but he did not know all that he at this time discovered; he did not know that her mind had creative as well as perceptive faculties; that, all untaught as her genius was, it could already breathe itself out in music and sweetness.

He rebuked himself for his long neglect; for his unwarranted doubt of her mental capacities; and, in atonement, he resolved to bestow all his leisure hours in assisting and revising her studies. He heard her steal away from her repose at an early hour, and was impatient to be with her in her new pursuits. Of all things that enchanted him, he loved best her sweet enthusiasm. It would be such a delight to him to witness her flushing cheek and glistening eye, to hear the delicious tones of her all-expressive voice — ah! he could not stay to anticipate; he was too eager to enjoy the reality.

The door of the library was partly open, and through it came the sweet music of that thrilling poem of Mrs. Hemans, "Genius singing to Love." He paused awhile to listen. Could it indeed be his own Claribel pouring forth such a flood of soul in the simple recital of poetry? Her voice, with all its sweet peculiarities of intonation and depth, seemed fraught with influences never felt before. The music of the *mind* was there, and all the deep, deep heart: it was, indeed, in her voice, genius singing to love.

Her husband passed silently into the apartment, and came and stood, unobserved, behind her chair. Breathless with feeling, his heart melted with the emotions which she excited: he waited, with folded arms, till she had finished the poem; then, stooping gently over her, he put his arms about her neck, and stopped her hasty exclamation with an impassioned kiss.

They were happy, entirely happy, in the communion of thought and feeling; and the hours passed quickly away, winged with sunbeams. That day, and other days, went by, and Claribel studied, and thought, and wrote, and delighted her husband all he could desire, with her rapid improvement. But the clouds came at last. Mr. Seton received a deputation from the American government to England. It was unsolicited and, consequently, unexpected to him. But the embassy was one of honor and pecuniary consideration, and, moreover, offered him an advantage he had long desired, — that of becoming acquainted with the people and institutions of England. Only one consideration caused him to hesitate, — Claribel could not accompany him.

But with the wonted generosity of her nature, she entreated him to go. She would make herself happy in his absence, by believing that good would accrue to him; and though she must necessarily suffer many anxieties for his sake, and should feel herself lonely and without sympathy while he was away, yet all these feelings should be subdued by the reflection that greater blessings would be theirs in the end. But she entreated long, and persuaded much, before she was successful.

"I tell you, dear Laurine, how it shall be. I will go and live with your aunt Welden till your return, and will become a little rustic again, as when you first knew me; and I dare say when you return from the court of her majesty, you will be so wearied with refinement and etiquette, that you will admire my rural simplicity more than ever. I will live there, with dear, good aunt Welden, and shall be very happy among the birds and flowers; and you will write to me very often, and — O, dear Laurine, do say you will go!"

The tears stood in her beautiful eyes all the while she was pleading with him, but a sweet smile was upon her lips, and a plaintive tenderness in her voice; and the more she entreated him to heed his own interests more than her companionship, the more reluctant he felt to part from her. But he did go at last, and she retired to the habitation of a good old aunt of his, some distance back in the country, and prepared to make herself contented during his term of legation.

There was a firm resolve in her heart, instead of yielding to vain regrets and idle despondency, to make this period of her life useful to herself, and, in the end, gratifying to him for whom alone she lived, and felt, and prayed so much. She had her books conveyed to her rustic residence; and for a companion and assistant in her studies, she took with her a young lady to whom she had recently become fondly attached, and who had met with misfortunes, which left her dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. By this means, Claribel not only secured for herself a gentle and affectionate tutor and friend, but provided a pleasant and honorable home for an unfriended and destitute orphan.

All these plans, however, were kept secret from her hus-

band. She had formed a feminine project to surprise and delight him with her anticipated improvements. This little scheme was the strength and the joy of her heart in its trials; and everything favored its accomplishment. The residence of Mrs. Welden was retired and peaceful almost as a hermit's cell. The old lady had no family, save an only son, a lad of eighteen summers; and her own habits were peculiarly domestic and unobtrusive. The following letter from Claribel to her husband will better describe the home she had chosen, and *some* of her methods of wiling away the time, than any attempts of our own. It contained all she chose to reveal of her daily occupations.

"My beloved Husband, — Here I have been rusticating (a necessary operation for *me* to undergo!) for nearly a month, and have utterly neglected giving you a description of the way we do things at aunt Welden's renowned establishment. O dear! you have no idea how happy we are. Here we live in a little white house, which has four rooms on the floor, and two chambers. Aunt Welden occupies the kitchen and bedroom; then the dining-room is for us all, and the parlor exclusively for Marion Lee and a certain little rustic of your acquaintance. 'And pray who is Marion Lee?' you will ask. Did not you hear me speak of her, shortly before you left, as a very interesting young lady? Lest you may have forgotten, let me give you a sketch. She is one year older than your Clari, a venerable maiden of eighteen, and an orphan. She was educated at considerable expense, and, from her infancy to womanhood, has been accustomed to the luxuries of wealth, and the elegancies of cultivated society. But one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, such as raised me from poverty and utter ignorance to be the wife of Laurine Seton, Esq., the gifted, elegant, accomplished Laurine Seton, has brought her down to destitution, to toil for her daily bread. I loved her, Laurine, and I felt what a comfort and consolation her society would be to me while you were far away. So, partly to relieve her from want, and partly to be a companion for myself, I prevailed on her to share my hermitage. O, she

is a sweet girl, — this dear Marion of mine! She partly realizes my idea of an angel. Her form is slight and graceful, her motions exceedingly animated, her limbs moulded to perfect symmetry, and, pervading all, there is a certain spirituality, which makes you feel yourself in holy presence. Her face, too, is very beautiful. I cannot describe her *classically*, but I can tell you that she has very large, clear eyes, of a celestial blue, and hair floating about her temples like sunbeams. Her voice, too, is low and soft, and she sings like a robin. But all her outward charms are lost in the fascinations of her sweet temper and loving heart. O, Laurine! I know you would love her. Are you not glad I have found so gentle and affectionate a friend?

"Well, Marion and I have delightful rambles in the woodlands and over the hills. We have formed acquaintance with all the squirrels and woodpeckers that are to be found; and even the flowers seem to recognize us, and to smile at our approach. Sometimes, to vary our amusements, and do a little kindness to our fellow-creatures, we visit the dwellings of the poor and the sick, and aid them as they have need. Sometimes, too, Marion and I have a fine frolic with aunt Welden over the churn. It is a famous exercise; and aunt Welden does us the compliment to say that her butter is never so sweet as when she has the assistance of two sweet girls of her household.

"You ask me if I write poetry now-a-days. Poetry, forsooth! Now you *did n't* mean to laugh at me, did you? No, Laurine; my foolish rhyming habit is getting cured in your absence, and I am returning to the plain prose of ordinary chitchat. Marion and I are great chatterboxes; and sometimes I get a little beyond the 'land of prose,' when talking to her of you. She is a little fountain of poetry herself; and, if ever she gets in love, she will *outpoetize* Sappho! Pray, am I not becoming very classic? I half fancy, my love, that I see a shade creeping over your brow, and hear you murmur, 'How can Claribel write so gayly while I am away?' *Dear* Laurine! the tears are stealing down my cheeks all the while I am writing to you; but, at the same time, the employment exhilarates my spirits, and makes me wild with joy.

"Do not forget me, dearest, among the many beautiful and accomplished ladies you meet in London. When you return, you shall teach me to know what they know, and do as they do. What a sweet little plan we had formed just before you were called away! How much I was going to learn, and how proud you were going to be of my accomplishments! Those bright visions have all passed away; but when you are once more at our dear little home, and I am there at your side, we will renew those pleasant dreams, — will we not, love?

"It is now two months since you left me; in ten more you will return. Dear, dear Laurine, you will make those long months happy to me by frequent letters, — will you not? And, if you love me, guard your own peace. I have a thousand fears for you; but I trust in Heaven. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, for the precious faith you taught me. It is my strength and my joy in all trials; and it will sustain me when everything else is gone, — even, Laurine, your own idolized self!

"It is a beautiful evening, dearest; would you were here to walk with me. We would wander along the banks of the little murmuring brook, where the moonbeams are gilding the waves, and you should talk to me sweetly, as you used to do, of love, and heaven, and all celestial things. Marion has just entered the room, and gently entreated me to ramble with her. I cannot deny the dear girl, and so will close this poor letter, with a promise soon to send you a longer and better one. Dearest Laurine, I remain, as ever, your own

CLARIBEL."

Time passed onward, and the young wife progressed rapidly in her studies. Not all the warnings and entreaties of Marion could wile her a day from her books; nay, nor scarcely an hour. Her cheek grew pale, and her form shadowy; yet every day found her more ardently devoted to literature. Neither did she neglect the lighter accomplishments. Music was an inspiration with her. A very few lessons made her mistress of the piano; and daily practice gave a finish and delicate spirit to her performance rarely excelled even by professors.

Poetry was her favorite study. The works of the great masters became familiar to her as household words. Her exceedingly retentive memory enabled her, with very little care, to repeat a thousand beautiful passages, even after long intervals; and characters and scenes were embodied in her imagination with a striking individuality and life-like distinctness.

Marion marvelled at her powers. Many years of study under the most finished masters, had not led her further into the fields of science and literature, than a few months had sufficed to do with Claribel. But Claribel was gifted by nature with the most acute perceptive faculties, and knowledge came to her almost by inspiration. Like Miranda, she had "a good will to it;" and this made the most intense application easy and pleasant.

When winter came, with his storms and gloom, and laid waste the woodlands and valleys, Claribel grew weary of her unbroken seclusion, and, accompanied by Marion, her inseparable friend, removed to New York. Her principal object, however, was to avail herself of the assistance of instruction Marion was not qualified to give. About a month after their arrival in the city, a young gentleman called to deliver Claribel a letter from her husband. It contained intelligence of great interest to her. We will look over her shoulder while she reads. —

"My dear Claribel, — The embassy with which I am charged is delivered, but not accepted; and circumstances, which I cannot here explain, will retard the accomplishment of my business at least six months. But, my love, we must not be thus long separated. I have made arrangements with the bearer of this letter, — Willis Farley, an old college-friend of mine, and a noble fellow, too, — I have made arrangements with him to bring you to me on his return next April. That will be even better than to come home to you; for now we can see England together. Perhaps you can prevail on your friend Marion to be your companion. At all events, be sure that she is provided with a situation suited to her merits; and when we are once more established in our own dear home,

she shall make a flower in our family wreath. Mr. Farley will inform you of the arrangements I have made for you; and I trust, my precious one, that no obstacles will keep you from me. The ladies of my acquaintance, in London, often ask me concerning my wife. You will admire many of them exceedingly. — But Farley waits. I can only say, *come*, and God bless you! LAURINE SETON."

Claribel's joy was greater than we can express. She laughed and wept alternately over the letter, and even forgot her studies in the wildness of her emotions. But she forgot them not long; for the anticipation of shortly meeting her husband, and being introduced by him into the higher circles of London society, was a new incitement to make herself worthy of her station. Yet never was a secret more sedulously kept than hers. Even Willis Farley, who became a frequent visitor during the winter, knew her only in her character of untutored simplicity. He was pleased with her winning grace, and impressed with her beauty; but sometimes he could not but feel there must be many mortifications in reserve for his friend Seton, in bringing such a little specimen of rusticity into association with the educated and refined, with whom he mingled. He contrasted her with Marion Lee, who, though somewhat less beautiful, yet pretty, exceedingly, was eminently accomplished in all intellectual graces. He contrasted her with Marion Lee; but was he an impartial judge? Claribel, willing as she ever was to be depreciated, or rather to have those she loved commended above her, would have answered, with a roguish smile, "No."

When Claribel first proposed to Marion to be her companion to England, she acceded to the request with gratitude and pleasure. But in a few weeks she began to grow restive, when the subject was discussed, and at last made known her determination to remain behind. In vain Claribel besought her reasons. She would only blush, and turn away, to hide her tears. But her friend was not quite blind. She determined to consult Mr. Farley. At his next visit, which was not long deferred, when Marion was absent from the room, she introduced the subject.

"So it seems, Mr. Farley, that I am to go to England unattended by my friend."

Willis started and blushed. "How so, Mrs. Seton?"

"She refuses to accompany me; and my most urgent solicitations avail nothing. I never knew Marion obstinate before."

"Does she assign no reasons?"

"Her only answer is a blush or a tear, and a shake of the head. I wish you would endeavor to change her determination. I should, indeed, be very grateful. I am sure you would be successful."

Willis looked at her earnestly. There was an arch smile playing about her mouth; but truth and sincerity were also there. He blushed a little.

"I wish I also were sure. Where is Marion? May I go to her?"

"I think you will find her in the library. Yes, go to her; persuade her; I know you can."

"Thank you, my dear Mrs. Seton. I cannot be so sanguine, though you have inspired a hope."

He opened the door into the library. Marion sat with her face buried in her hand. Tears were trickling through her small white fingers. Willis hesitated a moment. In another moment he was at her side. One little hand lay idly in her lap. He ventured to make it a prisoner. It was patient in its captivity; and he pressed it to his heart.

"Marion," he murmured gently, "*dear* Marion." She did not speak, but trembled like an aspen. "Dearest, best beloved! will you not speak to me?" The tears streamed more freely down her cheeks, and sobbing painfully, she hid her face on his bosom. He asked no more — what lover would? — but, clasping his arms about her, breathed in her ear his first, deep, fervent, subduing words of love.

Claribel awaited the termination of the conference with a light heart. She loved her friend's happiness almost as much as her own. Indeed, it made a part of her own. Marion did not return to the drawing-room for nearly an hour after Willis had left her. When she did return, one glance at her transparent countenance assured Claribel that all was well. It was

radiant with joy and gratitude. There was a tremulousness in her voice, too, when she spoke, which revealed the sweet agitation of her heart. Claribel forbore to disturb her silent consciousness by a word or look. Her own experience had taught her how sweet it is to lock some joys entirely within one's own bosom.

The following morning, however, when they were standing together in a little alcove filled with rare plants, Marion suddenly inquired, "What will become of our flowers, Claribel, while we are in England?"

"*We!*" exclaimed Claribel, laughing, and shaking her head. "Ah, Marion! I fear you are becoming sadly fickle. *We*, in England! No, dear, you are to stay and take care of the plants; I, alone, am to accompany Mr. Farley."

There was a brilliant coterie of wits and geniuses assembled one evening at Lady D.'s, in London. She was one of the most popular ladies in the metropolis, and a great patroness of literature. Her house was the resort of the great and gifted, and on this evening she had given a party with a view to collect them in honor of a favorite friend, — Laurine Seton, and his beautiful wife. Many of the most lovely women of the city were there, and the young American bride was expected, with no little interest. At length the door was thrown open, and Mr. Seton and lady, and Mr. Farley and lady, were announced.

Lady D. rose to welcome them. Claribel came forward, leaning on her husband's arm, and looking very, very beautiful. She was dressed with elegant symplicity, and there was a winning and indescribable grace in her mien and manners, which was as *new* as it was enchanting. She returned the salutations of the company with ease and modesty, and surprised her husband by her dignified assurance and self-possession. There was a little fluttering about his heart when he saw the obvious admiration she excited, and a half sigh escaped his lips, when he remembered how little qualified she was to retain anything more than that excited by her native gifts and graces. He would willingly have excused himself

from attendance at this *soiree*, but as it was intended for an express honor to himself and lady, he could find no plausible apology for absence.

His heart sunk, when he saw Lady D. draw up her chair, and open a conversation with his wife. He removed his seat to her side, in hopes to be of assistance. Claribel looked up at him, and smiled a little roguishly. He did not comprehend the smile, but he soon found that his presence was not needed as an assistance. He became a silent auditor. Lady D. commenced by asking Claribel questions about American authors, — their characters and habits of life. Claribel answered satisfactorily, and ventured some very sweet and appropriate remarks upon the trials and discouragements attendant upon authorship in a new country, like America, and of the many temptations and allurements which the offices and partisanships of a democratic government were continually offering to wile them from the thankless toils of literature.

From authors, they passed naturally to their productions, with which Claribel discovered herself familiar, and instituted some very original and very striking comparisons between the works of her countrymen and those of British authors. From American literature they gracefully and unwittingly entered the domains of the old world, pausing not with Scott, and Byron, and Wordsworth, but crossing the channel to France, and from thence passing to the land of Göethe and Schiller.

Whatever subject they touched upon, Claribel expressed herself modestly and gracefully. There was no display, no visible consciousness of success; but her sweet perceptions and peculiar eloquence were appreciated, and silently admired. The gentlemen were not slow to estimate her accomplishments. They gradually joined in the conversation, till Claribel found herself surrounded by many of the most remarkable men of the day. Marion, too, received a share of admiration, though she had less of genius to fascinate. She was less enthusiastic, and less easily excited; but beneath a very quiet exterior, as is usually the case, were buried fountains of deep and fervent feeling.

Claribel was in conversation with M ——. He made some

remark which he attempted to verify by an Italian quotation. Her husband's surprise must be imagined when he heard her refuting the sentiment hidden from himself by a language to which he possessed no key; and, directly afterward, she was quoting Madame de Stael in the original! He understood, now, the little *ruse* she had been playing, and was deeply affected by this expressive token of her love. He longed to be near to her once more, and to whisper his gratitude in her ear.

Toward the last hours of the evening, a call was made for music. Claribel had an early invitation from many voices, but distrusting the composure of her nerves, after so much unusual excitement as she had recently experienced, she earnestly declined. But entreaties were renewed; and, after listening awhile to a variety of skilful performers, she suffered herself to be led to the piano. The first piece she attempted was by a celebrated composer, then present; and when she had finished it, he came to her, with sparkling eyes, and assured her that he felt himself exceedingly indebted; for never before had he heard one of his own productions expressed with so perfect an individuality of melody, so to speak, as that she had honored by her performance. Other voices, too, applauded, but she heard them not; she heard only a low sigh, breathed by one who stood at her side. She looked up, and encountered a flood of tenderness, from eyes whose light was the sunshine of her soul. She attempted to resign her seat; but "One more, one more, Mrs. Seton," from many lips, withheld her.

She hesitated a few moments, and then touching the keys very plaintively, she burst into a wild and tender melody, that brought tears to every eye. It was exquisitely simple, and new to every ear. No voice broke the silence for more than a minute after she had ceased. The composer at last spoke: "Pray tell us, Mrs. Seton, the author of that sweet, sweet thing."—"And of the words, of the words!" exclaimed a poet of the company. Claribel blushed, and replied, "I cannot tell." "I can," gently interposed Marion; "could any other than the *author* perform anything so exquisitely?"

Every one looked gratified. Laurine was too happy to speak; but, as he led her away from the piano, a silent pressure of the hand told her how deeply he was affected. "Laurine, forgive me," she whispered; "I have intended no triumph, but I am happy, if a year's assiduous application has spared you one moment's mortification. I care for no approval, save for your gratification." "Dearest," he replied, "I do not yet half know you. I tremble to find how greatly you now excel all my fondest dreams of what I dared to hope you might be. To think of my little 'rustic wife' becoming the star of London!"

1841.

THE GOSSIPINGS OF IDLE HOURS.

Hour First. — Well, this must be an idle afternoon, despite all my good will to industry. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. This soft south wind, making dreamy melody among the branches of the elm that grows up at my window, has a strange mesmeric influence upon my nerves. My old, velvet-covered, (*Tabby* velvet, dear reader,) square-backed arm-chair, has such a winning aspect of repose, that in spite of a most *womanly* resistance, I have suffered myself at last to be received passively within its gentle, mahogany arms. Farewell, now, to needle, thimble, scissors, thread; farewell to books, crayons, pictures, pens, and ink; farewell to everything in the habitable universe save this most bewitching, consummate *repose*. Even Thomson's Castle of Indolence could not be a more delicious retreat than this same little room of mine, and this luxurious green velvet arm-chair.

> "Whatever smacks of noyance, or unrest,
> Is far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

I have the greatest good will imaginable toward all the grand movements of the age; but pardon me, dear reader, even a movement across this little apartment *to-day*, would be worse than a Catholic penance. Even the last work of Charles Dickens, (Heaven bless him!) lying on the window-seat beside me, yet unread, has not power to tempt me from my

Eden of rest, my dear little "Sleepy Hollow." Yet I do not wish to sleep. My thoughts were never more wakeful than now. Let me, therefore, gaze out upon these little street-scenes that are enacted so quietly before me, and I will gossip to you about them with my tongue, which is the only member at present capable of activity.

The village road makes a graceful curve, and winds off from my sight behind a dell of tasselled willows; but just at this point a branch of this same thoroughfare takes the abandoned course of the old road, and at the very spot where the line of my vision terminates, makes another fork, and, with both arms, nearly surrounds our little cream-colored church. Opposite this chapel is the small village school-house. The scene is pretty. It has, at least, a rural look.

Let us take a gossiping view of the passengers that trudge along this street. Emerging from behind the willow dell, I see the stooping figure of a "pack-pedlar." Like many a genteel "loafer," he carries all his wealth upon his back — and a ponderous load it seems. Step by step, he labors along the way. Now he ascends the grassy slope to our neighbor's dwelling, and rap, rap, rap, go his bony knuckles against the door. The mistress of the house appears. The positive shakes of her head are no rebuff to his earnest entreaties for her patronage. Down he tumbles his huge burthen upon the entry floor. Scarfs, veils, ribbons, laces, and jewels are temptingly displayed. Seeing that these make no headway against her principles of economy, he begins next to unpack ninepenny-calicoes, spool-cotton, steel bodkins, assorted needles, hooks and eyes, etc., etc., etc., all of which are among the "*must haves*" of life. Finally, he prevails on her to take some little article named in his catalogue, and apparently satisfied with his luck, replaces his pack, makes a low, *foreigner's* bow, and departs.

Hard as the labor of his way must be, doubtless his itinerant life has many charms. If he has an eye open to the beauties of nature, he has opportunities of witnessing them in all their numerous varieties. Mountains and valleys, plains and woodlands, are traversed by his practised feet. He sees

the upspringing of the first violet by the road-side, and the last aster, that survives the blast of the northern wind, looks up to cheer him on his way. By the shores of lakes and the banks of rivers, across wild brawling streams and through glens of softest green, he pursues his path, from village to village, seeking, like Bunyan's pilgrim, to ease himself of the burthen that weighs down his weary limbs. Human nature, too, he sees in every variety. Into every dwelling he finds admittance, and comes in contact with every form of humanity. Many a family history does he store up in his mind, as year after year he takes his accustomed round. Many a humorous anecdote and romantic incident does he treasure up, to make food for thought when old age shall have put an interdict upon his laborious wanderings. But we must leave the poor pedlar to pursue his way, and recommend to such of our listeners as would know more of his itinerant profession, the beautiful delineations of Wordsworth, and of that sweet friend of ours, the author of the "BLIND PEDLAR."*

The next figure in the landscape is that of a woman. We must gossip gently this time, for she is a poor, lone being who approaches — one to whom our gentle Lord might have said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." The wind, filling her short, scarlet cloak, bears it out like a streamer behind; her hood, also, of faded green silk, is blown back from her forehead, over which fall straggling locks of coal-black hair, rivalling in hue the eyes that roll beneath; and upon her bare and brawny arm she bears a basket filled with cranberries, the harvest of her morning labors. The long strides that she takes soon diminish the distance that lies between us; she is crossing the door-yard now — is now beneath my window — looks up with a foolish simper, and salutes me with a low, girlish curtsey.

Poor old Susey! When I am eating the nice tarts made from those fresh spring cranberries, a thought shall stray to you in your far-off, lonely hut. But no! I forget. The hut is in ruins now, and another home — the *pauper's* home is

* See Vol. IX. of Ladies' Repository.

yours. But your heart has led you back there to that old and loved retreat — I am sure it has led you there, for in no other spot grow the meadow-cranberries so large and red. It was but the other day that I, too, visited the ruins. After a long, long ramble through the wildest and greenest old woods, where the moss carpets the whole earth, and is jewelled over with scarlet winter-berries and purple anemones — after a long, long ramble, through thickets of the glossiest-leaved laurel, and beneath the green arches of slant old hemlocks, we came suddenly upon a large, green, billowy pond, whose waves were tossing angrily against its high wooded banks. Hills surrounded it on every side but one — and on that side gushed forth a merry stream, near the banks of which were the ruins of poor Susey's hut. All around was solitary. Woods and hills shut in the view on every hand; and no sound was heard but the groaning of the waves, the laughing ripple of the brook, and the caw! caw! of melancholy crows. Here for many years had been old Susey's habitation. How she subsisted was a wonder to me; so far away from the dwellings of men and the comforts of human society. But my father showed me the spot where she used to raise corn, perhaps other vegetables, also; and very near this place, through the corner of a woodland, lay a large meadow filled with cranberries and cowslips, which the old woman occasionally brought into the village, to exchange for salt-meat and other articles of provision. Yes, it must be that she has been to the old meadow again, and gazed long and ruefully, no doubt, upon the pile of bricks and stone that mark the spot of her ancient residence. Who will blame her if she fondly loved that wild and lowly home? She had little else to love, poor thing! little else to claim her thoughts. And even the affections of the sinful and the abandoned must have some object around which to cling, though it be but a crumbling hearthstone, or a patch of barren ground.

From behind that same group of willows approaches another form. The walk is a familiar one. I know every attitude, every motion. Why should I not? He is one of the household, dear fellow! Ah! he is returning from the

post-office. His hands are full of packages, newspapers, &c. Wait a moment. "Any letters for me, Johnny?" "One. Guess who from, and you shall have it." "From Mrs. ——?" "No." "Miss ——?" "No." "Mr. ——?" "No." "Well, who is it? You don't know whether I guess right or not. How should you?" "Because I know the post-mark and the handwriting." "Oh! don't make me guess any longer. Do give me the letter." "I am sure you will guess right this time," says Johnny, laughing. "If it were not so very, very, very long since my last letter, that I quite despair of ever receiving a reply, I should almost fancy, from its *aspect*, that it might be from ——." "You are right," is the reply; and dash comes the letter into my lap. No, it has fallen behind my chair. Farewell, dear reader, to idleness and to you. This letter has acted like a galvanic battery. Were the strength of a giant required to break the seal, I am sure I could do it without delay.

1842.

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Hour Second. — Well, the idle hour has come again — the idle, dreamy summer hour. Not now am I snugly reposing in the arms of my Tabby-velvet, and gazing out upon that quiet village scene. This parlor rocking-chair, of crimson velvet, (not an unwelcome substitute,) commands a far different view — a view of jostling crowds, and brick pavements, and vehicles of every form, and character, and device; of bearded manhood, and budding childhood, and laughing beauty; of tottering eld, and creeping invalidity; of all the indescribable varieties of human beings and human action.

What a contrast between city and country life! How different the objects that claim our admiration and awaken our interest! *Here* Art is queen of the kingdom. She erects her arches, and rears her turrets, and cuts out of the shapeless marble, statuary of surpassing beauty. We look through the dusty pane into the dark and cheerless apartment of the sculptor. Forms of breathless beauty are around him — the creations of his own soul, the visible manifestations of the loveliest ideals of a human spirit. Through the bow-windows

of the shopman glitter the costliest jewels, and fabrics of the richest material, and rarest workmanship. Wherever we turn, *all* is art.

But *there*, in the green and breezy country, Nature has established her eternal rule. Her domes are the spreading branches of giant oaks and lofty sycamores; her columns are the moss-painted trunks of century-old trees; her altars are grass-grown banks, jewelled with golden dandelions; and upon every nodding bough and in every tuft of sedge, sit her wild and tuneful minstrels, pouring forth their lays of melting sweetness, or gathering into their little hearts themes for a thousand future songs.

And yet, despite the contrast, one grows, in time, to love the city, even if it be only from a love of his own kind. One grows, even, to love the very streets; not that they are beautiful, save in the living beauty that trips over them; but there are *associations* — associations without which the most glorious scenes in the universe are dull, and speechless, and tame. It is *not* the love of the physically beautiful which makes the charm of human existence; it is *not* outward loveliness and glory which makes one spot of earth dearer to us than another. There is something within, and beyond all this. There is a *spirit*, as well as a form, necessary even to inanimate things — a spirit of memory and of association.

The most magnificent residence in the vicinity of our metropolis, would be less dear, and less lovely to us as *strangers*, than the dirtiest, and meanest, and gloomiest of its streets, if only kind hearts had beat for us there, if only gentle eyes had smiled, and voices had uttered their words of love, and the feelings of our own souls had been holy and pure, around its most desolate hearthstone.

Those old trees across the street, with their crooked branches and deep green foliage — how well I have grown to love them from the very simplest of associations! I love them *because I watch them* — because they are ever before my eyes through the day, and the sound of their waving leaves is in my ears through the night. I love them because they are benefactors to the race that bustles around them; because they cast their

cooling shade over the dusty and weary plodder; because they cheer the invalid's eye, and speak to finite, perishing man, of the Infinite and Imperishable God.

1842.

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Hour Third. — Night in this great and bustling city; beautiful, glorious night! The country is grand, gloomy, and solemn now, but the city is a scene of most impressive magnificence. Look forth with me from this lofty window, into the long and glittering street. The gas-lights glare on either hand, and floods of radiance stream from the windows of lofty dwellings and gild the black and wavy branches of those giant trees that overshadow the Mall, illustrating in *mezzotint*, as it were, the gorgeous descriptions of the poets of the Orient.

Night in the city! The billowy mass of human life that has been sounding its ocean-like anthem through the long, midsummer day, is as hushed and quiet now as though its great heart had ceased to beat. The hoarse bay of a watch dog from a neighboring stable, the half-smothered cry of a restless infant, the hollow cough of some sleepless invalid, the heavy tread of the muffled watchman, — these are all the sounds that give token of the presence of life in this great and crowded city. How impressive is this silence! How solemn! It awes me more than the crashing thunder, or the roar of the storm-king upon the ocean. The spirit fancies itself alone in the universe — human life all dead, and no companion save the glittering stars, whose rays of light come to our souls with as sweet an influence, almost, as messages from the absent whom we love. Never do we so truly feel the presence of the Infinite as now. Never are we so conscious of the sway He holds over our spiritual being. Hushed, and reverent, and thrilled with holy love, we bow down before Him, and his blessing fills our souls.

1842.

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Boston Harbor.

Hour Fourth. — The sun is now on his descent to the horizon, and his yellow rays fall slant upon the bosoms of the grassy islands, and gild with silvery chains the surface of the

sea. In the wake of our gallant boat follows a black, dismal-looking British steamer, bound for Halifax. She comes slowly lumbering along in the distance, pouring from her red nostrils an immense cloud of smoke, through whose wreathy borders the sun diffuses his radiant light, and whose vast column stretches far, far behind, as though it would daub with its murky touch, the blushing face of the sun.

Behind us lies the favorite city, with its crowning dome, and its walls of brick — the Navy Yard — half hid by towering masts and deep-green trees, and high above all, "the granite finger, moistened by the blood of patriotism, and pointing upward from the sod to heaven." And now slowly from the north-east rises a dense curtain of fog, veiling from our sight the green islands and rock-bound peninsulas that border our ocean-path. With the demon of sea-sickness for our companion, come, dear Ella, let us court the comforts of a crowded cabin. Now and then a fog-bell, to give warning to the unconscious vessels in our pathway, and the bellowing of waves near the shoals, shall break to us the monotony of a long and miserable night. Ah, well; this sea-sickness is delicious. It draws one's head down so cosily to the pillow, and makes one feel so perfectly independent of all destiny. We fear little from accidents now. And yet we have a sort of dreamy consciousness of what is passing around us, and a disposition to be amused even in the midst of our misery.

Hark! there is a scene passing below us. That is the voice of the cabin-maid. "I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper!"

"What?" replies a faint, half-smothered voice from one of the berths.

"I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper!" screams in a still louder voice the cabin-maid.

"What?" again inquired the deaf lady.

"I want thirty-seven and a half cents for your supper!" is reiterated in a still more vociferous accent.

This colloquy is repeated a dozen times or more, and at last the stewardess leaves the cabin in despair. Now we sink into a gentle doze for a moment or two, forgetting alike our

miseries and our amusements. Alas! like all sublunary happiness, this proves to be but transitory. The cabin-maid returns, and the deaf lady, awakened from her torpor, makes some monetary overture.

"I only had a half of a cup of tea, and a little bit of biscuit," she adds, in a deprecating tone.

"No matter; you are welcome to it; I'll not charge you anything for your supper — you are welcome to it — welcome to it — I asked the steward about it, and he says I may give it to you, if I'm a mind to."

This fuss over, the cabin continues pretty quiet till morning. About dressing time the hubbub is renewed. Sea-sick mothers, dead for a season to all parental tenderness, petulantly wish their children thrown overboard; call them "little torments," declare that they detest them, and use sundry other terms of endearment, while the little vomiting darlings look up in surprise, wondering what change can have come over mamma, that she has no pity for their sufferings.

How welcome to us all comes the sound of the bell which announces our arrival at the wharf. Faint, and reeling, and misanthropic, we stagger up from the cabin, and with a hearty pleasure bid farewell to Portland *Boat*, and are ushered across the plank into beautiful Portland City.

1842.

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Westbrook, Me.

Hour Fifth. — The scene has changed. No sight nor sound of the ocean reaches us here. Woodland quiet — the breath of flowers — the waving of green trees — the singing of happy birds — these are the soft influences that now surround us. The eyes of joyous children smile on us; and the clasping of warm hands thrills the nerves that lie nearest to our hearts.

If God be not more in the country than in the town, he at least gives us more immediate inspiration of his presence. We are too susceptible to surrounding influences not to be affected by the purity and beauty and solemnity of country solitude. In place of the brick and paving stone, the little flower springs up to carpet the earth for our feet — the little

flower, whose perfect organization, whose fragrance and beauty, are alone sufficient to prove to us the existence of an All-wise and All-gracious Father. Every kindly emotion seems fostered by this rural quiet. Let us sit down, Ella, on this bank of shining grass. Does not this scene bring to thy heart a remembrance of former hours — of other solitudes — of a home dearer to me than this can be to thee? Canst thou recall to mind revelations of the inner heart that were uttered beneath the sighing pines of a woodland far, far away? And dost thou know how that same heart has since changed? How old it has grown, and wise?

Thou art smiling, as though thou wert doubting either its wisdom or its age; but a heart that has had much experience can still be gay; and though it may have learned wisdom, can screen it all beneath a careless and indifferent air. That maiden, whose dreamings were so freely revealed to us, has grown mature in heart, and the unphilosophical, and the romantic might accuse her of worldliness; perhaps, even of sordid selfishness. But they would do her wrong. Romance, indeed, has become to her as vanished dream — but *reality* — life in its more earnest and truthful aspect, has revealed itself to her mind; and she has learned to distinguish between the bowery and tortuous path which leads into a land of mists and rainbows, and that more rugged and unattractive way whose windings will terminate in useful and substantial happiness.

1842.

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Hour Sixth. — Well, Lottie, I am on my green throne once more — my comfortable velvet arm-chair, of gossiping notoriety — and who shall forbid me the luxury of a long chat with any true-hearted friend I choose to call to my side? Have you any choice of a theme? I could give you some rude, crayon-like sketches of our little village in its dilapidated autumn magnificence; but descriptions of scenery are becoming trite; and "the poets" have "worked over the stock" (as the paper-mill phrase is) till there is scarcely a fibre left on which to string the pulp. So, *dilettante-ish* as you are, I

shall not gratify your taste for the picturesque by cross-stitching upon my gossip-canvass any images of little crooked trees, such as threw you into ecstasies at L., or of moss-covered cottages, with creaking well-sweeps in front. No, you shall have something more transcendental; some "Orphic-sayings," whose wonderful wisdom shall be hidden from all those who are behind us in the flights of the "Over-Soul."

We are neither of us yet, like the year, dear Lottie, "in the sere and yellow leaf." We look not upon life as a pageant that is past, but as one in which we are, ourselves, now acting. True, we mingle not in its tumults — wear none of its panoplies — are not heard sounding alarms upon its watch-towers; nevertheless, all quietly though we sit in the myrtle-bowers of love, and peace, and domestic retirement, we cannot forget that we have *brothers*, friends, *knights*, perchance, Lottie, busily engaged in its conflicts. God strengthen their hearts and nerve their souls in every great and noble contest! Who fight so bravely as they? Who wield the sword of truth so valiantly? Who wear the snowy plumes of Christian faith so gallantly waving in the clear breezes and glorious sunshine of heaven?

Hark, Lottie! The sound of trumpets and the cries of heralds! Let us go sit awhile in yonder deserted watch-tower, and look down upon the army as they pass. What a glorious procession! How majestically the broad white Banner of Love swells to and fro to the soft winds of heaven! Look! its insignia is but a simple cross, with the motto, — "God is Love!" Yonder cometh the leader of this splendid array. He is attired in pilgrim-robes, and his sandals are worn and soiled; but Napoleon never wore so proud a crest, as the thin, proud locks that wave upon this good man's brow. And here, Lottie, cometh another general; the pride of the army. With firm step and undaunted brow, he has been foremost and strongest in the battle. He has crossed Alps, and warred amid the Pyramids; nor has he been driven back by worse than Russian snows and Moscow fires. Yet see him when the hour of rest has come, and you will find a group of children around his knees, playing, may be, with the very sword that has slain giants in the battle.

There cometh a brave champion — hark! what a strong blast he blows upon that great *Trumpet!* "Glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto ALL PEOPLE!" Again! Again! the cry is caught up, and echoed back by a thousand clear-voiced clarions far and near! And look, Lottie! Ah, yes, you have recognized him, I see — *our brother* — that gallant warrior, who finds it so difficult to curb the impetuous charger that has borne him proudly through many victories. And at his side is a still younger herald, who bears a silver clarion in his hand, and wears for his crest a small radiant star. Wave your scarf at them, Lottie — the bravest in camp and the gentlest in bower — wave them your scarf from the turreted tower!

Now cast your eye along from right to left. How many kind, familiar faces meet our gaze. Fathers, brothers, members all of the great "household of faith." There is one in minstrel garb, with a wreath of olive around his brow. If need be, he can put on the armor of a soldier, and dash into the hottest of the fight; but he loveth better the soothing spell of poesy; and, in chieftain's hall and lady's bower, has tuned his harp to many a sacred lay, and rehearsed many a tale of Love Divine at the hearth-stones of the afflicted and the poor. God bless him for his earnest heart and active hand! God bless one and all of those brave and faithful soldiers that labor at his side!

Do you see that bright-eyed, smiling young warrior, who kisses his hand to us from the crowd? There is not a braver or more zealous-hearted and devoted knight in all the army of the Cross, than he. He is, moreover, the leader of the juvenile *corps*. And that sunny-lipped herald, with a garland of queenly lilies on his brow, who precedes the van-guard of the army — hark! how the music of his clarion thrills through the hearts of the multitude! How deep its tones and rich! How exquisitely they die away over the mountain tops, and how sweetly they break forth again, and ring through the quiet valley! "Peace on earth, and good will to men!" is the angel-like proclamation, to which all the vanguard, noblest of the army, respond aloud — "*Amen!*"

The vision has faded, Lottie, and here we sit again, as through the magic of Ali's carpet, in this quiet, secluded chamber. The gossip-spirit has deserted me; and I have a fancy now, instead of amusing others, to be amused myself; so draw your chair a little nearer to my throne, and in your own beautiful words, give me one of the "Lights *or* Shadows of Woman's Life." Alas! Lottie, the shadows are so numerous in poor woman's lot, that if you are in the mood for it, I would rather the present sketch should be a sunny one — a *Light* instead of a Shadow.

1842.

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Hour Seventh. — There, the fire burns brightly now, and its genial warmth, diffused through my chilly frame, has acted by a kind of sympathetic magnetism upon my brain and heart. How unfortunate, now that I am in a social mood, that no kind neighbor will "just drop in" to chat an hour with me!

Rap! rap! rap! How like a fairy benison comes that welcome announcement of a visitor! Who, I wonder, can it be? Let us take a peep through the window before giving admittance. Ah! it is old Uncle Moses, the village sexton. I know him by his long white hair and low-crowned hat. It is too bad to keep the old man standing so long in the furious storm. I will hasten to admit him.

"Take the arm-chair, Uncle Moses, and let me unlade your cloak of the snow that has gathered upon it like a drapery of ermine."

"Shake off the snow, you mean, girl, I suppose. Pray don't starch up your sentences, and embroider them over with so many figures and fine words. I am an old man, and love to hear things said in the old-fashioned, homespun way. Young ladies are getting to be sadly artificial, now-a-days."

"True, Uncle Moses; and I beg pardon for having offended your ears with 'fine words.' It is not a common fault of mine, I assure you. If anybody talks simply, it is I. So allow me to draw my chair close to your side, and have a real gossip with you about things past, present, and to come. First, then, is there any 'news' about the village?'

"*News*— yes, that 's it! You women are always wanting something new. Gossip is the food you live upon."

"Now don't be so hard upon us, Uncle Moses. You know there must be a little pepper in the dish of life, and I have had none in mine for a long while past. So do tell me directly, have there been no births, deaths, or marriages, within the last month?"

"I used my spade, yesterday."

"Oh, Uncle Moses! you make me shudder. Pray don't be so frightfully laconic. Tell me, at once, who is dead."

"No one. I used it to break the ice from my door-step."

"How could you frighten me so for nothing? But as you seem determined to tell me nothing of recent occurrence, do satisfy my cravings for novelty with some fragments from your basket of memories. I am sure you must be rich in reminiscences."

"I am, I am, girl! An old grave-digger like me is always picking up some little incident to lay aside in his store-house of recollections. But they are all of them simple and trite — scarce worth repeating to one who is eager as you are for novelty. However, I will talk to you awhile about some of the tenants of *my* houses — those narrow houses with green grassy roofs, and graven slate-stones for tiles. Do you remember a beautiful white rose-bush, the only one in the grave-yard, that hangs its blossoms over the wall, near the gate?"

"Yes, I have often paused at that spot, and wondered whether it were a grave — for there is no monument or name to give token of any sleeper beneath."

"If you had searched more carefully, you would have found a small tablet which lies quite hidden by the grass. 'Jeanette' was the name of the lovely girl whose grave is there, and it is the only epitaph left to memorialize her quiet history. I had not been many years a digger of graves, when there moved into the little mossy-roofed cottage by the church, a young Scotch gardener and his wife. One day, as I stood by a half-made grave-pit, leaning wearily upon my spade, a little fairy of a girl came tripping modestly to my side. I am a great lover of little children, and never repulse them when

they come about me at my work. This little girl fastened herself to my heart at once. She told me her name. It was Jeanette. She was the daughter, the only child, of the Scotch gardener.

"From this day forth she never saw me at my work, that she did not make herself my companion. How she would chase about among the old gray tombstones, plucking the yellow dandelions and the purple heal-all, and weaving them into garlands to hang upon the baby headstones! One day she found a nest of young robins close under the shelter of a reclining gravestone; and such delight as the sweet creature experienced in feeding and watching the little brood, was beautiful to behold. Till she was sixteen years old, this darling girl never long neglected her favorite haunt. She became to me the angel of the place, cheering me ever in my hard and gloomy toil, and bringing her own serene and cheerful piety to brighten the darker colors of my own.

"About this time she suddenly neglected me; and I used to see her walking in another and more retired retreat, accompanied by a young, dark-eyed youth, to whom in the course of time she was solemnly plighted by the holiest of lover's vows. The young fellow enlisted as a soldier, went to battle, and was killed before he had gained a single honor. Poor Jeanette! she returned now to her olden haunt, but with a face and step so changed, it used to sadden, more than in former times it had cheered me to see her approach. She never spoke of Harry; but she brought green and fragrant shrubs, and planted them in the corner by the gate; and then she came to me with a sweet moonlight smile upon her lips; 'Uncle Moses,' she said, 'I wish you to dig my grave just in the centre of those rose-bushes; and then, after you have covered me over, let the green grass grow upon the spot, and have nothing but a simple tablet bearing my name, laid there to designate my resting-place.'

"'Long be the time ere I am called to so mournful an office,' I replied, looking anxiously into the dear girl's eyes, which were unnaturally large and bright. She smiled again, and glided silently away. It was her last visit. When next she

came, she was borne by the hands of eight weeping boys, and lowered into the grave which she had bade me dig among her rose-trees. That beautiful bush, which now clambers over the wall, is the only one that has till this day survived; for it is now twenty years since they laid that little lamb in her quiet bed."

"Poor Jeanette! I shall visit that spot with a new interest in future. It is true, then, that woman does sometimes die of a broken heart?"

"Indeed she does, often, often. If you doubt it, go with me some day among the tenements in yonder church-yard. I can point out to you more than a dozen mounds, beneath which moulder away the fragments of broken hearts. Some have wasted beneath neglect; some have been corrupted and betrayed; others have been eaten away by sorrows that are without names; and not a few have died as Jeanette did, because the link of love was irremediably broken, to be reünited only, in the world of enduring bliss."

"I doubt it not, Uncle Moses. Indeed, I presume I may follow their example."

"Not while that 'lurking devil' in your eye (Uncle Moses reads the poets) so strongly belies the presumption. There are forty-nine wild spirits to be tamed in your heart before it will be in a breaking condition."

"Do you think so? So much the merrier my life will be, then — that is all. But why do you go so soon? You have not given me half your reminiscences yet."

"Wait till another time, child. My heart is too sad now, thinking of pretty Jeanette."

1843.

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Hour Eighth. — "Social feelings strong — inquisitive organs remarkably developed — great propensity for a well-seasoned dish of gossip, taken with *strong tea!* etc. etc. etc.," said my little mischief-loving, phrenological friend Emma, running her pretty fingers over my head and sadly disordering my hair; and then tying the strings of her foolish-looking, spaniel-eared hood beneath her dimpled chin, she ran away just as I was trying to tease a little heart-secret from her.

And so, I must pass this long winter evening alone. What friend shall I call down from the shelves of my little library? Milton, with his sweet, fanciful "Comus;" or Irving, whose quaint dreams and homestead pictures have made him the favorite of all genial hearts and generous intellects? Or shall it be one of the gentler sex — dear Miss Mitford, and her pretty village heroines, or charming Mary Howitt, with her alchymic genius, changing all it touches into the rarest of gold?

Dear me! Who would have thought that in dislodging this beautiful copy of the "American Poets," I needed to have rattled down a half-dozen heavy octavos upon the floor! There comes M—— now, I dare say, to find out what all this noise is about. Bless me, no! it is old Uncle Moses again! How glad I am to see you, sir! You find me quite alone, and, as usual, regretting my solitude."

"Alone! Young ladies who have minds and hearts, should never be alone. Thought is the most improving of all companions."

"Do you think so? Now I often find it very stupid."

"Your own fault, then, daughter. It is your duty to give it a serious and instructive character; then you will never complain that solitude is irksome. But you were about to sit down to your book, were you not? A handsome volume that. Poetry, is it? Ah, well, they print a deal of such stuff now-a-days, but I reckon I have buried up sweeter poetry beneath the clods of yonder church-yard, than any you will find in books."

"I dare say it. And, by the way, did you not promise me, Uncle Moses, some further reminiscences of your professional life? Now is the time, if you are in a mood for it; but, first, let me apologize for not having sooner offered to relieve you of your surtout. You will find it uncomfortable at the fireside."

"Well, my girl, you must assist me, for this plaguy rheumatism has taken the strength all out of my arms. But before you lay it aside, let me take something from the pocket that I may need in the course of the evening."

"O what a pretty little ivory box! Do let me open it, for I am as curious as Pandora. Was it dug out of a grave?"

"No, dear. It contains merely a few relics of one who was very precious to my heart. You may look at them, if you wish, though they will have little interest aside from what is associated with her history, poor girl!"

"Oh! a picture! How beautiful it is! What soft, melancholy eyes, and small, chiselled lips! Do tell me her story. But stop — here is something more. A lock of rich, brown hair; — how gracefully it curls, and how glossy it looks, as I hold it up to the light! She must have been a lovely creature."

"She was."

"And this was her ring, I suppose. The initials on it are H. W."

"Helen Whitman."

"What is this dark spot upon it? It looks like blood! Pray do tell me her story."

"Well, be patient a little, and I will try. When our village academy was first built — which is some twenty years ago — an advertisement was sent out in the papers for some lady qualified to take charge of the girls' department. Applicants to this office were not as numerous in those days as they are now; and only three presented themselves. One was a widow about forty years old; one a maiden lady approaching her 'fourth corner,' and the third, a young girl of seventeen, named Helen Whitman. The committee selected to examine the qualifications of the applicants were young men, and two of them unmarried. Whether this circumstance had any influence upon their decision, I will leave you, who are younger than I, to determine. It is true, however, that the two elder ladies, like most of your literary women, were remarkably homely; and that Helen was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen in our village. She was the unanimous choice; and though there were some demurrings among the prudent parents on account of her youth, the committee were resolute in declaring that her attainments were of a very superior character; and as it was an undoubted fact that much of the

children's progress depended upon their attachment to their teacher, they had selected from the ladies the one who was possessed of the sweetest disposition. Some one ventured to inquire how they were so certain of this, the three candidates being equally strangers. 'Why, any booby might know it, or rather anybody would be a booby that did n't!" answered Charles Warrener, the youngest of the committee. 'Look into her face,' said he, 'and see what a radiation of goodness and gentleness is there! Why, there is not a greater contrast between December and June, than there is between the stiff, dogmatical, Westminster-Catechism look of that old maid, and the sweet, smiling, yet melancholy beauty of Helen Whitman. As for the widow, she is well enough,' he continued, 'but then — she is old, and homely, and has the rheumatism, and I dare say would do quite as much at grunting and groaning as she would at teaching. She looks too much like a milk-and-water character, too, to suit me.' This was Charles Warrener's reasoning, and as his reasoning was generally satisfactory to all the young ladies, it was, in consequence, to the mammas, and, through their influence, to the papas; so the choice of the committee was shortly ratified by the whole village, and Helen's star was at once in the ascendant.

"There was one circumstance, however, which had occasioned a little discussion and hesitation amongst the committee. The two elder candidates came loaded with recommendations from doctors, judges, and professors; but poor Helen had not a single certificate to present, except her own sweet countenance. She made her plea, however, and it was more effectual than a thousand certificates. 'Gentlemen,' said she, 'I have brought no recommendations. I am willing to give such testimonies of my capacities as you have the disposition to require of me, personally. I am an orphan. I was educated by my mother; and as the place of my birth is hundreds of miles distant, and as I have no acquaintances out of that immediate vicinity, it is impossible for me to procure certificates. I have no experience as a teacher; and it will be, therefore, unsafe for you to engage me for a longer period than one quarter. Be assured, gentlemen, I shall accept no

compensation for my services unless they fully meet your approval.'

"The singularity of a young girl's coming 'hundreds of miles,' unfriended and unrecommended, and trusting to Providence and the generosity of strangers for success, together with her extreme beauty and interesting manners, was sufficient at once to enlist the heartiest sympathies of the committee. They would have engaged her for a year; but this she positively declined; and young Warrener said he was glad, for he did not know but he might wish to engage her for *himself* by that time.

"As wife and I had no children, our house was thought to be more quiet and commodious than those of our neighbors, which were overstocked. We were accordingly applied to, by the committee, for board; and the next week Helen became an inmate of our family. She soon seemed to me like a child. Her manners were extremely winning and affectionate, and overflowed with kindness to every living thing. Her scholars loved her intensely. It was not enough for them to be with her at school; they literally haunted the house when she was at home, bringing flowers and berries, and fruits in abundance, as testimonials of their true-hearted love. 'Helen,' I used to say to her, 'how is it you contrive to make those little creatures love you so?' 'Oh, no mystery at all,' she would answer; 'they do it as naturally as the flowers dispense their fragrance to the winds that kiss them. Knowing how much my heart is bound up in them, they cannot choose but love me a little in return.'

"You remarked the melancholy of those eyes. It was not their unvarying expression, yet it was seen there often, and always when she was meditative. Her nature was full of hope and cheerfulness. Some painful circumstance could alone have induced such enduring sadness. True, she was an orphan, and to one of her affectionate disposition this must have been a severe allotment. But she was so truly a Christian, so trustful in her religious feelings, so unwavering in her belief that all God's dispensations are for the greatest good of his offspring, that I was confident it must have been something

worse than the loss of friends which could produce such abiding sorrow.

"The whole village was her admirer, and especially that portion of it embraced in the person of Charles Warrener. He was a young lawyer of fine talents, and many personal accomplishments. He had a soul, too; as I am sorry to say all lawyers have not; though I do not join the general crusade against the profession. Yes, Charley Warrener was as good-hearted a fellow as you will meet in a thousand; and a great admirer of beautiful and intellectual women. He had been a sort of butterfly, flitting from one pretty girl to another, half an hour in love with one, and the next moment as much engrossed with another. Some called him a trifler, but I do not think he intended anything like flirtation. He was searching for his *ideal*, and he found it in Helen Whitman.

"He had a little niece who attended Helen's school, and who soon became a great favorite with her teacher. Very frequently the little girl would come in the morning with a handful of beautiful wild flowers, which Uncle Charles had helped her select for Miss Whitman's herbarium; or with some rare specimen of garnet or quartz, which he trusted might find admittance to her cabinet; or a potted plant to shade her window. And if there was to be a ride, or sail, or wood party, (which answered to modern pic-nics,) Uncle Charles usually came in person to solicit her attendance.

"Everybody predicted a match; and even I saw no sufficient reason why it should not be so, especially when I observed the visible embarrassment his attentions excited in Helen. But at length, to the surprise of us all, she declined all these attentions, and as far as was possible, consistently with her situation, secluded herself from society. Her melancholy now grew deeper and more absorbing. Some violent struggle was shaking her very soul. Yet she bore it silently, and would have fain hidden it from every eye. She tried to affect gayety; but the laugh died away upon her lips, and the tones that were meant to be cheerful came tremulous and broken to our ears.

"Not to prolong my story, however, for I see it is getting late, I will hasten over several months, to early June of 1825. I was sitting, one day, in our little back parlor, by the open

window. A summer-house was affixed to the window, and so completely covered with vines on every side, as to prevent all communication of sight, though not of sound, between those within and without. It was about sunset that I heard some one enter the summer-house, whom I supposed to be Helen. I was about to address her, when a second person entered, or, rather, as I thought, seated himself upon the step of the door. The chair in which I was sitting was an arm-chair, and I had drawn my writing-desk up so closely that it was impossible for me to retire without making sufficient noise to interrupt the conversation, which had already been of too delicate a nature to be adapted to the ears of a third party. I was obliged, therefore, to become an involuntary listener to poor Helen's narrative.

"'Mr. Warrener,' she said, (for he was her companion,) 'I have been for months shrinking from this explanation, and should withhold it even longer, did I not feel that true affection should receive, at least, the meed of confidence. A dark cloud hangs over my destiny, and will follow me, or lead me, rather, to the grave; but there is some comfort in the thought that its shadow will rest only upon one.'

"'Say not so, Helen,' interrupted Warrener, earnestly; 'the darkest portion of it is already upon me, and certainly is not lessened any by my ignorance of its character. Can *I* be in the sunshine, when clouds are over *your* pathway? *Never*, Helen! I should disdain to be happy unless you were so!'

"'You are very kind,' said Helen, in a voice struggling with her misery, 'and I would to God that it were possible to spare you any portion of my suffering; it is not, however, if you love me, as I have cause to think you do. Nay, make no new protestations, Charles; they but increase the pain at my heart. And now, let me ask, how much can you bear to know of Helen's history? Will you hate her if she tells you she is a child of guilt?'

"'No, Helen,' he answered, gravely, 'the time for pride is gone by. No disgrace that rests upon your name can make you less the object of my noblest love. In your own person, I am sure you are guiltless.'

"'But, Charles,' she said, shuddering, 'it is an awful stain that rests upon poor Helen's name — the stain of human blood!'

"'Good God! is it possible?' exclaimed he, springing to his feet. 'Nay, forgive me; it was but of your agony I thought. From *you* nothing can make me shrink. Let me support you, dear Helen; you are faint. Lean upon my bosom *this once*, if it *must* be no more. Now, when you are quite calm, you shall tell me all, and I am sure it will be a relief to you.'

"I heard the poor girl weeping. 'Oh, but for this one dreadful memory, I might be *so* happy!' she exclaimed, in a voice that went deep into more than one soul. 'Why, Charles,' she said, in a sudden tone of cheerfulness, strangely at variance with the fearful import of her words, 'I am the poor, miserable child of *a murderer!* And oh! what is a thousand fold more agonizing, the blood that he spilt *was the blood of my mother!* But don't weep, Charles,' she added, tenderly; 'your sympathy makes me very strong. Look here,' she said; 'this was my mother's bridal ring — the pledge of her husband's undying love; see how he stained it with her blood!'

"'And why, Helen, why?'

"'Because he was "a bold bad man," passionate and jealous, and inebriated. He accused her of guilt, and when she knelt down, and before God protested her innocence, he struck her dead at his feet! He did not flee, but sullenly awaited his trial, confessed his guilt, and, unrepentant, ended his wretched being on the scaffold. How I lived through it all, I know not, for I loved my mother beyond all human beings; but it was God's will that I should not die; and when I had sufficiently recovered my health and mental composure, I left my native place, and adopting my mother's maiden name, came here, where my history and parentage are unknown. I bore my grief more patiently before I learned to love you, Charles.'

"'But it can, it *must* make no difference,' was the reply. 'Would I not just as proudly call you my wife, in the face of the whole world, even if all knew your unhappy history? I

would, Helen, and I cannot allow your scruples; I *will* not allow them to interrupt our happiness.'

"'Oh, you don't know me,' said Helen, very seriously. 'I am alive, in every nerve, to the infamy that rests upon my name; and the mere thought that *you* ever could be reproached with it would be like an undying worm at my heart. The race of a murderer must not be perpetuated. Let me fill up the last grave; for that were better, far, than to transmit the demon-blood to a generation bearing your beloved name. Charles, entreat me not. I will not stay to hear you;' and before he could reply, she escaped into the house, and withdrew immediately to her chamber.

"I did not close my eyes to sleep that night, but lay meditating arguments with which to combat poor Helen's scruples, and induce her to marry one who was so true and generous in his love as to be willing to brave all shame for her dear sake. I arose very early, and walked into the burying-ground, for I had a grave to dig that morning.

"'Business comes in fast now-a-days, does n't it?' said an old neighbor, who stopped by the gate, as he was driving his cattle past. 'Rather afflicting that affair that happened last night.'

"'What was it?' I asked. 'Oh, you have n't heard then! Why, young 'Squire Warrener is dead! Dropped off in a fit, they suppose, for they found him dead on the floor of his room, and no signs of poison, or murder.'

"It was too true. Poor Charles had fallen a victim to the violent emotion Helen's narrative and her fixed resolution had excited. The physicians opened his chest, and found that his heart was ruptured! *They* never knew the cause, though they attributed it to the excitement of a pending trial, in which he was at that time deeply engaged."

"And Helen?"

"Oh, it is needless to say, she never rose from the prostration his sudden fate occasioned. 'I, too, am a murderer!' she would often exclaim, in a tone of bitter self-reproach; and the morning before she died, she called me to her bedside, and requested me to dig her grave at the foot of that large

elm, standing in the stream that runs through the churchyard. 'It is of little consequence,' she said; 'but as my lot in life has been an isolated one, I would also wish my narrow bed to be somewhat apart from the crowd.' And there she lies to this day, poor girl, unless the worms have eaten her."

"Her dust is there, Uncle Moses, but *she* is in that bright and blessed country where there are no *murderers*. Poor Helen! she was *too* sensitive."

"The iniquity of the father was visited upon the child with a fearful completeness. Why is it that the innocent must suffer so intensely for the deeds of the guilty?

> "Oh we have need of patient faith below,
> To clear away the mysteries of such woe?"

"And yet, were it not for these 'mysteries,' how could our faith be proved? Depend upon it, Uncle Moses, they will all be as clear as noon-day to our *immortal* visions; and till then we must content ourselves to

> "Know how sublime a thing it is
> To *suffer* and be *strong!*"

1842.

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Hour Ninth. — Did you ever know, Lottie, what it is to love "a tree or flower" (as Moore has it) with a peculiar tenderness, not for its own beauty merely, but because it is "linked to names you love?" It may be but a scraggy and scrawny shrub, yet to the heart it is dear and beautiful for memory's sake. There are many such to which I shall lead you some idle summer day.

> On the brow of the hill is an old crooked tree,
> A favorite seat for my friends and me;

and under the shadow of its white blossoms and green leaves, I will some bright morning point out to you all the kingdoms of my heart. No, not *all*, Lottie; for some lie beyond the horizon, on the borders of beautiful streams; and the brightest and dearest is beyond ken, seen only by the *clairvoyance* of a Christian's faith. I will show you "the house where I was born," half-hid by the tall elms that surround it; and the

school-house on the plain, where, for ten dream-like years of thoughtless life, I sat through winter day and summer day on the hard plank seat, tasting all kinds of ordinary knowledge, from the first rudiments of orthography up to the sublime lore of planets and stars; and the humble church where my heart first knelt to drink of the immortal springs whose waters can alone satisfy forever, and where it still receives gradual accessions of strength and faith from the pure fount of Divine Truth.

I can show you, too, the roof-tree, — a somewhat slender and thrifty elm, which could not, I fancy, have towered above the homestead long enough ago to have sheltered the earliest nestlings of the flock, but whose juvenility transcends the longest memory of your not very antiquated friend. There is a deal of poetry in the roof-tree, Lottie, — a poetry that touches the universal heart. How popular that simple lay of Gen. Morris' has become! and how many a greater and lesser poet has struck the lyre to a similar theme! The last Repository has a pretty poem from Mrs. Spooner, which everybody who has watched the robins building on the roof-tree, or sat in its shadow to read a favorite tale, can properly appreciate. And why should we not cherish these benefactors of our childhood, that link its golden hours with the more troubled seasons of maturer life? We cannot revivify the past, and make our by-gone days pass over our heads again in their olden beauty; but we can use the Egyptian art of *embalming* what is dead, and, more fortunate than they, can keep the *spirit* of the past alive, when its form and outward glory is vanished forever.

Memory has certainly its pleasures, and it has as surely its pains. Some hearts, dear Lottie, are smitten by an early blight that tinges the very latest hour of a long life with regret; and some live to three score years and ten without being doomed to look back upon any crushing sorrow, or any fiery ordeal that seared them as they passed. But very few are there, however, who pass the mid-day of life, and find much of its morning brightness left. O my friend! how early does it behoove us to find some strength that shall not fail us

through all life's seasons of weakness! What shall we do, if we lose friends, health, and earthly hope, unless we have some place of refuge in the love of God? Strong, indeed, must we build our faith to withstand the assaults of a whole life's sorrows; yet, by pious effort, we seldom fail to acquire that true and abiding confidence in God which will sustain us under any burden of affliction; and surely, *you* know, Lottie, how much the acquisition is worth.

I sat down to gossip with you, and I thought my heart was full of bubbles that would effervesce, and run over like a summer fountain; but unaccountably my theme has made me sad, and I love you too well to make you a participator in my lachrymose meditations. So farewell! When you come again, charm me into a merry mood.

1843.

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Hour Tenth. — This is a most bewilderingly beautiful day, Louise. Let us up to the summit of the hill, where we can be above, yet not shut out from, the busy world around. I have no sympathy with the life of a recluse. If I were the most religious person in the world, I would not be a nun. I believe with Franklin, that the most acceptable service we can render God is to do good to our fellow beings; and how can we do them good, to any great extent, unless we mingle with them, and share with their pursuits? I never could see the superior piety of those persons who devote their whole, or indeed the greater portion of their time, to self-examination and self-improvement. It is true, no higher duty exists than to make ourselves perfect; but how can this duty be accomplished so long as we devote ourselves entirely to selfish ends? entirely to our own mental and moral refinement?

It is my creed, Louise — would to God I more fully practised it in my daily life! — that the very highest responsibility of our being is to make those in the sphere of our influence *happy*. The question we ought to consider, when reflecting on the result of any action, is not, "Shall I be rewarded for it?" — but, "Will it be useful to any human being?"

That we owe ourselves certain duties, I am aware. There

are practical virtues, whose performance extends scarcely beyond our own individual knowledge and benefit. We owe it to ourselves to be temperate, cleanly, and in every respect orderly; to be well-instructed in religious faith, and in scientific and historic knowledge. Still, all these virtues and acquirements have an indirect bearing upon the happiness of those around us. We are so connected, every individual of us, with the great mass of human life in the world, that even our personal habits do more or less affect the general comfort and tranquillity of those with whom we mingle.

But I am prosing — and here we are now, on the very brow of this high hill. Let us have a seat on this crooked apple-tree. Years ago, Louise, a friend sat with me here, and I can show you now the spot where he cut from its bark a fragment of green, velvety moss. "If I go over the seas to other lands," said he, "I will look upon this little relic there, and think of you." I should like to know if he is looking on it *now*, thinking of me. A blessing on him, though the waters be between us. Would there were in this world no less faithful friends than he!

Look up, Louise, into the deep blue sky! What a mystery is day, that shrouds from our gaze the myriad worlds that are forever moving through that stupendous arch! Day was made for *our* earth, to show us the minute loveliness spread everywhere upon its bosom; Night, for the million-sphered universe; for the display of suns and worlds a hundred-fold more magnificent and glorious than our own! Day is for the beauty of the rose, for the song of the lark; Night comes

> "With every star,
> Making the streams that in their noonday track
> Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
> *Mirrors of worlds afar!*"

Is there not, to you, something almost terrific in the sublimity of astronomic truths? I confess, limited as is my knowledge of that Olympic science, I am thrilled and awed to the soul by the novelty and magnitude of its discoveries. I could almost wish, sometimes, that this universe were less stupendous; that its creation and operations were not so deeply veiled from

human investigation. How natural was that ejaculation of the Psalmist — "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast made; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

1843.

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Hour Eleventh. — Well, dear Lottie, I am in a merry mood once more — and who would not be, at the sight of that laughing blue eye, peeping out from its bonnet of straw? And such a day, too! Why, Lottie, a very mule might be pardoned for a frisk or two in a sunshine so exhilarating.

Will you go a bird's-nesting? Not a *foraging* the poor dear things, but just to take a peep at the tiny blue eggs, or drop a few crumbs into the gaping mouths of the fledglings. No, I see you have your heart set upon a dinner of minims and chubs. But what will you do for fishing-tackle? Here is my work-box — help yourself to pins and thread — and down by the brookside we can find an abundance of willow-rods. You laugh, but I assure you it is all the angling apparatus I ever use.

Pray don't stay inhaling the very life out of those poor violets, if it *is* three long years since one has met your eye. I am impatient to show you my gipseying haunts. There! is n't this the coziest bit of an island you ever saw? And look above! What a wealth of clematis has hung itself upon every bough of this young elm! Do you think the whole islet is broad enough for us to sit upon? Let us try.

Are you a Mesmerizer? One would suspect so, from the intensity with which you have been gazing at that poor dragon-fly for these last ten minutes. His violet-colored body may possess some magnetic properties, for aught I know — and look at his eyes! Those round, staring, motionless orbs are, for all the world, a perfect miniature of Dr. O.'s, who has so much of the nervo-fluid, it is thought he might put the aurora-borealis to sleep, were he to gaze at it.

"Oh my!" as our friend Mr. T. says — "what a shoal of the tiniest little fish! Do see them, how they dart away at the sound of my voice, and hide themselves in the shadow of

those grape-leaves. When they passed through that streak of sunshine, they looked like so many amphibious jewels, 'gone in a-swimming.'" Oh Lottie! what a sin it would be to eat such pretty creatures as those! Of how many hours of fine frolic in these little spearmint-scented nooks and coves we should thus deprive them — *we*, who, ourselves, love frolic so well! And all to gratify a momentary whim of appetite. I acknowledge there is a mystery about this principle of *life* which consecrates, and makes it sacred in my eyes. It is what we all can take away, but none of us can restore; and it is not without hesitation that I destroy the life of a troublesome and insignificant insect. Why should I deprive it of an existence given to it by God — and given, we may well believe, for purposes of use and enjoyment? If He deemed it worthy of *creation*, ought not I, at least, to regard it as deserving *preservation?*

Oh, what a bright little cluster of cowslips! Do you like them, dear? They are becoming to your dark locks — let me interweave them. Mary says they are a coarse looking flower, and from having frequently seen them brought upon the table as an *edible*, they are not altogether poetically associated in the mind with salt pork and beef. Despite this misfortune, however, they are rather a favorite flower; and I never see their golden clusters and rich green leaves growing upon the water's brink, without feeling a fresh glow overspread my innermost heart.

Look — do look! See that green-coated, amphibious gentleman, with his hand resting gracefully upon that mossy stone, and his legs dangling in the water. He is the troubadour, I take it, who gives us our nightly serenades. Pray, my dear Sir Frog, don't fix those bright eyes of yours so insinuatingly upon my friend Lottie. She loves your serenades much better than she loves you. But what can the fellow mean, hanging so long upon that stone, gazing at us poor, unoffending demoiselles? You know he was Galvani's first subject — who knows but what his regard for science has induced him to offer himself as a subject for Mesmeric experiments? Try him, Lottie.

No — he is no martyr. Away he paddles down the bright current, till finally he is lost to our eyes. Farewell, gallant troubadour! your music will be welcome in our hours of slumber, but Lottie and I regard you as *de trop* in our sylvan *tête-à-tête*.

While you are braiding that wreath of violets, I will read you a little hymn I wrote this morning, to be sung in the tune — "Near the lake, where droops the willow."

Lord of midnight and of morning,
Hail, hail to Thee!
Now the golden light is dawning
O'er rill and tree.

Soft the dew rests on the roses,
Fragrant the air;
Every flower some sweet discloses,
Balmy and rare.

Nature worships at her altars —
So, too, should we;
Base, indeed, the heart that falters
In loving Thee.

Lord of Love, send down thy blessing
On us, below;
Let each heart, its wants confessing,
With fervor glow.

None so good as Thou, Jehovah!
Be Thou obeyed;
For Thy mercy spreadeth over
All Thou hast made!

E'en the humblest, lowliest creature,
Lives by Thy care;
Why should we, of human nature,
E'er, then, despair?

Hark! can that be the dinner-bell — so soon? Oh Lottie! where are your minims? If the good keepers-at-home have not been more provident than we wild gadders-abroad, I fear me we must be content to make our repast of cowslips and water-cresses.

1843.

HOUR TWELFTH. — It is the first of May, — a day memorable in old England for its ancient sports around the flower-wreathed pole; for its dances and shoutings upon the village-green; and for a multitude of little village romances, never reënacted in these days of formal and artificial life, but which will live in the memories of ballad-readers, as one of the very loveliest features in the "acted poetry" of by-gone days.

It is the first of May, — and a furious eastern storm, which has poured down its drenching floods through the whole past night, still roars and sweeps through the upper air, like an angry god come forth to battle. No sweet May-sports to-day — no, not even the gathering of a green stick to deposit in prophetic attitude over the door, — an interpreter of that great mystery in a young maiden's future destiny, namely, "Who will my husband be?"

Yet I do not regret it. I love a rainy day, occasionally. It throws one so much inward for sources of mental happiness, and seems, in a great measure, to shut out the gairishness and strife of the big world. Yes, even this first day of May, it is pleasant to sit at the chimney-corner with a blazing fire at one's feet, and ply the busy needle, or delve deep into the rich ore of a new and thought-suggestive book.

This plying the needle, — there is real enthusiasm and pleasure in it, when one is in the mood. To see the shapeless fabric gradually assuming form and character beneath the operations of the fingers; to call into requisition one's taste and skill, to fashion a garb of comfort and beauty, for ourselves or some one dear to us; yea, even the very *exercise* of sewing is exhilarating, when the heart is in the work.

And reading, too. No time like a rainy day for close meditative reading. The birds are not forever twittering in your ears on such a day, charming you away from all the music of written thought; neither are the sunbeams stealing through your lattice, tempting you to an idle saunter in the woods; but the rain, dashing in torrents upon the window-pane, serves as a lively "dancing-tune," to set one's ideas in rapid motion.

1843.

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Hour Thirteenth. — My gossiping soliloquy was disturbed by a sudden gleam of sunshine, darting through the dense clouds that a westerly breeze sent lumbering off over the horizon, and falling upon a red stripe in the carpet at my feet. An hour or two later, and all above was blue sky, with now and then a soft fleecy cloud resting over the tops of the woodlands.

Some friends called, — a walk was proposed, — so adieu to books and needle-work, till another rainy day, said we, leaving them scattered upon the sofa, in that elegant disarray common to those whose impatient impulses are forever deaf to the cries of "order! order!" from the phrenological monitor in the temple.

The wood-path through which we traced our way had lost none of its olden fascinations, save that it now wanted a portion of its midsummer foliage, and bright fragrant flowers. But there were rich, beautiful mosses, soft as velvet, and green as — what? Indeed, there is nothing on earth *so* green! And a few, very few, flowers were found, hidden beneath the last year's leaves, — and the May-sticks were gathered, just budding, like Aaron's rod, — and they might also, perhaps, be likened to the diviner's rod, since they were about to reveal to us the buried riches of our future days. (And yet, it must be confessed, husbands and wives are not *always* treasures.)

Our party consisted of eight ladies, and one beau, who had arrived at the great antiquity of three years! May-day, alas! is no longer a general holiday; and our village swains, remarkable rather for their industry than their gallantry, perhaps found more important occupations to claim their time than gadding in the woods for flowers. Yet it was a pleasant walk, nevertheless, — we all said it was a pleasant walk; and so, dear friends, believe me, notwithstanding a rainy forenoon, and a *beauless* party in the afternoon, May-day was passed as happily in our quiet village as perhaps in any other spot on our globe. Good bye!

1843.

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Hour Fourteenth. — Rap, rap! at the kitchen door. "Gentleman of the house in?" — *Enter* — a slight, girl-faced young

fellow, with a mahogany frame in his hand. "Ah! good evening, sir; — called to see if I could engage your hall, sir, to teach a writing-school in? Here 's an ornamental specimen, sir. It represents Napoleon on horseback; there, you see, is a corner of his cloak, flying in the wind; there is his cap; and see, there are the feet of his horse! I have some more specimens I could show you, — one of a swan, and another of a flock of birds, — samples of penmanship, you know. I teach writing on a different plan from your common masters. I have a rule and a principle for everything; — a rule for the upward stroke and a rule for the downward stroke of the pen; a rule for joining the two sections of a letter together, and a rule for *shading* each letter — making four rules for every letter. Then, I have a rule for holding the pen, another for the position of the hand, and another still for the position of the arm. I also use a black-board, upon which I put every letter together, and take it to pieces again, so that the smallest scholar can understand what it is made of. In short, sir, I have a rule and a principle for everything."

Rap, rap, rap! at the front door. In rushes a tall chap, with a huge portfolio under his arm. "Can't I sell the ladies some fine pictures? I have a great variety, — will sell them to you very cheap, and put them in frames, too, for half a dollar!" Here he displayed, with the complacent air of a virtuoso exhibiting *real* gems, a gaudy collection of colored prints — Helens, and Amandas, and Josephines, in yellow gowns and red pinafores; curly-headed boys, holding up bunches of grapes, to tempt orange-colored dogs; *parting-scenes*, in which a soldier-lover, in blue coat and white pants, seems *about* to kiss a yellow-robed damsel, the ruby of whose lip, by some unfortunate stroke of the artist's brush, is melting and oozing itself down upon the lily beauty of her chin! Then, there were "mourning-pieces," in which there was a weeping-willow drooping over the top of a white urn, beside which stood a fat lady in black, with a cambric handkerchief at one eye, making laborious efforts to weep, if one might judge from the large pear-shaped masses of liquid that clung to her beet-hued cheeks. There was a "family-scene," too, in which the

"papa," with a parson-like rigidity of limb, sat bolt upright, reading from Holy Writ, while "mamma," in the stereotype yellow gown, was seated at the fireside, holding a baby in a bright red gown, with an older one, in blue petticoats, "cuddled down" at her feet.

Now, we "ladies," not being patronesses of the fine arts, were unable to discover the merits of these "fine pictures," and scarcely turned our eyes toward them, all the while the *amateur* was expatiating upon their manifold beauties; whereupon he grew justly indignant at our apathy, and, upon our *positively assuring* him we could not purchase, made a very precipitate retreat, bearing forth his treasures to more enlightened tastes and liberal purses.

But we were not fated long to enjoy our quiet. Another ponderous knock soon announced a recruit to the list of our peace-disturbers. "Like to subscribe for a monthly, to-day, ma'am? Anything you wish, ma'am,—Graham's, Godey's, Ladies' Companion, Boston Miscellany,—all the first-rate magazines,—fashion-plates, music, engravings, tales, poetry, &c. &c., by the first writers in the country. No lady pretends to be without one or more of these magazines. No lady can *be* a lady without them. Here 's where they come to consult the fashions; here 's where they turn for their new music; here 's where they enrich their minds with the current literature of the age. Better make a selection, ma'am!"

But we were as apathetic to the attractions of the monthlies as we had been previously to those of the fine pictures, and persisted in a very resolute denial of our patronage, which proved us, of course, to be *no ladies!*

These are but a few samples of the daily, and almost hourly, annoyances to which honest country people are subject, from vagrant speculators upon their credulity and good-nature. They tease, and torment, and weary you out of all patience and common courtesy. They offer you things you do not want, and cannot afford; they urge them upon you, until their solicitations become an insult, and then, finding you will not be *driven* to give them your money, depart from your door with a sneer, and oftentimes with an inward curse.

But we sometimes have another class of wanderers. A few evenings since, a tall, burly-headed foreigner called, and begged a lodging. The night before, he said, he lay upon the "cold groond," and slept very little. He had followed Bonaparte to Moscow, and been amid "the cold snoows" there, and he had been "*three years* at Waterloo;" but, in all his campaigns, had never suffered so much as in travelling the last six weeks in Massachusetts, in search of employment. Work, *work*, was what he wanted, and could not find; and the disconsolate look with which he leaned his head upon his hand, and wished himself back to France, proved that he was weary in heart as well as in frame. He was a different man in the morning, as I saw him marching off with a light step, and a smile of cheerfulness on his face; such an invigorating and hope-inspiring influence has a long night's rest, followed by a bright spring morning.

This morning a Virginia negro called. "De black folks do de white-washing and de house-cleaning for de white folks — can't Aaron do some for you, dear lady? And dese are your daughters, are dey? Well, dey are bery pleasant-looking girls, and look bery much like de mudder! Why, deir hair is bery black, — blacker dan de Aaron's, — for I be a kinder red-top, and my grandfadder, who come from Africa, hab de red wool!"

Aaron was a comical fellow. I almost regretted that the white-washing and house-cleaning were done for the season, for he was the best specimen of a southern negro I had ever met; and it was amusing to listen to his familiar chat. He left the house, and in a few moments I saw him at a neighbor's door, inquiring of the lady there if she had any "little pick-a-ninnies."

If I had the smallest talent for humorous description, there are a hundred incidents occurring in our little village which would be worth relating. But my mirthfulness is somewhat like strong beer, very effervescent in itself, but very stupefying in its influence upon others; and it *is* a little dampening to one's vanity to make a vehement effort to describe a scene at whose exhibition one has laughed heartily, and to find that

its only effect upon the listener is to produce a dismal yawn! Dear me! How *is* the way to say funny things?

1843.

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HOUR FIFTEENTH. — I can no longer gossip of the trees, and bird, and brooks; alas! they are far distant, and only the glare of red walls and the hum of busy multitudes can be seen or heard around me. Yet not altogether uninteresting is the circumscribed view beneath my window. I could talk to you of it for hours, it is so full of humanity.

Directly in front, I have the variegated pole and blue paper packages indicative of a barber — in this instance, a genteel colored fellow, with black glossy curls, that speak volumes in favor of his skill, and whole mammoth sheets in praise of his comeliness. The most I have been able to learn of him during our six weeks' acquaintance — an acquaintance carried on by means of sundry interchanges of glances during those hours when I sit here with my needle or my pen — can be told in few words. He is polite when occasion requires, and like most of his race, good-natured and social; but molest him in any way, and he is as pugilistic as a bear. Last Sabbath morning I was aroused by a disturbance in the street. I arose, and looking out of my window, saw my curly-haired neighbor in close combat with a drunken sailor. The sailor, it seems, had stolen his brush and comb, and in return was helped to a bed in the gutter. My neighbor's attitude was sublimely gladiatorial, as he stood there awaiting the renewal of the tar's assaults; but the tar, poor fellow! was in a state of most helpless inebriation; and the barber's victory, though complete, was without glory.

A little to the left oblique I have the perspective of a whole street, dignified by the appellation of *Place*. It is a quiet but not unnoticeable spot, for events of interest are daily transpiring within it. I hear, at this moment, the harsh but not unpleasant notes of the gipsy ballad-singer. See her standing before the door of that brick dwelling, with her tambourine raised in the air! Her attitude and general appearance are

singularly picturesque. Her straw hat with its plain green ribbon has a modest look, and her short skirt betrays a pretty little plump foot and ankle that would charm a connoisseur of rustic beauty. Poor girl! she is a vagabond on the face of the earth; without caste among her own sex, and subject to the tyranny and selfishness of the other. She laughs — but 't is a hollow and joyless laugh, having neither freshness nor innocence in its broken and discordant flow. She talks — but not the soft, fervent accents of pure and loving womanhood. Something gross and harrowing to the ear of delicacy falls from those lips, on which the dew of innocence no longer rests. Poor girl! if there be one being on the face of God's earth who deserves the commiseration of her race, it is she, who, like thee, is an exile from the Eden of pure affections and an innocent life. Terrible, beyond the power of imagination to conceive, must be a life like thine, so shut out from human tenderness — so bound down in the most menial servitude to the animal, yet yearning evermore with a hopeless agony for the paradise of the spiritual! Hapless lot, indeed! And is it thy fate, or thy reward? Wert thou nurtured in the bowers of virtue, and watched over by a pious and faithful mother? or wert thou the offspring of guilt, thrown, in thine infant helplessness, into the dens of profligacy and crime, with no voice to warn thee of the perils around and before thee? Who knows, save God? In his hands I leave thee, to be judged by a righteous and merciful judgment.

A few weeks since, a hearse was in that street, and it bore away from a dwelling the chief pride and glory of its inmates. The husband and father is gone. Yonder now comes the widow, leading a little rosebud of a girl by the hand, and listening abstractedly, but with a half smile on her face, to her innocent talk. She is a widow, indeed. Her soul is exceeding sorrowful. She feels exposed and helpless. How timidly she moves through the crowd! Where is the arm on which she had once leaned so trustfully? It shall never support her more! 'T is a fearful state — this lonely widowhood! It comes so suddenly after the sweet dependence, the familiar companionship, the unreserved trust, of connubial love. Mar-

riage spoils a woman for solitude and for individual action. She yields herself up so entirely to be cared for, loved and defended. She is like a bird that has its nest amid bowers of roses, and never goes abroad to brave the storm. But alas, when the shelter is removed! Alas, when the rude winds blow, and none is near to encourage and protect! God be with and bless the widow — for she is a widow indeed!

Just around the curve of the street, in a little alcove formed by the door of a public building, sits a poor woman with a nursing babe. There she is, from eight in the morning till the sun reaches the meridian and throws its blaze into her baby's face, offering to passers-by her basket of apples and candy. Few and parsimonious are her customers; yet 't is better than starving, even those few, hard-earned pennies. Will they not buy her a loaf for her children's supper? ay, even purchase the absolution of her sins, poor, simple creature of faith that she is! My thoughts are with that patient mother and nursing babe many times in the busy day; yes, even when I am gayest, and in the midst of most uncongenial scenes, the image of that poor old apple woman comes gliding into my heart. Why is she there? Does she come to reproach me that never, often as I have passed her in the street, and looked at her with deep pity, have I spoken to her a word of kindness, or dropped a single penny in her hand? Oh, idle feeling that prompts not to generous action! Yet there are, further down the street, two of the same class, with whom I often stop to trade and chat — why this partiality? Ah, it is because *they* invite my custom by eager salutations; nay, even quarrel if I divide my coppers, instead of giving them all to either one; but she, meek creature, never speaks, scarcely does she lift her eyes, but sits in submissive sorrow and mute entreaty, *hoping* what she dares not ask. And yet I pass her idly by — a Levite indeed! God send me better ways!

A little further along, and in view of my window, gleams the white tent of the *menagerie*. All around it and up and down the street, stand tables of refreshment, beneath little white awnings of cloth. Such a variety of commodities to please the palate! Pies, cakes, ice-creams, root-beer, ginger-

pop; old women with oranges, young girls with radishes, little boys with cherries — all huddled together in one motley crowd. And the medley of sounds; who can enumerate half the discordant notes? Here a hand-organ, and there a barking dog, from one an oath, from another a jest, and from the third a catch or two of song. "Old Dan Tucker" comes in for his share of favor, and "Lucy Long" takes her time with the rest. Then there comes a fierce growl from the royal Java tiger within the tent; royal, at least, in his physical beauty and ferocity. The notes of the screaming macaw are heard, mingled with the laughter of the boys, and the screams of the peacock in the public garden beyond. Really, there is no end to the variety of Boston scenery. It is a kaleidescope, presenting, at every new view, human nature under different combinations and in different forms, yet interesting and instructive in them all. Every day that I look abroad, I learn something new of my race. God grant that I may increase in love even more rapidly than in knowledge. Should we hate the world because it is wicked? Oh, no! let us rather do as God does — love it, and seek to save it from its sins. It is the vestibule of His great temple, in which we must all put off the soiled sandals of a carnal pilgrimage, ere we can enter, with clean feet, the presence of the Immaculate.

1843.

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Hour Sixteenth. — I would talk with you awhile about my old friend, Mrs. Pratt. She has lived for many years, that is, ever since her marriage, in the black house upon the hill. You have noticed it often, for the smooth green sward that slopes abruptly from its very base down to the village roadside, and for the multitude of dandelions that gem the doorway, and for the patches of green moss upon its roof, and, more than all, for the four majestic old elms, whose branches hang down till they almost sweep the well-curb at the door.

How many a delightful afternoon have I spent in that house, or rather, I should say, in the yard and orchard that surround it; for they were no visits of ceremony that I paid

there, and the Pratt girls never expected of me that I should sit still in the parlor, in the usual stupid manner of "spending an afternoon." No, we rambled and romped to our hearts' content; climbed the cherry-trees on the old broken ladder; hunted in the barn for hen's eggs; jumped from the scaffold into the hay-mow; had a caper with the "*bossies*" and the kittens; in short, luxuriated in all kinds of rustic frolic, without a solitary suspicion that we were doing anything unlady-like or ungenteel.

And then when the "tea-time" came! Such a tablefull of luxuries! The first course usually consisted of hot cream-biscuits, eaten with the sweetest new butter, and the nicest new cheese, and honey fresh from the hive; followed, as fast as possible, by various after-courses of "flap-jacks," molasses-gingerbread and pumpkin pie; or, if it were the season of berries, blueberry pies of such a quality as none but Mrs. Pratt could present.

While at tea, the old lady would amuse us with accounts of her success in culinary manufactures. We had the whole history of her soap-making, from the first "setting up" of the alkali, down to the day when it took upon itself the proper consistency of *soft-soap*. We were told just the number of times, and just the length of each time, that the refractory compound was stirred every day, before it would present the appearance that a washerwoman's eye requires; the qualities of the oil and the alkali were duly dilated upon, not, to be sure, in scientific terms, but in language better suited to our understanding; and after tea, we were all brought into the shed to look at the three barrels full of soap, so thick that it could be moulded into balls with our hands! Such were the triumphs of good housewifery.

But the history of her new carpet was the most wonderful. Gibbon's Rome was nothing to it — nay, even Josephus was thrown into the shade. Why, she began with the very lambs upon the hill-side, and the white clover upon which they feed! Then came the sheep-shearing, the wool-carding, the spinning, the reeling, the dyeing, the cleansing, the weaving, &c. &c., through octavos (and *octaves*) innumerable. That carpet

— why it was the glory of a life-time — the crowning-work of twenty years' experience? The hues were Titian-ic, the blending prismatic, the execution more than Olympic. I cannot say I used to enjoy myself in that old parlor quite as well after that carpet was upon the floor, for, to tell the truth, I never could quite reconcile myself to walking over so many newspapers and bits of rug-work as were spread upon it. To have stepped upon the bare carpet itself would have been sacrilege. The old lady would never have forgiven it. That carpet! why, to lift up the corner of one of those newspapers once a year, and gaze for a few moments upon its green and crimson stripes, was better than a visit now-a-days to the Athenæum Gallery.

Emma and Lucy Pratt were not without their accomplishments, as the ornaments upon the mantelpiece could amply testify. What could be more exquisite than those egg-shells, with a circle of pink cambric hearts pasted around them, and the rest of the shell covered over with the pith of bulrushes, disposed in regular tiers? These were hung by a pink tape loop, to the wall; and beneath them stood a little pasteboard box, ornamented with bright figures cut from calico, and containing various little trinkets, such as glass beads, the *cornea* of a shad's eye, Guinea peas, and rock crystals. There were, besides, a variety of diamond-shaped pincushions, and other indescribable knick-knacks, testifying to the ingenuity of the young ladies. But the *chef-d'œuvre* was Miss Emma's sampler. Emma was undoubtedly a genius. No common hand could have wrought the landscape that formed the base of that variegated silk alphabet. That pot of flowers, standing, in full relief, in the centre of an extensive plain, with an apple tree on either hand, which, by the inclination of their tops, seem swayed by adverse winds, one from the east and the other from the west, threatening to bring them in dangerous contact, were it not that the roses in the flower pot intervene to prevent, — surely *that* evinces a genius which savors not of the Raphael, perhaps, but certainly of the *district*-school.

The girls, however, were gay and good, and happy and handsome, qualities which are as desirable as accomplish-

ments. In due time they were courted and married, as what pretty girl may not be, if she chooses? The old lady had a great parade of quiltings when her daughters went away. Never was patchwork before so neatly matched. It surpassed the rarest Mosaic. It was worthy of Mrs. Pratt — who could say more?

I attended the girls' wedding. They were both married in one day. When, for the first time, that wonderful carpet was revealed in its unclouded glory. The newspapers and rugs were all removed. Nothing disturbed the long perspective of those brilliant stripes. Everything else was unnoticed. Even the brides attracted less attention than they deserved, for they certainly were very prettily dressed, in their white lutestring silks, with clematis flowers in their hair. I watched the old lady. She looked the very goddess of complacency, glancing alternately at her blooming daughters and her still more blooming carpet. And then the cake! That was, indeed, the crown of pride, with its tasteful trimming of clematis and its icing, snowy-white. I think the remembrance of that day of glory has never left her mind. I have noticed that a new ray of complacency beams perpetually from her face. She is, indeed the queen of housewives.

1843.

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Hour Seventeenth. — Those blue, bewitching eyes! how provokingly, for the last ten minutes, they have been tempting me to throw down my pen, and spin a long yarn of gossip! They ought to be hung for witches, such spells do they throw over me in my busiest moments; such guileful ways have they of drawing me away from my most serious occupations! I would seal them down with kisses, and resume my task, but that I know they would fly open again, more dazzling and mirthful than before.

Nevertheless, I have a design upon them. Sit thee down at my feet, saucy one, and I will tell thee a tale. About a mile out of our village, on a wild and lonely road, for many a year has dwelt a poor, old widow. Here she has passed the last days of a contented and inoffensive life, with no one to

share her meals, or guard her hearthstone. Clinging to the homestead with that attachment that becomes so strong in the bosoms of the aged, she could not be induced by her children to forsake it, even for their protection and security. That little quiet house where she had lived with her husband, and given birth to her children; that old table where they had sat with her at meat, the chairs they had occupied, all the old furniture so endeared to her by a thousand memories and associations, how could she exchange them for anything else in the wide, wide world? So, trusting that God would take care of her, and that man would respect the feebleness of her sex and age, she has lived for many years in almost utter solitude.

Last Sabbath evening she sat quietly reading at her fireside, her soul, doubtless, full of calm and pious reflections, when a drunken ruffian burst open her door and laid ruthless hands upon her person. What passed in that fearful struggle can only be judged from the terrible scene that awaited the investigations of the succeeding day. With disordered attire, with broken bones and violent bruises, and other injuries upon her person, and exhibiting evidences of strangulation, she was found, lifeless, upon the floor — a victim of those hellish fires of passion, which *rum* alone could inflame to such desperate deeds of iniquity.

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Are these the same dear eyes that a few moments since gazed into mine so roguishly? They are very mournful now, telling me, as your eyes only can, the pain that has been created in your heart. My tale has been too horrible, and alas! "ower true." How bright a faith do we need, to shine through the darkness of events like this! Why should this poor old woman, harmless, helpless, and unprotected, be submitted to this cruel violence beside her own hearthstone? Blind Superstition might answer, "It was the will of the Most High — why do ye question it?" But enlightened Christian Faith, tracing every event permitted by God to the fountain of Mercy that lies in His bosom, fears not to look for the rainbow of Divine Goodness even upon this cloud of human depravity, and of guiltless suffering.

Ought we to suppose, in the first place, that this poor woman, violent and shocking as her death certainly was, really experienced more physical or even mental anguish than if she had died of some natural disease? Yet every day, people die miserably upon their beds, beneath the most tender and unwearied efforts for their preservation, and no one questions, in these cases, the justice and goodness of God, or doubts that He is working for wise and holy ends.

God, wishing to try the faith of Abraham, ordered him to slay his innocent son. Upon the same principle, or with the same purpose, doubtless, He leads *us* up the sacrificial mount, and lays a guiltless victim before us, looking into our hearts meanwhile, to smile on us, or frown, according as Faith shall pass her fiery ordeal. He does not ask of us to *submit*, because it is the fiat of a despot, whom it is death to question; but to *trust*, because it is the dispensation of a Father, desirous only of our spiritual good.

But my story has a darker page than even this. If it be trying to our faith to reconcile the melancholy fate of this poor old widow with our ideas of Infinite Goodness, is it not much more so to turn to the wretched author of this iniquity, and ask why it is that he was suffered to bring down upon himself this fatal burden of guilt? To him belongs a doom as fearful as hers — long months of imprisonment, and perhaps a struggling death upon the gallows. But oh! how inconceivably worse than these, is that *guilty conscience* from which *she* was exempt! If there is a being on earth who needs the deepest commiseration of the Christian heart, it is he who has no refuge from outward woe in the depths of an innocent conscience.

It is not the certain punishment which awaits him, that makes him an object of pity, if anything can properly be called punishment except the stings of conscience. It is his *guilt*, aside from any suffering which it induces. It cannot be difficult for the most innocent among us to imagine that state of spiritual midnight which the loss of innocence draws down upon the soul. God has so constituted man that he must abhor and loathe guilt, even while he commits it. How terrible, then, to feel its vampire claws clinging around the

naked soul! It is worse than a thousand deaths; worse than years of imprisonment; worse than all the bodily sufferings that can be named. Little need has any one to fear that sin will go unpunished. It is itself the worst of all punishments; and then its train of evils — where do they end?

Yet there are those who, fearful that the worst of fates will not fall upon the criminal, cry aloud for his public execution. "Hang him in the open eye of the world," they say, "that all men may be deterred from the commission of his fatal crime." Wretched philosophy this! Do they not know, the preachers of it, that the eyes of those who would look on such a spectacle would be fixed rather upon the *hangman* than upon his *victim?* Do they not know that their *sympathies* would all go with the executioner? Every man who voluntarily witnesses such a scene, virtually commits murder in his heart. The law does not compel *him* to tie the cord around his brother's neck, but he goes, exultant, to see another do it, and glories in every struggle and every groan that betrays the physical agonies of the dying wretch. What better than actual murder is a feeling like this? And then to think the *law* is instrumental in engendering it!

What man, under the influence of passion, — furious, malignant passion, — would ever pause in the commission of a crime, to think of the terrors of the gibbet? What restraint has outward law on a man who has no inward law to withhold him? If he thinks at all of its penalties, it is to contemplate some mode of escaping them. I question whether the law ever prevents crime by its *penalties.* Does not its force lie rather in its *justice?* The commandment, "*Thou shalt not kill,*" is of far greater efficacy in the prevention of crime, than the supplementary penalty, "If thou dost, thou shalt atone for it with thy life." We obey a law because it commends some duty, or prohibits some wrong; *not* because it threatens us with punishment if we disobey. Penalties are chiefly necessary as means of reformation after a crime is committed. They ought, therefore, to be always of a corrective and parental character. Governments should be *fathers;* their laws *the precepts of fathers;* their penalties *the chastisements of fathers.*

But how odious, how tyrannical, how diabolical, is the *revenge* inflicted on the murderer! Poor, guilty wretch! why cannot he be allowed some nobler and holier expiation than the surrendering of his mere animal life? If by tears of penitence, if by earnest prayers to his Father, if by long abstinence from vice and freedom from temptation, he shall at length renew his early innocence, who will not look upon his renovated soul as a nobler offering to Justice than all the strangled corpses that ever swung between the green earth and the blue heaven? I often recall the words of an eloquent young advocate of the law of kindness, when speaking of the treatment due to the capital offender, should imprisonment for life be substituted in the place of the punishment of death. "Through the day," he said, "I would give him some steady employment, that should teach him industrious habits, and conduce to the health of his body and mind. When his toils were ended, I would not send him to a cold, gloomy cell, damp and dark, with no bed but a miserable pittance of straw. He should have a comfortable apartment and a good fire;—I would give him books, and a light to read them by; and the Bible should lie upon his table; and so, instead of a miserable den, it should seem to him like a *home*, where he could go and be at peace. Nor should he dwell forever in solitude, cheered only by the voice of his keeper. I would send him visitors — not with faces like gravestones and voices full of solemn cant that should speak to him only of his guilt; but they should be those whose smiles could light up the gloom of his dungeon, and whose conversation should cheer, and gladden, and make him happy."

Now a punishment like this is a work of love. And it as effectually protects society from his further outrages as even his death could do. Moreover, it is a noble practice of the great Christian precept of *good for evil* — a precept designed not more exclusively for individuals than for great bodies of society; for all governments, and social relations between man and man. But my gossip is growing into a homily. Those eyes look fairly sleepy! What can I say more, then, but — GOOD NIGHT!

1844.

HOUR EIGHTEENTH.—The point at which selfishness ceases to be a virtue and becomes a crime, seems to be a matter of doubt, even among moralists. It is not our design to attempt a settlement of the disputed boundary, but merely to name a few examples of what some may call justifiable, but which to us appears reprehensible, selfishness.

Our thoughts were turned upon this subject by hearing a song carolled through the streets at twilight. The voice was rich and mellow, and passed through our soul like a current of aroma. It might have been the mere careless outpouring of a happy heart, intent upon other thoughts than those of the melody; be that as it may, it ran like a stream of joy through the long street, and who can say how many spirits beside our own grew fresh beneath its influence?

We have known singers of exquisite skill, who used their fascinating gift only in the service of their own vanity. They would sing, and sing divinely, in the presence of a choice assembly; but to give free, unasked-for pleasure to the common crowd, to sing an evening serenade through the village street, never occurred to them as a deed promotive of their personal advantage; and of course, caring for self only, they have never performed it. This is an example of selfishness which most persons would commend; but is it really commendable to withhold any healthful gratification from the public which we can afford them without self-sacrifice?

There are also eloquent orators, who might pour streams of moral health into the stagnant sources of human vice, and change them into fountains of goodness; but these speak only to intellectual assemblies who can appreciate the beauty of their rhetoric. Why should they cast their pearls before swine? That would, indeed, be useless; but there is provision with which even brutes may be fed, and strengthened; food, which if it be not like bride's cake, trimmed with flowers, may have the true elements of the bread of life.

We have often passed beautiful gardens and parks, of which the owner was so jealously selfish as to surround them with high walls, the tops of the trees only remaining visible. We regard this as a very mean species of selfishness. Is it not

enough for him that he is the possessor of all this beauty, without secluding it from the eyes of those who are happy if they may be permitted but to gaze upon it through the interstices of fences? How much sweeter smell his golden laburnums and scarlet woodbines than if they were allowed to scent the dusty street-breeze with their dewy odors? The very roses grow prudish and misanthropic in their cloister, for want of the sunny smiles of children peeping at them through the fences, and the sound of their sweet voices exclaiming, "Oh how beautiful!"

We do not expect the proprietor of a museum to throw open his doors gratuitously to the crowd. His stuffed snakes and bottled monsters are his sources of revenue, — his dependence for daily bread; but the owner of pleasure-grounds is exclusive from a less commendable self-interest. He is unwilling that the vulgar eye should admire the beauty that he has planned only for the praise of the fastidious. He loves not to see simple-hearted country people standing by his gates, looking with impunity at those rare plants which it has cost him so much care to gather from various climes. He grudges them the perfume of his choice tea-roses and splendid carnations, and would not have them catch the sweet notes of his caged canaries.

A soul like this, is one which, if it had the power, would build walls around the glorious sunshine and the balmy air, and shut them up from the enjoyment of the vulgar. It is no excuse for him that the children pluck now and then a superfluous rose; or that thoughtless lads pilfer here and there a cluster of redundant grapes. He is happier and richer in these petty losses than he ever can be in nursing his haughty selfishness. We do not ask him to throw open his gates, and let the multitude walk in and partake freely; we only entreat that the beauty which fortune has drawn to his domains, may be permitted to steal out and gladden the hearts of those whose lot is cast in desolate abodes, and to whom, after long inhaling an atmosphere redolent of peat-smoke and market-stalls, the breath of flowers is like a breath from heaven. Many a heart that was well-nigh spent with weariness and

despair, has been soothed and saved by a glimpse of green fields and radiant blossoms. Who, then, that builds high walls to exclude them from the gaze of the passer-by, can tell how many souls he is shutting out from the kingdom of heaven? And yet, such selfishness is thought no crime!

We might enumerate other instances of similar exclusiveness, shown by the owners of libraries, and the proprietors of church pews; but if we were to proceed to great length, we fear the half would not be told of the selfishness that darkens and enslaves our world. We have all need to pray daily that our hearts may be enlarged, and our charities multiplied; that we may love ourselves more, and our neighbor *as* ourselves.

1844.

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Hour Nineteenth. — It is evening. The rain, dropping from our cottage eaves, tinkles in the little channel it has worn in the loose gravel below, and now and then a stray drop dashes against the window-pane close by my table. No ray from moon or star pierces the thick gloom. Nothing can I see, through my green-embowered window, but the occasional twinkle of a neighbor's lamp, that only serves to make the darkness more visible. The graceful, wavy outline of the hills is lost. I cannot even perceive those irregular sheets of ice that lie thickly strown over the brown turf, giving, by daylight, such a mottled appearance to the whole surface of the earth. The tall pine, that breaks the monotony of our south-eastern landscape, is now entirely blent with the darkness that surrounds it. Hills and valleys disappear — the whole scene is a dead level of blackness.

No birds sing now in the trees that canopy our roof. The leaves began to fade soon after they left, perhaps with grief that the beautiful creatures they sheltered had deserted them. They fell one by one, stricken dead by the first sorrow. Now the long boughs swing nakedly over us, or send down showers of heavy rain-drops and icicles, whenever the blast sweeps suddenly among them. But in the same proportion that the outer life perishes, the inner life becomes renewed. The mind seems to enlarge its bounds accordingly as the body is

circumscribed. The soul has its green fields and waving woods, and running waters, and in and beside them, can refresh itself with perpetual delight. Without fatigue, it can ascend mountains, and gaze on illimitable scenes of air and earth; or stray through grassy meadows, and feel no languor from the noontide heat.

It is a beneficent ordinance of God that the mind has this reliance on inward sources, else where were its refuge when the beauty of the universe hath perished? Yet few of us enlarge these sources to the extent of which they are capable. Very few can truly say, "My mind to me a kingdom is," ample for the gratification of every want. With some of us this may be a misfortune, but with more of us it is culpable negligence. Have we sent out our thoughts perpetually, like honey bees, to collect rich treasures from every source? What if the winter come, and find our minds unstored? It will be too late then to begin the work. Now, while the sunny hours are with us, let us provide for the day of need.

How nobly the mind may act, independently of outward aids, and what glorious visions may surround it, when scenes of actual beauty are excluded, may be learned from the fact that the two greatest poems on record — those which contain the sublimest visions and the noblest relations — were both composed while their authors were totally blind. Loss of sight did not leave these mighty spirits in darkness. They were illuminated by inward glories, such as the eyes of the body never beheld. What though to Milton's "idle orbs" the sight did *not* appear,

> "Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
> Or man, or woman?"

Had he not the consciousness of noble deeds to cheer him? Were not these far more glorious than all the myriad lights of heaven? His eyes failed him in the service of liberty, and this thought, he says —

> "Might lead him through the world's vain mask,
> Content, though blind, had he no better guide."

But while I have been moralizing, the wind has suddenly

shifted to the south-west. The clouds have broken apart, and their silver openings, where the moon sheds her radiance, seem like "vistas into heaven." The droppings from the eaves still continue, but the rain no longer patters against my window. By twelve o'clock, the skies will be clear and starry. Then the winds will gather their forces for a grand assault on the morrow. God shelter the poor wretches exposed to their piercing chills! As for me, under the shelter of a firm roof, and in the embraces of a stuffed arm-chair, I can bid defiance to their rage.

1844.

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Hour Twentieth. — One class of personages, familiar to my childhood, seems of late years to have forsaken this part of the country. I allude to old strolling mendicants. When I was a little girl, there were no less than five or six individuals of this class, who used to make regular peregrinations through our village. These have all gone to their humble graves, beyond the reach of want, and no successor has appeared upon the highways, to make us forget our loss.

There was really much good sense in the reply of that inimitable old beggar, Edie Ochiltree, to the friend who proposed providing him with a steady home. "What," said he, "wad a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steading to anither, and gingerbread to the lassies, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the gudewives to clout their pans, and and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the laird's flees, and has skill o' cow-ills, and horse-ills, and *kens mair auld songs and tales* than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes? troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation, — *it would be a public loss.*"

It is, indeed, something of a stroke to a community to lose a good gossip. One, I mean, given only to harmless tattling, and who communicates intelligence from one family to another, without embittering it with evil suspicions and distorted representations. Many an old beggar has paid for his dinner or

lodging with a good dish of gossip, who, but for this welcome equivalent, would have been thrust rudely from the threshold. The beggar himself usually well understands this secret of success, and at every stopping-place makes it a rule to add as many scraps to his news-basket as he distributes from it.

Very welcome was the sight of one old stroller, who never failed in autumn and winter to come with pockets full of nuts for the children. Like Edie, he wore a long gown, which set off to advantage his tall, erect frame, and gave him something of the appearance of a palmer. His hair was long, curly, and silver-white. We knew him by the first wave of his gown in the distance, and awaited with eagerness the approach of his measured steps. How impatient we were for all the preliminaries and ceremonies to be finished; how ready to open the door and bid him enter; to bring him a chair, and ask him to sit toward the fire. We never dared be familiar with him. There was something in that long white hair that imposed awe upon our timid spirits. To stand silently in one corner of the room, and watch every movement, and listen to every speech the old man made, was the most we ventured to presume upon. At last, he would thrust his long bony hand into his pocket, and fumble among its contents, till we were ready to die with impatience; but when we once got actual possession of the nuts, no treasure ever seemed so precious.

I have sometimes thought it a blessing to a community to have a few strolling beggars; a few, adapted as old Edie Ochiltree was to the profession. Not that I like the sight of misery, — I do not speak of *miserable* beggars, those who feel the friendlessness and degradation of their condition, — but I think there is a good lesson to us in the occasional visit of some light-hearted, sturdy old mendicant, who, without a roof to cover his head, and sometimes with scarce a rag to shelter his bosom, is nevertheless as happy and independent as a prince. It teaches us that it is not *condition*, but *temper*, that gives a man contentment. Why, the beggar, resting under the wayside tree, and singing some old revolutionary ballad to the crowd of boys that gather around him, is a

prouder and more *admired* man, than the orator at the capital. And what rich man, upon his couch of down, sleeps as soundly and refreshingly as he upon his bed of sweet-smelling-hay? Or what epicure, at his table of dainties, fares so sumptuously as he upon the bounty of cold victuals spread for him upon the kitchen board of every dwelling he chooses to enter?

But the race of native, itinerant beggars, seems nearly extinct. Labor is so abundant, and the necessaries of life so easily obtained, that a lazy man has a thousand easier ways of subsisting than by soliciting public charity. Moreover, a beggar would be ashamed to be seen strolling when it is so fashionable to travel by steam. The spirit of the times is obviously unfavorable to the old institution of mendicity. It must pass away with slavery, rum-selling, capital punishment, and other relics of old ages and tyrannical codes. This is, to be sure, placing it in bad company — for who would not far rather be a beggar, than a slave, a rum-seller, or a hangman? but as it seems to sustain some family relation to these old customs, it is evidently fated to follow in their train to the regions of the unreturning past.

1844.

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Hour Twenty-first. — There is something singularly enlivening in the "breaking up" of winter. I have just been gazing out of the window, and taking note of the various little peculiarities that make this warm February day so cheering. The landscape is spotted with drifts, which look like island mountains heaving up from a sea of mud; the water runs in little rivulets beside the streets, or forms crystal pools for the benefit of the doves and chickens that frequent the door-yard. The bees are out in swarms, buzzing around the hives, and the blue jays and chickadees flit from bough to bough of the leafless trees. It does one's heart good to see them, so hopeful, and so happy! Hope seems to be no more an instinct with them than with man — it is a spirit that cheers universal Nature. "Hope!" says the German poet to the dying flower; "thou wilt yet live to see that the spring

returns. All trees that the autumnal winds destroy, *hope.* Their buds, through all the winter, *hope* with calm courage, until the sap stirs itself again, and a new verdure springs forth." If I were to characterize the seasons, I should pronounce Winter the period of Hope, Spring of Promise, Summer of Fruition, Autumn of Decay. Is then autumn the only melancholy season? No! for it is as essential to the enjoyments of our earthly existence, that what we have loved to satiety should perish, as that it should be renewed again. Who ever truly enjoyed a pleasure of which he had never been deprived? or rightly loved a friend from whom he had never been separated?

A few weeks hence the infolded buds of the lilac will burst into beauty, the violets steal forth from the soil, the birds hunt the hedges for straws and down to construct their summer homes, and there will be nothing in nature but renovation and beauty. Invalids will arise from their weary couches to breathe the soft air of the fields, the old will walk forth in the light-heartedness of second childhood, the young will shout and dance as though they had breathed the element of joy to excess, and humanity will everywhere partake largely of the delicious influences of the season.

A few that we love may sleep, and the green grass may wave over their dust. Let us not suffer their absence to throw a gloom over the beauty of the earth. They roam in fairer fields than we, beneath a bluer sky than ours. We see them not — but they, from their invisible dwelling-place, look down upon us in joy and love. We know that we shall rejoin them soon. Till then, let us patiently endure and cheerfully enjoy this earthly life. Let the spring gladden us, and the summer cast over us the spell of its beauty; for God has made all these things to cheer and comfort us.

Oh, if heaven be much fairer than the earth, how glorious indeed it must be! If we love better there than here, how tenderly indeed must we love! If its joys greatly surpass in richness the joys of earth, who on earth can estimate the happiness prepared for us then! It is blessed indeed to know that not only will every evil of the present life be excluded,

but that every joy and beauty will be a thousand fold more exquisite, and a thousand fold augmented, in heaven.

In this faith let us enjoy the earth, and endure its trials; in this faith live and die.

1844.

DEBBY LINCOLN.

A VILLAGE STORY.

Everybody said Debby Lincoln was a pretty girl, an amiable girl, a good girl, but would make a miserable wife. And when she rose up in the singing gallery, every Sabbath morning, and led off the hymn in her sweet, bird-like voice, the village beaux looked at her, and thought, "True, Debby Lincoln *is* a pretty girl, an amiable girl, a charming girl. What a pity it is she will not make a good wife!"

There was one among them, however, who set at naught everybody's opinion, and verily thought in his heart that Debby *would* make a good wife; but he was a prudent lad, and he kept his thoughts all to himself.

But what was the matter with Debby, that the mark of ill-housewifery was set upon her by those who were so ready to grant her the possession of qualifications not less desirable? Ah, sad to tell, Debby was an inveterate novel-reader! and, worse than that, she loved to gather wild-flowers, to walk by moonlight, to ramble in the woods; and some said she was even so foolish as to draw pictures of old trees and broken fences!

Ah, Debby was a sad girl, to be sure, wasting her time in this way, when all the other girls in town were laying up treasure after treasure, in the shape of patched counterpanes, rose-blankets, silver spoons, and striped carpets. What if her cheek did grow brighter from her long rambles in the open air? and what if her much reading had infused a peculiar grace into her manners and her speech? Could these acquisitions counterbalance the accomplishments of churning, cheese-making, and wool-spinning, in which her sisters and female acquaintances excelled? Poor Debby! when her

mother talked to her in this wise, she hung her head very demurely, and wept tears of repentance over her folly; but her perverse nature would not be controlled, and away she went again, in the same old path as before.

Well, we have said before that there was one lad who had a different opinion of Debby; and he happened, one day, to meet her sitting upon the stile, in the apple-orchard, weeping very bitterly. She heard his step and raised her head to see who was coming. When she recognized Ben Wilson, she hid it again very quickly in her apron, for her eyes were red and full of tears, and she had rather any one should see her looking uncomely, than this same Master Ben.

"Why, Debby," said he, "what is the matter?" sitting down on the stile at her side.

Debby sobbed, but could n't speak a word.

"Has Ned Wallace been a teasing you? If he has, Debby, I 'll souse him into the horse-pond."

"No, Ben, I am crying about my own bad actions."

"Poh! nonsense, Debby. You never did a bad thing in your life. Somebody has been worrying you with that foolish story that you ought to be at work, instead of reading novels, and walking in the fields. Never mind them a bit, dear, but just go on as your sweet nature prompts you."

"Ah, Ben, but mother thinks I am very bad — not worth the raising; and yet it seems to me if she loved to hear the birds sing and see the bright flowers springing up by the brook-side, as well as I do, she would not reproach me for rambling an hour or two every day, under the open sky. And then my books, Ben; is n't it hard," — and here a plump little hand stole out upon his arm — "is n't it hard to be denied the pleasure of reading about knights, and tourneys, and lords, and ladies, and all the wonderful and brilliant scenes of other ages and other lands? Why, Ben," she continued, forgetting her humiliation in the interest of her subject, and glowing with youthful enthusiasm, "you cannot think what beautiful dreams my reading inspires; and how sometimes my fancy pictures a regal tournament, with you for one of the masked knights, Ben; and O dear, a lot of nonsense which I am

ashamed to tell, but so interesting and delightful to think about. Now, do you think it wrong?" and as she put this question, she looked up into his face with such a beseeching earnestness, that Ben, had he been a saint, would have answered, "No!"

"Why, Debby Lincoln!" said he, "you are just like me, *only* I put you in for Queen of Beauty, as I think you are!"

"Fie, Ben, you don't think any such thing! Amanda Burton is your Queen of Beauty, and she wears a lock of your hair in her breast-pin."

"Well, Debby, she stole it one intermission-time, at school, and I teased her to give it back, but she would n't. I 'll *give you* a lock, if you will accept it, for I think you are ten times handsomer than Amanda."

Our readers must pardon Ben's blunt mode of gallantry, for he was but a boy of seventeen, unskilled in the artificial courtesies of the world; and Debby, naughty girl, provoked him into compliments, by feigning to stand very low in his good graces. She felt quite proud and happy when he cut from his temples a long wavy tress, and wound it playfully about her wrist.

"Keep it, Debby," he whispered, "for when you will see me again, I cannot tell."

Debby looked up amazed. The tear glittering in his eye, despite his smiles, proved the seriousness of his declaration. "Are you going away, Ben?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Yes, for a long time. And I am glad of it, though I shall leave many things behind me that I love. Debby, dear, I am going to be a painter."

"A painter!" exclaimed Debby, in a tone of mortification; "I should n't think that trade would please you. Do you mean a house-painter or a fancy-painter, or what?"

"A house-painter and a fancy-painter, too," said Ben, laughing. "I shall paint both houses and fancies, I guess, if I succeed; and perhaps I shall paint you, if you will let me."

"O, I know; you mean you are going to be an artist," exclaimed Debby, brightening up at the thought of Ben's coming distinction.

"Yes, an artist. You know what a sleight I have in drawing things that I see, and how I used to teach you to draw trees and houses on a slate, when we were schoolmates together. Now father, like all the people about here, thinks that everything that is not work is idleness; and he has been out of patience with me very often for spending so much time in making pictures. A week or two ago, I was down to Mr. Pratt's paint-shop, which joins father's cow-pasture. Our old Buckhorn, that father thinks so much of, stood grazing before the window, and I asked Mr. Pratt's leave to paint her upon a bit of board that lay on his table. He gave me the suitable colors, and I succeeded, as the portrait-painters say, in getting a very good likeness. I ran home with it, and placed it over the mantel-piece. Mother has always rather encouraged my taste for the art, and I saw her eyes glisten as father came in from work, and walked up toward the fire. 'Hurrah!' said he, 'that is old Bucky herself! Is that your work, Ben?' 'Yes,' I answered, promptly, making up my mind to meet calmly reproof or approbation, as the tide might chance to turn. 'Well, Ben,' said he, 'I don't see anything but what we shall have to make a painter of you. How would you like to go to New York, to learn the art of my old friend M.?' 'O, nothing could make me happier, father,' said I; and mother, putting in her word of counsel, the matter was in a short time decided. I do believe if I had painted a portrait of mother as good as Stuart could paint, it would not have pleased him more than that little daub-sketch of old Bucky!"

"Well, Ben, I am glad you are going, on *your* account, but what shall I do, with no one to excuse my faults, and make me think I am worthy to share the light of God's heaven? O, Ben, you are the only friend I have who is kind to me!" and again the large vexatious tears gushed wilfully forth from Debby's hazel eyes.

"Never mind 'em a bit, Debby, dear. They will all be proud of you some day, and think it an honor to be your acquaintance. I am sure I shall, for one. And now, since I may not see you again to have much talk, what little keep-

sake can I beg of you? Some trifle or other, Debby, that I can look at, and say, 'This was Debby's gift!'"

"O, I have nothing in the world fit to give you, Ben, unless it be this old song-book I have carried in my pocket so long."

"Just the thing I should have chosen! for every time I open it, which will be often, Debby, and read 'Bonny Doon,' or 'My Highland Laddie,' or any of those favorite songs, I shall think of your sweet voice ringing through the hop-field as it did at the last picking, or starting out the swallows from the hay-loft in husking time. I will carry it in my spencer-pocket, close to my heart, and see *then* if I forget you, Debby!"

Debby smiled, and blushed, and sighed, all at once; then held out her hand to bid him good-bye.

"No, no, Debby! I have kissed you at huskings, and forfeit plays, and time and again, without an excuse, when we were younger; would you send me off now, *now*, Debby, when we may never see each other again, with a mere cold shake of the hand?"

Debby did n't know what to say, but Ben knew what to do, and giving her a hearty kiss on her cheek, such as the country girls were used to, a half century back, he was in a few minutes out of sight, over the hill.

* * * * * *

Ah, me! *Time* — what a magician he is! Nothing but the world-old mountains, and the deluge-born hills, and the ever-shining firmament, can outstand his assaults; no, not even Debby, the dreamer of dreams, and the worshipper of flowers.

"What! Debby grown old?" says a saucy fellow, peeping over my shoulder to read my tale.

Yes, Hal, beauty *will* fade, and even heroines are not proof against wrinkled skins, and gray hairs. We who have no beauty, are the only ones fully sensible of its little worth; and are always kind enough to caution young men against being misled by it.

"Ah, yes — but one thing, sis; you always make your heroines beautiful, which I am sure you would n't do, if you

did not think it of some value. So, you are caught there! But *how* old had Debby grown?"

Why, to tell the truth, she did not number less than a score of years; and such had been the peculiar influence of her daily rambles and bird-like freedom of soul, that her beauty seemed to have grown brighter and more benignant as her mind and bodily stature enlarged.

She had a full, Venus form, for with characteristic perversity, she had resisted the application of whalebone and cords to the fine development of breathing apparatus with which nature had endowed her, and grew into proportions far more elegant than the models sent out from the statuary shops of the mantua-maker. The pure, healthful blood, coursing through her veins, gave a bright tint to her cheeks, and vivacity to every motion.

"And all this, because she neglected her tasks, and ran wild in the woods, I suppose. You are inculcating unthrifty practices, I fear, sis."

Not so, Hal. But be still of interrupting me, or I shall never get on with my story. Time, as I was saying, changes all things; and not the least surprising of his transformations was the alteration effected in Debby's habits. She loved as well as ever the little "floral apostles" of the wood and field; she had lost none of her taste for long solitary walks, and strolls by moonlight; and, mortifying to tell, she loved, none the less than of old, to dream day-dreams, and read romances. But though she still indulged herself in a daily ramble, and decked her hair with wild flowers morning, noon, and night, and stole many a casual moment to glance at the pages of a favorite book, she had learned the proper dignity of labor, and more fully estimated, than in younger days, the strength of her filial obligations. Her sisters were all married, and her mother, growing infirm, required her constant aid.

Behold our romping Debby, therefore, installed mistress of the dairy, and presiding divinity of the kitchen! See her, with a wreath of pretty cabbage-flowers in her dark hair, standing over the churn, the rounded muscles of her white arms throwing the handle up and down with an effort that

has sent the blood in bright currents to her cheeks, and made her eyes glow with dazzling beauty. Or look in upon her of a Monday morning — a time when an invasion of the kitchen is sacrilegious, I know — and see if the vapor-bath from the steaming wash-tub has dimmed the sweetness of her smiles, or choked the rich music of her laugh. Hear her song, too, mocking the notes of the bluebird upon the roof-tree! Now she is out in the yard, spreading the clean linen upon the grass; and who will chide her if she pauses from her task to smell the new-blown lilacs, or tuck away a daffodil in her bosom?

"But where is Ben Wilson, that he is not back to tell Debby that he loves her?" asks that saucy Hal, peeping over my shoulder again.

Why, do you not suppose Debby has lovers enough already at her feet without my running away to New York to bring her one? The village beaux have forgotten their old doubts of Debby's thrift, and begin to feel the influence of *prudential* considerations mingling with their uncalculating admiration of her beauty. A report is credited in the village that a no less personage than 'Squire Hazlitt, who has recently buried his old wife, and is the richest man in the neighborhood, not excepting even Captain Wilson, is about silencing all rivalry by his superior claims. And sure enough, the 'Squire must have some object in directing his steps toward widow Lincoln's house every Sunday evening, the brass buttons glittering on his blue coat like so many stars in the azure firmament, and his white hat brushed till it rivals the gloss on the back of the old gander that waddles about his door-yard.

We will follow him into the widow's, and inquire into the character of his pretensions. He knocks at the door, and Mrs. Lincoln ushers him into the parlor.

"Miss Debby at home?" he inquires. The widow simpers, and answers in the affirmative, then hurries off in search of the truant. After scanning every corner of the house, she hastens, as fast as her stiffened limbs will carry her, to the apple orchard, where she finds Debby seated on the stile, (a favorite seat since she parted with Ben Wilson there,) reading the book of Esther.

"Debby! Debby, I say! what have you trampoosed away to the ends of the earth for, when you knew the 'Squire would be here to see ye?"

"Dear me! what can the old 'Squire want, coming here to spoil all my Sabbath evenings? I am vexed enough with him, when I have so little time I can call my own!" and Debby's face *does* wear a troubled look, as she closes the lids of her book, and follows her mother to the house. But her good nature recovers itself before she enters the parlor, and the 'Squire, it must be confessed, looks very much like "a widower bewitched," as he casts his eye on her glowing face and graceful figure.

After the salutations were over, the 'Squire reseated himself by the window, threw one leg over the other, and continued as speechless as the laird of Dumbiedikes, gazing at Debby in wondering admiration.

"Had you a good sermon from Dr. Green, this afternoon?" at length inquired Debby.

"Why was n't Miss Debby there to judge for herself?" said the 'Squire, reversing the position of his legs, and leaning toward her in a manner which he designed should be very expressive.

"I am not often a truant," said Debby, smiling, "but I was tempted to visit the other church, for the first time, to-day. I had heard much of their young pastor's eloquence, and I was not disappointed."

"Ah! Miss Debby must not be a lead sheep to beguile others from the true fold," gently chided the 'Squire. "I saw an old schoolmate of yours looking very disappointed when the choir arose, and you were missing."

"A schoolmate!" echoed Debby, turning very red, and looking very eager. Then dropping her eyes, she said in a saddened tone, "You allude to one of our usual church-goers, I suppose?"

"No; I mean young Wilson, who is home on a visit."

Poor Debby! the glow vanished from her cheek, she was fearfully pale, and several minutes elapsed before she was sufficiently herself again, to be aware that the 'Squire was stand-

ing before her, laboring, by powerful blasts of air from his glossy beaver, to restore vitality to her nearly exhausted functions.

"You are faint, Miss Debby."

"O, not at all, sir. I never faint. Your efforts are entirely unnecessary. I beg you will be seated."

"At your side, Miss Debby?" said the 'Squire, gaining courage from the consciousness of his generous efforts in her behalf. "Beg pardon, Miss Debby, but I am sure you were decidedly pale and languid. It is a very hot day."

"Very," replied Debby, leaving the chair at his side, and seating herself in the one he had vacated at the window. This manœuvre, for a while, discomposed him; but feeling the necessity of resolute action, he drew his chair to her side again, and in set phrase, well conned over, made her a legal tender of his hand.

Debby was too much accustomed to proposals of this kind to feel much surprise, or manifest much embarrassment. But it required time and patience to convince the honest 'Squire that his suit was really rejected; and to his credit be it told, a few unaffected tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed her hand in his, and bade her a kind farewell. "My home is lonely, Miss Debby, and you could have brightened it; but you know what is best for your own happiness, and I shall always pray that you may obtain it. Farewell!"

"Farewell, sir, and the Lord bless you!" replied Debby, for the first time feeling a real sympathy for her kind-hearted wooer; then returning to her seat by the window, she watched his retreat across the plain, musing intently, all the while, on the return of Ben Wilson.

"I am glad I was not at church," thought she. "I wonder how he looks — he was a handsome boy! The 'Squire thought he was disappointed in not seeing me. Poor man! he judged others by himself. Six long years! He must have forgotten me. I wonder if I shall see him before he leaves the village." These, and many other thoughts passed through Debby's brain, as she sat gazing on the western sky, just growing scarlet in the rays of the setting sun.

Yes, six long years had passed, and Ben Wilson had worked busily at his art, never once allowing himself the time or the expense for visiting his native village, till now his name stood honorably among the most promising in his profession, and he could meet his father with a proud consciousness that he had proved himself worthy of his praise. In his first letters to his parents, he had sent frequent words of remembrance to his friend Debby, but as she never received them, and, consequently, sent none in return, he had dropped her name from his epistles, but kept it all the more sedulously in his heart. When he, at length, returned to his native village, he was not wholly unprepared, yet was grieved to the soul, to hear that Debby was on the eve of marriage to another.

"It was a boyish folly to fancy that she cared for me, and would remember me!" he exclaimed to himself, in meditating on the disappointment of his long-cherished dreams. "She was but a little girl then, — dear Debby! Well, she may have changed, — they say she has, — and grown humdrum and thrifty; in that case, I should not love her;" and he tried to console himself by picturing her the antipodes of the wayward and beautiful playmate of his school-days.

"She was all poetry and romance then," continued his thoughts, "loving nothing so well as running in the woods, or reading novels under green trees. Now she makes butter and cheese, patches calico quilts, and is going to marry old Hazlitt, who would better serve for her grandfather! *Sic transit*, &c., heigh-ho! Well, I have but one mistress now — my dear, beautiful, unmercenary Art! O, I will love it more than ever, — I will marry it, and it shall know no rival."

With this heroic resolution, the young man bent his steps toward the house of widow Lincoln. "I will call on Debby, just to show her I have no unfriendly feelings, and that I still remember her as the favorite of my childhood. To see her in her metamorphosis will be the speediest way to smother these lurking regrets. I wonder why she was not at church." Just as this thought was reëntering his mind, he encountered 'Squire Hazlitt, on his return from his unpropitious wooing.

"Poor old man! he looks as though he had not recovered from the grief of his wife's loss, yet," thought our artist, returning a courteous bow to the hurried nod of the widower. "Ah, Debby, *he* was not one of the masked and victorious knights in the chivalric dreams of thy girlhood!"

In the door-yard, he met Mrs. Lincoln. She did not recognize him till he announced his name, and inquired after his old friend Debby.

"Ah, she is well — walk in, and see for yourself, sir."

"You are going to lose her, I hear," said Ben, (we like the boy-name best,) choking a little, as he put the question.

"Well, it 's for her good, you know, so I shan't complain," said the old lady, with a most complacent laugh, and giving him an expressive wink.

"Certainly not. Her *good* is what we all most covet;" and leaving the old woman to pursue her occupation of gathering chips, he entered the old-fashioned porch, and with a light step, he traversed the hall to the open door of the parlor. Debby was still sitting, as we left her, at the window, watching the clouds, and pulling into bits a crimson rose she held in her fingers.

Ben paused and gazed at her — the humdrum dairy-maid! Her hair was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in rich curls behind her ears down upon her throat. A few wild flowers were twisted among the braids behind. Her soft, hazel eyes, lighted with memories that dewed her long lashes with tears, were fixed with a rapt gaze upon the brilliant clouds that threw back a requiting glow upon her fair, dimpled cheek. Never had the young artist's eyes dwelt on such beauty!

He entered the room, but so quietly that Debby's trance was not disturbed. He stood a moment, close at her side, unperceived. His heart beat so loudly, he thought she must hear it, and he spoke, softly, "Debby!"

She started up, a sweet and joyous surprise gushing all over her face. "Why, Ben!" she exclaimed, cordially grasping his hand, and looking up with a flood of gladness into his face. He could have hugged her to his heart, in the fervency

of his emotions, but the chilling thought — "She is another's!" — penetrated and petrified his soul. He resigned her hand, and murmuring some words of self-gratulation at meeting her again, took the seat 'Squire Hazlitt had recently vacated at her side.

Poor Debby! how she felt! She had pressed his hand, she had called him *Ben*, and he was justly offended at her familiarity! Blush after blush poured in upon her face and neck, till she was actually obliged to hide her eyes in her handkerchief, and burst into tears. Poor Debby! how ashamed and humiliated she felt, and how sure she was that he would despise her!

Her friend did not quite understand the cause of her emotions, but there was something very consoling to him in the thought, that they were somehow connected with himself, and he sat without saying a word, until she had conquered her feelings, and was apparently calm.

"You know not what joy it affords me to breathe once more the air of my own valley, the sweetest valley in the whole world, for it is *home*. I never have loved, never *can* love a city; and to be once more amid the scenes of my boyhood, with my early friends at my side, to gaze once more on *our own* sunsets — ah, Miss Lincoln, you can imagine, from your own sympathies, what my delight must be."

Debby had not yet removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and she dreaded to do so, for fear her former embarrassment would return, and again overpower her. Those who have never been similarly affected will think her foolish; we can only say they are happy in not being able to justify her from experience. Ben appreciated her feelings, and begged her to excuse him while he went to assist her mother, whom he saw from the window, bending beneath the weight of her chip-basket. He made his errand as long as propriety would admit, by chatting with the old lady, and entering with interest into all her domestic details. Debby had opportunity to recover herself and assume a good degree of dignity, before he resumed his seat. She made no allusion to her emotion, not knowing what apology to offer, and not liking to confess the truth.

"You find many changes in our village since you left, I suppose," she remarked, anxious to find some foothold for her feelings in conversation.

"Yes, many; though not generally unpleasant ones. Most of my old friends are settled in life, married, with growing families, and apparently prosperous. These, certainly, are changes to which I can easily reconcile myself. Death has made few ravages; I must, however, regret the loss of my kind old friend, Mrs. Hazlitt. I met the 'Squire — poor man; — as I came this way, and I thought his grief had impressed itself very legibly upon his honest face."

Wicked Ben! how deeply he thought to probe! And Debby, recalling her recent interview with the 'Squire, and giving her own interpretation to his troubled looks, could not help blushing deeply, in provoking confirmation of Ben's preconceived ideas of their relationship. Of these ideas, however, she had no suspicion, or she would have speedily annihilated them; and so Ben was left to blunder on in his foolish misapprehension of her feelings.

"Time passes more carelessly over the quiet denizens of the country, than he does over those who strive in the tumults of the crowd, I fancy," said Debby.

"If you allude to me, Miss Lincoln, I confess he has used some rude chiselling upon the outer man; but believe me, he has touched no heart so lightly. He could work no changes *there*, while it was shielded by this dear talisman;" and Ben drew from the breast-pocket of his coat the little song-book he had carried there so long and faithfully, and turning to the blank page, showed her, in his boyish hand-writing, the date of their parting, with these additional words, "A keepsake from dear Debby."

"I am sorry you think me changed," he continued, after waiting a few minutes to satisfy himself what interpretation he ought to give to the beautiful confusion painted in her expressive face. "I have formed a different opinion of yourself. You seem to me the same creature of impulse, intellect, and romantic feeling, that you used to be when we played together in the old school-house, and when we parted at the

stile. You still deck your hair with wild-flowers, still gaze at beautiful sunsets, still laugh, and still cry, just as my sweet Debby did, long ago! Perhaps it would have been better for me, and yet I should have deeply regretted to have found you converted into a humdrum housewife, a pattern of domestic thrift. It would have disturbed the harmony of your life's drama. You have always seemed to me a bright and beautiful star; I could not patiently have been convinced that you were a mere sky-rocket, dazzling for a few brief years, to sink down, at last, in utter obscurity."

"Mr. Wilson is unchanged in one respect — he still knows how to flatter."

"No, I do not, Debby — for by that name I must still be privileged to call you. You are not, you never were, like those around you. Your qualities possess a brilliancy I have never witnessed in another, and a brilliancy, too, that owes nothing to art. But as my commendation can be of no worth to you, I will begin to chide. You called me Mr. Wilson, just now. True, the beard has grown upon my cheek, and my voice has a deeper bass than when we parted; but I feel Ben's heart beating within my bosom yet, and if there is anything I may claim on the score of old friendship, it is that you call me by the name your voice has taught me to love. 'Mr. Wilson,' does very well for the city and the crowd, but my heart has been leaping up, ever since I left New York, at the thought that when I reached home, I should be greeted as 'Ben' once more. But no; father calls me Benjamin, and mother calls me Benjamin, and the villagers, still more respectful, address me as Mr. Wilson; still, I could not but indulge a secret hope that Debby would call me *Ben.* And so you did, in your first surprise, but I find you have stilted me up at last into Mr. Wilson, like all the rest."

"Very finely it sounds for you, the first transgressor, to reproach me for adopting your own reserve! Remember that Miss Lincoln is quite as obnoxious from your lips, as Mr. Wilson can be from mine."

"Well, Debby, it was not a fault of the heart, for that ever thinks of you by the dearest and sweetest name. And now,

if you will call me Ben, we shall stand pretty nearly upon the same footing of younger days."

"I *do* call you Ben, for it is in this character that I have ever thought of you. And now that the preliminaries of our intercourse are peaceably settled, permit me to inquire into the character of your fortunes since we parted."

As Ben went into a somewhat elaborate detail of his six years' adventures, our readers will pardon us for omitting the remainder of their interview. It passed pleasantly to both, and when they separated, Ben's heart throbbed with bitterness at the thought that Debby was lost to him, and Debby's with joy that Ben had returned unchanged.

The next day — our narrative proceeds by *days* now — while Debby was performing the duties of the laundry, (we have no false pride about our heroine's occupations,) she heard a gentle knock at the door, and opening it with some trepidation, (for what if it should be Ben!) she was relieved by the appearance of 'Squire Hazlitt. Strange to tell, the 'Squire was dressed in his Sunday suit of bright blue, and wore his glossy beaver.

"Your pardon, Miss Debby, for calling at this unseasonable hour. I intended to have delivered my message last evening, but circumstances to which I need not allude, and of a nature to put ordinary thoughts out of my mind, caused me to forget it. You may have heard that there is to be a huckleberry* party to Dob's Hill, this afternoon. I should not have been boy enough to have thought of going, except for Lucy and Mary, who would give me no peace till I promised to carry them. There will be room for four in the barouche, and if Miss Debby will make one of our party, I need not say how much pleasure it will afford us all."

Debby thanked the 'Squire very cordially, and not wishing to pain him by refusing his kind invitation, agreed to be in readiness at the specified hour.

Quite a sensation it created among the party assembled under the clump of trees at the foot of Dob's Hill, when 'Squire

* Whortleberry.

Hazlitt drove up his prancing grays, with a barouche full of gay young ladies. "Who are they?" inquired Ben Wilson, who stood partly behind one of the trees, in conversation with Amanda Burton.

"It's the old 'Squire, with his daughters, Lucy and Mary, and his bride-elect, Miss Debby Lincoln."

"That marriage is a settled thing, then, is it, Miss Burton?"

"O, certainly. The lady used to be a favorite of yours, I believe, Mr. Wilson."

"It was of no use. Wealth will bear away the palm. But it is a pity so bright a jewel should be mated with an antique coin."

"Ha! ha! very good, Mr. Wilson. You have lost none of your former wit, I see. But be hist, for they are approaching us."

Ben bowed coldly to Debby, and hastened to the young ladies, Lucy and Mary, who were mere children when he left the village. Mary Hazlitt had the reputation of a beauty, and she certainly was a very delicate and graceful girl. He interested himself, therefore, in renewing her acquaintance; and through the whole afternoon, devoted himself to her almost exclusively.

Poor Debby! All the beaux, believing that she belonged to the 'Squire, had chosen them other partners, and left her sitting alone on the wall. "You see how it is," said the kind-hearted widower, coming to her relief; "all yield consent to my claims but yourself. Shall I go and tell them of their mistake, or will you consent to receive my antiquated gallantries, in lieu of those that would be more acceptable?"

"O, certainly, 'Squire, with the understanding that now exists between us, I would choose your attendance in preference to that of any gentleman present." And Debby spoke sincerely; for she was vexed at Ben's coldness, and would have shrunk from the attentions of any other *young* man of the party. Closely by her side, therefore, hovered the 'Squire, filling her basket with berries, mounting the rocks to gather the red columbines for her hair, and bringing oak-leaves and

thorns for the manufacture of sylvan mantles, in which employment he industriously assisted.

"Do look!" exclaimed his lively daughter Mary to her companion, Ben Wilson; "see how gallant papa has become! I declare, he is braiding flowers in my fair stepmother's curls! It amuses me to see how readily he assimilates to Debby's sentimentalisms. Is n't it astonishing that old men will be so bewitched by young beauty?"

"How can you ask such a question of a *young* man, who, of course, must feel the witchery even more acutely?" replied Ben, with a complimentary glance at the pretty face of Miss Mary. "I hope you approve of your father's choice."

"Why, if father *must* marry again, I had as lief he would take Debby as another. She will be a companion for Lucy and me, which will be more pleasant than to be under the jurisdiction of some lynx-eyed old maid, more suited to father's years."

About sunset, wearied by the heat, and grieved at Ben's neglect, Debby descended the hill, and sat down alone in the shade of the trees. The 'Squire had tact enough to perceive that her own thoughts would be as agreeable to her as his company, and wisely forbore to follow. Ben, however, feeling that he had been unkindly negligent, availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from his lively companion, and join the dear being whom it was idle for him to love, but who was never absent from his thoughts.

Debby, unwilling that he should know how much she felt his coldness, replied with her usual cheerfulness to his salutations, and when he asked her to sing him one of the old songs which delighted his boyhood, she broke forth in a voice that thrilled him more than of old, and without one foolish apology, into the sweet and plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Her eyes fell on his at the close, and she saw they were full of tears. Blessed witnesses! they atoned for all his coldness, all his neglect; and once more Debby felt that he was unchanged.

"See what I have found," said he, after a short pause, during which he had been playing with the clover-leaves on

the turf where he sat. "A sprig of four-leaved clover! Do you remember, Debby, how we used to search for them around your door-step? The rhyme ran, 'One, two, put it in your shoe;' and the first you met, you were doomed to wed; 'three, four, put it over the door,' and the first who entered would be the spouse. Do you remember?"

"O, yes; who ever forgets things like those?"

"And do you remember, Debby, that I, one day, gave you a 'four-leaf,' and made you promise to tell me the name of the first man or boy who went beneath it? Do you remember who the lucky man chanced to be?"

"I am sure I have forgotten."

"It was 'Squire Hazlitt, Debby. And when you protested against my raillery, because he was a married man, I told you, laughingly, nothing was more probable than that he might be a widower, some day. Do you remember, Debby?"

Just as she was about to reply, and dispel the illusion under which she saw he was laboring, Mary Hazlitt, with two or three other wild girls, came running up to her with some wonderful snake-story, and occupied all the remaining time till they separated for their homes.

Several days passed, and nothing was seen of the young artist. Debby at length heard the painful news of his illness, and of the dangerous sickness of his mother, both of whom were seized with a prevailing fever. It was now haying-time, and farmers and farmers' wives were alike busy. In almost every house, too, one or more lay ill. Debby, though busy enough at home, could allow none of her neighbors to suffer for want of assistance. She at once regulated her household affairs, so that a week's absence would bring no serious labor upon her mother; and tying on her bonnet, directed her steps to the house of Captain Wilson. She was joyfully welcomed by the captain, who had scoured the village over in search of a nurse, and was only able to secure one old woman, who was herself too infirm to be of much service to others.

Debby at once took her station by the bedside of Mrs. Wilson, who was alarmingly ill. Though she could do little to lessen the disease at its present crisis, she was capable, in

many ways, of alleviating its discomforts, and rectifying the evils that had been occasioned by a want of necessary attendance. Though she would not be driven from her more suffering patient, Mrs. Wilson's entreaties would many times in a day prevail on her to visit Ben's apartment, and minister to his wants. He, in turn, though it cost him no slight effort, would hasten her back to watch over his mother; and so she passed, like a beneficent angel, from one couch to another, soothing the pains and anxieties of the invalids, and obstinately regardless of her own weariness.

One day, when Mrs. Wilson slept, Debby stole into the parlor for a book. On a table lay a portfolio, containing a few pictures. She stopped to examine them. The first was entitled "The Rustic Novel-Reader, from a painting by Benj. Wilson." What was Debby's surprise and emotion, to recognize her own figure, in the simple costume of early girlhood, standing by the well-curb, with one hand dipping the bucket, and with the other holding open the pages of a tattered novel! A few glances at this, and she took up the second, — "The Boudoir of the Cottage-Girl, from a painting by B. Wilson." It was but another scene in her early life, where she lay, with her garlanded head resting on her hand, reading a favorite volume, while above her sang the birds, and around her bloomed the flowers. The third and last had a still more engrossing interest. It was their parting at the stile. The painter had chosen the moment when she placed the song-book in his hand; and Debby thought he had given a very flattering beauty to her face. It was less flattering than thy mirror, Debby!

"How can Ben be so unjust to me," thought she closing the portfolio, "as to suppose I am going to marry the old Squire! His own heart might have taught him better."

Mrs. Wilson had now passed the crisis of her disease, and was rapidly recovering; but Ben was daily growing worse. Mrs. Wilson's maternal alarm would permit her to receive no further attentions from Debby, whom she stationed constantly at her son's bedside; and surely the poor girl had need of few entreaties to remain there while Ben was in such evident

peril. A mother's care could not have been more assiduous and unwearying than hers; but for several days her patient had not the slightest consciousness of her presence, though he often, in his delirium, murmured Debby's name.

But Ben was not fated to die under such skilful nursing, and ere a week had gone by, he was happily convalescent. "O, I have had such strange dreams, Debby!" said he, one fine morning, holding out his hand to her as she entered the room; "and I am sure, under Heaven, I owe my life to you. How patiently you have tended me! and your cheek has grown pale, very pale, Debby dear, since I saw you at Dob's Hill. I fear we must send you home to recruit, for you will never rest while you remain with us. How can we sufficiently thank you for your kindness these many wearisome days past? Mother has been in to see me, this morning, and has talked of nothing but your excellent nursing. I must paint another picture when I return to New York, and what shall I call it, Debby? — Sit down here by the bed, and throw aside your bonnet. — I want this rose, unless it was a gift from the 'Squire. May I have it, Debby?" and he disengaged from her scarf a fresh-blown bud, still moist with dew. But as he did so, it became entangled in a small riband worn upon her neck, and before she could extricate it, he had drawn out from its hiding-place a braided ring of chestnut hair, which was attached to the end of it, and now fell upon his hand.

The color rushed into his pale lips and cheeks. "Ah, Debby, Debby!" he exclaimed, seizing the hand that would have reclaimed its treasure; "the 'Squire's hair is gray! Tell me if this be not the lock I twined around your wrist at our parting? Tell me, dear Debby!"

Silly girl! she betrayed herself by her blushes, notwithstanding she turned her head aside till Ben could see nothing but her crimson ear and neck. There was confession, too, in the very trembling of her hand.

"Dear Debby, do say you are *not* going to marry the old 'Squire."

"If you were not sick, Ben, I would give you a serious scolding for having given a moment's belief to such a ridicu-

lous report. Your 'Queen of Beauty' crowns no other knight than the one she did of old," said Debby, timidly, at the same time lifting a pretty chaplet of myrtle and roses from the table where she had laid it, and binding it playfully around the invalid's brow.

Happy Ben! How rapidly he recovered on the elixir of Debby's love! And how bright the remaining hours of his convalescence became with dreams of the time when she whose beauty had animated his pictures, and won him a good part of the distinction he already enjoyed, should be not only the inspiring genius of his studio, but the presiding divinity at his hearthstone.

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"There! that will do," says Hal, who has been following my story page by page. "Leave us to imagine the widow's surprise, Debby's happiness, and all the details of the wedding and the settlement. I like your story pretty well, sis, but I am afraid the critics will complain of it for wanting a moral."

I have not written for a moral, Hal, but to depict a character, and illustrate village life in its loveliest and most poetic guise. Many a flower, as bright and beautiful as Debby, emits a life of sweetness in the glens and cottage-homes of our country; and pleasant the task to me, Hal, to bring them out to the sunshine of such gentle sympathies as have followed the life of our sweet Debby from the undisciplined romance of early girlhood, up to its crowning glory of tested truth and requited love.

1844.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

It was one of those soft, golden days of autumn, which seem like returns of Eden, that a party of young persons assembled in an open field for the purpose of hop-gathering. Nothing could make a prettier rural picture than this grouping of bright-eyed girls and gay young beaux beneath the large arbor they had formed of the graceful and luxuriant vines. There was

scarce a girl among them that had not some green sprig or purple aster, or crimson cardinal-flower twisted among her silken locks; scarce a boy that wore not in his straw hat a drooping cluster of hops, or a bright plume of golden-rod.

Protected from the sun by their canopy of vines, and fanned by the breeze that rustled through it from the neighboring woodland, nothing could be pleasanter than their rustic employment. So many diversions, too, were contrived to lessen its monotony! One told the tale of Cinderella, a hundred times heard before, yet ever interesting and ever new; another sang one of Burns' little songs, so appropriate for a scene of rural labor and festivity; the pitcher of cool root beer was brought, and handed about; old jokes were revived, and laughed at as heartily as though now for the first time invented; a sly kiss was stolen by some roguish boy from the strawberry lips of the maiden at his side; and then, to check the uproarious merriment, a ghost story, such as Tam O'Shanter reduced to prose, or the old ballad of "Margaret's Ghost," was related with due solemnity by some damsel, whose story-telling talent made amends for the homeliness of her face.

Among the party was one who, though sharing cheerfully in these sports, did so more through benevolent sympathies than from any hearty gayety of feeling. He was a lad about fifteen years of age, possessing one of the sweetest and most intelligent faces in the world, but bearing in his person the curse of incurable deformity. All were kind to him, and all loved him, but neither their kindness nor their love could drive away the sadness at his heart. It was not merely his deformity that made him miserable; it was the feeling that he was spiritually *alone* in the world; that the sympathy of his race was for his *misfortune*, and not for those high aspirations and holy emotions which were shrouded in his weak, misshapen frame.

There was, however, one in that merry group who knew him better than he thought. This was Ellen Mayland, the daughter of our late physician; a girl noted in Newburg for the sweetness of her temper, and the warmth of her attachments. She had known Otis Wendell all his lifetime, and

was one of the earliest supporters of his little hobbling, awkward steps. The attachment formed between them then, had been a lasting one; but Ellen, quite a woman now, saw much less of him than when they were schoolmates together, and used to sit under the green oak during the long summer noontime, telling each other stories of fairies, and crying over the hapless fate of the "Children in the Wood." Otis feared that, now she had become a beautiful young lady, she would no longer interest herself in the poor little deformed boy who claimed her childish compassion. Tears came into his eyes when, at the close of the day, he saw her, with others, tie on her bonnet, and prepare to depart. Instead of joining the company, however, she turned to him, and said, "It is not night yet, by an hour or more. Let us have one of our old sittings under the green tree. You know we used to be often together at twilight, watching the red rays die off from the hill-top. Go down with me to the old chestnut, and we can see them now, as beautiful as ever."

Otis grasped her hand. "O, Ellen, it will make me too happy!"

The "old chestnut" was the pride of our village, being of enormous size, and growing in one of the pleasantest spots upon the banks of the Kattequissim. Its roots ran along partly above the surface of the ground, and were covered with beautiful green moss, that was kept constantly fresh by the trickling water welling up near the base of the trunk. Here, upon a dry spot of turf, the young friends found a seat.

"Now lay your little weary head upon my knee, Otis, and tell me why you have not felt happy, to-day."

He hid his beautiful face upon the folds of her dress, kissed them rapturously, and then, lying down so that he might gaze up into her eyes, rested his golden curls and glowing cheek upon her knee, as she desired. "How could you know I was not happy, Ellen? Did I not laugh, and sing, and tell stories, as much as any one of the party?"

"As much, but not as heartily. Your gayety, to-day, had no soul. Now tell me, are you sick, or only sad?"

"You know I am never well, Ellen, never *quite* well; and

I think these poor feelings often make me gloomy when I ought to be gay. But, O, I felt so lonely, to-day! There was so much in my soul that no one sympathizes with, that no one understands."

"But you will *find* sympathy as you grow older. A very richly-endowed spirit is always lonely and unappreciated in its youth, being far in advance of the generation with which its years would class it, and yet too modest and shrinking to claim fellowship with the ripe spirits that precede it only in age. But in a few years, Otis, your mind will grow so bold and strong, it cannot, like a little bird, sit any longer in its greenwood nest, but will soar up into the eye of day, where all men can see and admire it. *Then* you will have friends among the good and great; you will no longer feel lonely."

"Dear Ellen, your voice has been so long my oracle, I am half tempted to believe everything it predicts. But you forget the great obstacle that lies in my way. My soul *might* fly but for the clog of this poor body. I do not murmur at my lot, Ellen, yet I sometimes feel like a caged lion, strong and furious, but ah, so helpless, so desolate, so full of a great ambition that can never be satisfied! Who ever regards me as anything but a being to be pitied and protected, but whose life must be always a burden to himself and a curse to his friends? And yet, Ellen, I have a soul within me which tells me that I was made to *act*, and not to suffer; to minister to the multitude, instead of living upon their charity. You will think me vain and foolish, I fear; but if I am so, you have more power than any one else to correct and improve me. Do so, Ellen. Be my monitor. Teach me how to conform myself to my low and miserable condition."

The poor boy clasped his hands, and looked up into her face with an expression so sorrowful and beseeching, it drew the tears from her eyes. She bent over and touched his forehead with her lips.

"Dear Otis, I am going to make you happy, if you will but promise to place yourself in my power, and do whatever I bid you. Will you promise?"

"Promise? Yes, anything, everything that you wish. I am yours. Do what you will with me."

"Well, this is my plan. You must go home to your parents, and get their consent that you shall come and live with mother and me. You shall join Mr. Elliot's classes in Greek and Latin, and become, what I know you wish to be, a scholar. I have a little fortune that is, at present, lying useless on my hands. This I am going to invest in your education. Now, don't look so wild, dear Otis, as though you thought this intention of mine anything out of the ordinary range of kindness. I have consulted mother, and she consents; and you know I shall never be easy or satisfied till my plan is fulfilled."

Otis heard this proposition with the profoundest surprise and emotion. "Are you really in earnest, Ellen? If so, I must be in earnest, too, and tell you that I cannot be so selfish as to consent to your plans. What! Ellen; do all this for *me*, who dare not hope to repay you one half the kindness you have already shown me?"

"Otis, you *must* consent. You are my brother. My heart has adopted you. I wish your life to be a useful and a happy one. To be useful, you must be active. Nature has forbidden you to be so, physically, yet in proportion as she has disabled your body, she has endowed your mind. Now ask your conscience, whether you will so nearly fulfil your duty by denying yourself the advantages of education through fear of wronging me, as you will by availing yourself of the means offered to render yourself widely useful in the world. Supposing you never repay me, in any way. I shall not suffer by it. I have health, strength, and a love of industry. It would make me a thousand times happier to give all I have to you, without thought of recompense, than to be the mistress of a million, if I could not bestow it as I pleased. Do not deny me my will, Otis. You said, a few moments since, that you were mine, and that I might do with you as I chose. I hold you to that promise. You shall come into our family, and remain with us till you are prepared for college; and O, my dear brother, will we not be happier than we have been before, dwelling under the same roof, studying from the same books, and trying every day to grow wiser and better? *Can* you resist my entreaties?"

"O, no, Ellen, I cannot. God forgive me if I do wrong in accepting such a great sacrifice as you will make for me; but your prayers are a law that I have no power to disobey. I *am* your brother; and I will cheerfully owe everything to you. God grant I may become all you hope or wish! God grant I may prove worthy of your affection! With your eyes looking into mine, I half forget I am not in paradise. All the angels do not live in heaven. All the bliss is not enjoyed there. I can now realize something of the glories and joys of the upper world. There all are good and beautiful like you; no wonder they say it is a happy place."

Abstracted from all the world around them, full of happy and holy feelings, the young friends noted not the fall of the dew and the increasing dimness of the twilight. They were aroused by a footstep near them. A person approached, whom Ellen recognized as Mr. Elliot, the teacher of Greek and Latin whom she had mentioned to Otis.

"I fear, Miss Ellen," he said, very kindly, "I fear you have been thinking more of poetry and sentiment than of health, in remaining so late abroad. I just came from your mother, who is quite uneasy about you. Will you not take my arm, and return? Otis, my dear boy, you shall lean upon the other. Forgive me for interrupting your interview. I did not know you were together."

Otis declined the proffered assistance, and bidding Ellen good-night, took another path toward the village. "How much that poor boy loves you, Ellen," remarked Mr. Elliot, as he quitted their sight.

"Not more than I love him," replied Ellen. "He has one of the noblest souls and truest hearts in the world; but how little is he appreciated! The world cruelly wrongs those who are physically unfortunate, by looking upon them as objects of pity, merely, when they may have intellect of the loftiest order waiting only to be encouraged to put forth glorious developments. This is the case with Otis. He is painfully sensitive to his misfortune, and has felt chained down by it to helpless desolation. I have been trying to cheer and uplift his spirit, to-night. I believe I have succeeded."

"As you always must, Ellen, in everything you attempt. A dark heart must that be which would not be cheered by your encouragement."

"I have been persuading Otis," she continued, "to join your classes in the languages. He has consented."

"Indeed! with what view did you counsel it? I had supposed his parents too indifferent to his fate to make great sacrifices for his education; and, with their poverty, it must require great sacrifices to pay the expense of a collegiate course."

"His parents, it is true, have little feeling for him. They cannot appreciate the jewel God has given them in that misshapen casket. But he has friends who know him better, and who are willing to do everything in their power to assist him. If his parents do not object, he will join your classes next week; and his home he will find beneath my mother's roof, who has the kindest affection for him, and regards him almost as a child of her own."

"This will be a kindness to me, as well as to Otis. Much as you seek to disguise your favors to me, my heart perceives and appreciates them. This is the *twelfth* scholar you have obtained for me, Ellen. Two months I struggled on with but *four;* now I have twenty. O, you are everybody's good angel!"

Ellen deserved this praise. In yielding assistance or relief, none was so active and willing as she. When Mr. Elliot came to Newburg, and she learned that he had been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health, and that he was poor, and had no friends to assist him, all her benevolent feelings were excited, and she went about among her acquaintances to arouse their sympathies in his behalf. He opened a school in the village, and Ellen had been unwearied in her efforts to procure him patronage. He was now much encouraged. His health was every day improving, and his school becoming more prosperous. Can it be wondered that he called Ellen a "good angel?"

It may be supposed that Otis did not drink sparingly of the fountain of knowledge that was laid open to him. He devoured books with a most unhealthy appetite. He pored over

them till his eyes grew large and bright, and his cheek hollow and fevered. The spirit within him seemed consuming its shrine. Ellen saw the danger, and with her customary resolution, interposed. At first, she gently cautioned him; but finding this ineffectual, she spoke out more decidedly. She reminded him of his resolution to become a benefactor to man; to acquire knowledge as an intellectual lever whereby to raise the world. Instead of that, he was making a revel of his studies; he was pursuing them to an unhealthy excess; already had they intoxicated him. His brain no longer clearly perceived the path of duty, but was intent only on self-indulgence. At this reproof, Otis wept, and fell on his knees at Ellen's feet, promising to be guided only by her. She did not abuse her power. Tenderly soothing him, as a mother would soothe a nervous child, she brought him back to temperance and calm reflection.

Two years went by, and Mr. Elliot having partially recovered his health, and completed the study of divinity, received, at the marriage altar, the gentle hand of Ellen Mayland.

Very soon after her marriage, Otis left Newburg to enter upon his collegiate studies. We select one from among the many letters that he addressed to Ellen during his residence at Cambridge. It was written when he had been there about one year.

"Cambridge, June 7, 1790.

"Dear Ellen: — Your letter came when I was down-hearted, and revived me. How precious were its eloquent words of encouragement! Bless you, my more than sister, that amid all your numerous and peculiar duties, as a wife, mother, and the companion of a Christian pastor, you still continue to interest yourself so warmly in my success. I never can forget how much I am your debtor.

"Because I speak of being down-hearted, you must not suppose I find myself unhappy here. I have many warm friends who do much to encourage and improve me. And books are inexhaustible companions. I appreciate them more truly every day that I live. But my aim is not enjoyment merely. I have something to do in the world, and my object here is to acquire intellectual power to fit me for my duties. Others

may strive for college honors, *I* will strive for *your approbation*, and to qualify myself for future usefulness in the world. When I was younger, Ellen, I used to mourn over my physical misfortune; but now I rather congratulate myself upon it, it throws me so entirely upon my inward strength. If I had the form of Apollo, I might be meditating how to display it most strikingly in the circles of fashion; but now my thoughts are wholly devoted to the means of making my mental power counterbalance my bodily infirmity. I owe much of my present healthy frame of mind to your gentle and judicious counsel. Indeed, Ellen, what do I not owe to you?

"You wish to know whether I have yet decided on a profession. Yes, Ellen, I will be a lawyer! You will, perhaps, at first, be disposed to doubt whether this opens to me the broadest sphere of usefulness. You, the young wife of a clergyman, will, of course, look with peculiar favor upon the sacred profession. Or, perhaps, you will recall the extensive usefulness and benevolence of your father, and advise me to engage in the practice of the healing art. I disparage neither of these callings, Ellen, but *my* path is to the courts of earthly justice. Shall I tell you in what manner I hope to make myself useful? If there are poor men oppressed by the powerful, I will defend and relieve them; if rich men commit wrongs against the destitute and helpless, I will rebuke them; I will endeavor to conform human law to Divine law, and persuade men to carry their religion about them in their everyday life. Wherever I find public vice, injustice, and fraud, there will I work with a bold heart, and tireless zeal, till virtue, justice, and integrity, are substituted in their place. Ellen, if God will but bless my efforts, my life shall not be fruitlessly spent.*

"Every day that I remain in college, I grow more in love with mankind. The good traits of human nature are constantly revealing themselves to me. My misfortune, which I

* The sentiments of this paragraph are not fiction. Story-writers have sometimes been charged with giving too bright a coloring to their characters. Have those who make this charge ever by kind words and true sympathies unlocked the hearts of the good and gifted, and counted the treasures of noble feeling and elevated motive that lie hid within? If so, how can they call fiction an exaggerated copy of nature? It seldom equals it.

once supposed would be a perpetual misery to me, has served me as an "open sesame" into the hearts of all with whom I associate. I wish you could know them, Ellen, they are so kind to me. But kind as they are, they can never equal you. No, my dear friend, you will always remain queen of my heart!

"Thank you for giving that little one my name. May he do it greater honor than I ever can hope to! Every morning, Ellen, I pray for your happiness, and every evening meditate on your goodness. God bless your husband and child; and, O, my dear friend, most devoutly do I pray, God bless *you* forever!

"Your most grateful and affectionate OTIS."

While our hero is quietly pursuing his studies, we will return to our friend Ellen, at Newburg. Four or five years of her wedded life passed happily away; two sweet children brightened her home, and in the love of her husband, and the friendship of his parishioners, she found the claims of her heart fully answered.

But gradually her husband's health began to fail; and month after month wore away, bringing no encouragement or relief. At length he was obliged to suspend his pastoral duties, and give himself up to the cares of the nurse and the physician. His disease was a lingering pulmonary affection, which devoured him, as it were, by inches. Ellen thought a southern climate might benefit him, and prevailed upon him, after many entreaties, to remove to Florida. A year passed on, and although no change of a permanent nature appeared in the disease of the invalid, the climate seemed to retard its ravages, and afford some relief to his sufferings.

But poor Ellen was harassed by other anxieties than those which grew out of her husband's illness. Their pecuniary resources were nearly exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for aid. It came, however, from a source whence she did not expect it.

She was sitting by her husband's couch, one day, towards the last of the month of April. The weather was exceedingly warm, and both her children lay sleeping on a pillow at her feet. The invalid, also, had fallen into a light slumber,

and Ellen, having no one to mark her tears, suffered them to flow freely.

She was employed in mending an old dress for her little boy, for she had no means of buying new ones. They were already much in debt, and there was no prospect of any favorable change in their circumstances. Had she desired to return to her friends at the North, she was without money to defray the expenses of the voyage, and could not bear the idea of applying for relief to those who had already assisted her more than they could well afford.

"They must not know how I suffer," thought she; "least of all must Otis know it; his heart would break, if he could not relieve me."

A domestic now appeared at the door, holding up a letter. Ellen sprang forward, and eagerly grasped it. "From home!" she murmured, pressing it to her lips. A glance at the postmark, however, told her it was not from home, but from Otis Wendell. It was long since she had heard from him, and a thrill of joy shot through her frame, at the idea of receiving some tidings of her beloved friend. The letter enclosed a five hundred dollar bank-note, and only these few lines:

"DEAR ELLEN: — God has prospered me, and may I never cease to bless him for enabling me to make this small acknowledgment of my great debt to you. I am practising law in New York, and with considerable success, which I know will give you pleasure. I hope your health and cheerful spirits are spared to you through your long and sorrowful trials, and that your watchings and prayers may not all be in vain. I had thought of going to Florida, expressly to see that you have the attention and comforts you need; but important law business unavoidably detains me. Write to me, Ellen, a faithful account of your situation, and if anything is wanting to your happiness that human aid can supply, remember you have a devoted brother in OTIS WENDELL."

If Ellen had wept tears of sorrow before, those which succeeded the perusal of this letter were tears of the purest joy. Such unexpected relief might well gladden her heart, and

coming from one so dear to her, one she had loved from her very infancy, and assisted from a low and miserable condition to a station of usefulness and honor, it had a threefold power to make her happy.

Her husband noticed the change in her countenance when he awoke, and when she communicated to him the cause of her joy, she saw his own eye brighten with glad emotions, and a faint flush steal over his cheek that had been colorless for many long weeks. She had told him but little of her trials, but he was not so ignorant of them as she supposed; and the anxiety and distress he had secretly endured for her had done more than disease to waste the decaying energies of his life.

From this hour a favorable change seemed wrought in his system, and Ellen began to hope for his recovery once more. Through the summer he was able to walk out a short distance every day, and sit at her side with cheering words to lighten her constant toil. November had hardly commenced, however, when he was again brought low by a sudden and alarming renewal of his old complaints. In a short time he was more reduced than he had ever been before, but lingered along through the winter, and early months of spring; and then a new cup of affliction was given poor Ellen in the sickness of her children. They were attacked by scarletina, and only two days elapsed before little Ellen, the baby, preceded her father by a few hours to the world of spirits.

It was the first of May, that a gentleman made inquiries at the public houses of St. Mary, Florida, for the residence of Mr. Elliot, an invalid from New England. He was at length informed of his death, and of the sickness of his wife, who now lay in the most dangerous stages of the yellow fever, which had just begun to infect that city. The gentleman hastened immediately to her dwelling. He opened the door, and proceeded from room to room, finding each one deserted. His heart began to sink, when a low moan attracted him to a little apartment in the rear. Here he found Ellen, alone, helpless, and suffering all the horrors of that frightful pestilence. He went up to her couch, and bent over her pillow. She opened her eyes, and gazed at him vacantly, for a while. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell upon her fevered brow.

"O, Ellen!" he passionately exclaimed, pressing her burning hand in his. She uttered a feeble cry, and murmured the name of Otis; then closing her eyes, the tears gushed rapidly from beneath the lids. They seemed to relieve her brain, for she gazed up at him more brightly than before, and earnestly entreated him to leave her, and escape from the dangers of the pestilence.

"Leave you, Ellen? Never! till you are restored to health and friends. Never, Ellen, will I leave you to suffer alone, while my life and reason remain!"

Otis was true to his word. He procured every comfort and assistance that was needed, and watched over her with the tenderness of a mother. He looked after the welfare of her little boy, who had been early removed from the contagion, and carried daily tidings to the couch of the anxious invalid.

We need not prolong the details. Ellen recovered at last, though very slowly and imperfectly. It was with many sad forebodings that Otis assisted her to embark for a northern climate. Her frail body seemed almost ruined by the ravages of sorrow and disease. Still, he hoped much from old influences, and the careful nursing of her friends. He hoped much from the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and the original strength of her constitution. He rejoiced to see her eyes light up with joy when they drew near the shores of New England. He watched her with the intensest interest, when she sat sometimes upon deck, with her little boy in her arms, to see the deep delight she experienced in the intelligence and sweetness of his childish talk. The boy was very beautiful, and loved his mother with a depth of reverence rarely observed in one so young. This trait in his character did more than all else to wean Ellen from thoughts of the past — this, and her confidence in heaven.

The first step Otis took, on his arrival at Newburg, was to purchase the dwelling Ellen had formerly occupied, and fit it up comfortably for her residence. He restored as much of the old family furniture as could be obtained, and, in every arrangement, delicately consulted her preferences. She knew him too well to distress his noble nature by manifesting any reluctance in accepting his generous aid; and as soon as he

saw her pleasantly reinstated in her old possessions, he returned to his business at New York.

Otis had conquered much of his early morbid sensitiveness, and now moved among men as one conscious of abilities to do them good. He had steadily refused political preferment, but in any civil capacity, was ready at all times to exercise his talents for the public benefit. He soon rose, as all truly great and good men must rise, into honor and popularity. A circle of warm friends and admirers gathered around him, ready to use every possible influence and exertion to promote him to any station they could prevail on him to fill. He was too well satisfied with his success in doing good as a private individual, to court more elevated honors. It was not applause that he desired, though when men praised his eloquence and learning, he was happy to feel that his soul had risen superior to its early weakness, and that the life his young heart foreboded would be one of misery, had been already full of activity and happiness.

He was universally regarded as the friend of the friendless, the guardian of the weak and tempted, the benefactor of the suffering poor. When, at length, at a mature period of his life, he rose from the bar to the bench, and sustained the character of an upright and impartial judge, there was no man regarded with more universal respect and individual admiration than the poor little deformed boy, who, thirty years before, had sat at Ellen's side, and deplored, with tears, his lone and miserable condition.

Among the beneficent acts of his life, none is more worthy of record than his kindness to Ellen's son. Not content with placing the mother in circumstances almost affluent, he took young Otis under his own guardianship, educated him at college, and received him into his law office with all the advantages he would give to an only son.

Ellen, who had no happiness apart from her child, also removed to New York, and was introduced by Judge Wendell into the highest circles of society as the benefactress of his early life, and, from infancy upward, his best beloved friend. She had now passed the meridian of life, but preserved the same cheerful sweetness of temper and kindness of heart that

characterized her early years. Though she never quite recovered from the effects of her sickness and affliction in Florida, she manifested none of the languor and depression of an invalid. Always interesting herself in some scheme of benevolence, she forgot her own weakness in the real sufferings of the multitude that surrounded her.

Otis Elliot distinguished himself in his profession, though he never attained to the greatnes, that marked the riper years of Otis Wendell. He married a lady of great wealth and accomplishments, who opened her splendid establishment to her husband's most revered friends, his mother and Judge Wendell, and bade them welcome to an abiding home. They accepted the offer with sincere pleasure. They gathered around one fireside — Ellen, the senior of the group, with her snow-white hair parted smoothly from her calm forehead, and her slender frame bowed with weakness and age; Otis Wendell, the irreproachable judge, the man of countless charities, with his fine countenance marked with the first furrows of time, and bearing a look of serene dignity that was doubly impressive from its contrast with the physical diminutiveness and deformity he had borne about with him from the hour of his birth; Otis Elliot, the handsome and idolizing son of an equally idolizing mother, with his beaming eye glancing from his young bride to his aged mother, and thence to his beloved guardian, to rest with equal tenderness upon each; and, lastly, the young bride herself, the link that had drawn these dear beings into one happy household circle, to be separated no more in life, with her beautiful face turned ever fondly upon her husband's — these all gathered daily around one board and one hearthstone, and presented one of the loveliest examples ever seen, of the faithful and deep-rooted friendship, which increases with every added year of life, and passes out of this state of being to that which is more perfect, to receive an eternal confirmation in the immediate presence of Deity.

1845.

LYDIA VERNON.

It was just sunset, when the mail coach drew up before the lodge at Markley gate, and gave egress to a little form wrapped

up in a blue silk shawl, a modest chip-hat, and a green gauze veil. A large trunk followed, which the driver deposited in the empty lodge. No one appearing, to welcome or conduct the young stranger, she took her way alone up the long winding avenue, uncertain whither it would conduct her, and trembling with dread of the reception she might meet from her rich and unknown relatives. Presently, through the openings in the trees, she discovered the turreted roof of a stately mansion, from whose glazed towers the setting sun was reflected in golden radiance. Her heart beat faster than before. She could scarcely totter up to the steps of the door, where she paused, hoping some one had seen her approach, and would appear to usher her in.

Her hopes were soon answered. In the parlor above were seated two young ladies in the alcove of a window, and before them stood a gentleman, not greatly their senior in years.

"Who is that little body creeping up the path?" said one of the ladies, pointing to the timid stranger, and addressing her lordly brother.

"Really I cannot tell, Constance, unless it be our young seventh-cousin, who is expected. I just recollect that father gave me warning of her arrival to-night, and charged me earnestly to show her all needful attentions till his return. But you, fair ladies," and here the young man glanced at the dark-eyed beauty, "have excluded all thoughts except of your own sweet selves. You must suffer me now, however, to make atonement for my neglect; for see; the poor child looks really distressed and embarrassed." So, hastening down stairs, he opened the door for the little visitor.

"Miss Lydia Vernon, I suppose," he said, kindly offering his hand. "Pardon me that I was not at the gate to receive you. You must think us quite unkind that we left you to find your way alone, informed as we were of the time of your anticipated arrival. But really, I was not aware that the hour was so late."

"Oh, I found my way quite well alone; it was not necessary you should trouble yourself to watch for me. Is Mrs. Markley at home, and well?"

"No, my father and mother are absent on a journey; but my sister Constance is at home, and will be happy to see you. She is in the parlor; please take my arm, and I will conduct you to her."

Never had two sweeter or more winning voices discoursed together than these. Richard Markley's was one that thrilled through the hearer like exquisite music. There seemed to be magic in it, so powerfully, yet tenderly, did it penetrate the hearts of those who listened. Lydia Vernon's had the same tones, the same power, only softer and more delicate; and as on taking Richard's arm, she threw back the veil from her face, he could not but glance somewhat curiously at lips from which issued such enchanting music.

Lydia had not much regular, permanent beauty; and Richard, who had been gazing all day at the dazzling eyes and brilliant complexion of Thesta Brownell, was too much blinded to perceive the soft lustre of the hazel eyes that drooped beneath the curious glance of his own. Leading the young stranger into the parlor, he introduced her to his sister, and to her friend, Miss Brownell. After a few pleasant, but not overcordial greetings, Constance conducted her to her chamber, and Richard took the vacant seat at Thesta's side. Again those tones commenced, and their winning cadences sank into Thesta's heart more deeply than they had ever reached before. Her eyes drooped beneath his admiring glances; they grew dim with tears which she vainly strove to conceal; her heart beat quickly, and her hand trembled like a leaf in the wind. Yet it was not the *words*, but the *tones*, which produced this effect. All the tenderness that man can feel for woman was breathed in the melody of his voice. Thesta's pride melted beneath it. The strong passion of her haughty nature was fully awakened, and she loved as she never could have humbled herself to love before.

Richard saw his power, and saw it with as much triumph as true inward joy. Thesta was no ordinary woman. To gain the affections of one who had heretofore shown such a proud disdain for the weaknesses of her sex, was a victory that gratified Richard's vanity as much as it ministered to his love. He resolved to enjoy this feeling to the utmost; and

for this reason he guarded his words, and gave the power wholly to his tones.

Richard had some faults blended with many noble and generous qualities. He enjoyed, too selfishly, the incense of woman's love, and knew, too well, the arts and gentle courtesies by which it is so easily won. His delicious tones and devoted manners had caused suffering to more hearts than his benevolent hand had ever freed from want and misery. Perhaps he was not fully conscious of all this; and yet what man was ever ignorant of the effect produced by his graceful courtesies upon hearts susceptible to kindness?

He was proud too, and exacted from others the worship he would not return; yet there were depths of kindness and affection within him, sufficient to redeem every weakness, and atone for every wrong.

Thesta Brownell shared more of his faults than of his virtues. Though superior in intellect, beautiful in person, and endowed with wealth and rank equal to her pride, she knew little of those gentle qualities that make up the real worth of woman. Her hand never relieved misery; her smile never encouraged the sorrowing. Her associations were only with those who could appreciate her talents, admire, flatter and continually minister to her pride. With such as these, she could be affable and winning in the extreme; but Richard Markley was the only person who had ever touched her heart, or usurped the throne so long and entirely occupied by SELF. She had now been a visitor at Judge Markley's for nearly six weeks, and was intending to pass the remainder of the summer there; at the termination of which period, not only she, but all the members of the Markley family, hoped she would become the betrothed of Richard.

The arrival of so humble a personage as Lydia Vernon, a poor orphan relative of the Judge's, could, of course, produce little change in the affairs at Markley Place. She glided in and out, smiled and spoke, as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. No one thought of talking with her, except Richard, who was charmed with the sweetness of her voice, and touched by the loneliness of her situation. But he was too much engrossed in the progress of his power over Thesta to make

many efforts to entertain her. So she sat and thought of her humbler and happier home forever lost; and wondered whether she should ever be any less lonely and unnoticed than now. She looked forward to the Judge's return with much anxiety, for in him she was sure of a kind and considerate friend; but she felt not at all sure of pleasing Mrs. Markley, who, like her daughter Constance, thought all poor relations a great burden.

One evening, a few weeks after Lydia's arrival, the little party at Markley Place were gathered under one of the majestic oaks in the park, and Richard and Thesta were conversing in an animated manner upon a German poem they had recently been reading. Lydia, who had accompanied them by Richard's particular request, and who sat at his side because he placed her there, was listening with interest to their discussion. Richard attempted a quotation from the poem to illustrate some opinion he had expressed; but his memory failing him, he called on Thesta to finish it. She had forgotten, or had not treasured, the particular language, and could not assist him. He turned laughingly to Lydia, and begged her to come to his aid. She raised her soft eyes, which were brighter than usual, and though her cheek crimsoned, and her voice faltered, repeated the forgotten passage with a peculiar grace and enthusiasm.

Richard was surprised and charmed, for he had always supposed her an uneducated girl, and had never thought of speaking to her upon any subject connected with literature. He thanked her most warmly and admiringly, and turned a glance on Thesta to see if she did not share his surprise and delight.

Never were beautiful features so deformed by scorn and anger as those of Thesta Brownell. 'T was but for a moment, and they resumed again their unclouded brilliancy; but *that moment* — it was one whose memory could never be obliterated. Richard's heart felt as though a swift flame had passed over and scathed it; while Lydia, who had also seen the look, sat pale and half breathless from wounded feeling. Thesta made an effort to continue the conversation, but Richard would not or could not respond, and Lydia, pleading sudden illness, begged to retire. Richard rose to accompany her, but she

refused his attendance, and would not lean upon his proffered arm. He kindly placed it around her, however, and persisted in helping her to the house, where he called a servant to wait on her, and reluctantly returned to the ladies he had left.

This little incident opened to Richard new pages in two female hearts. One, it is true, gave him pain to read; yet he was glad it had not been sealed too long; and though he did not cease to be fascinated by Thesta's beauty, and to admire her brilliant mind, he found his feelings much less tender than he would have once thought it possible. His eyes once opened, he did not suffer himself to be again blinded, but watched every little circumstance with a critical eye, and a careful judgment.

One evening there was music in the parlor. Thesta was the performer, and Richard turned the leaves. Among other pieces, she sung a tender little ballad, containing a mournful family history, that, chiming in with Lydia's personal experience, affected her to tears. Richard, observing this, quitted his post by Thesta's side, and going up to the window where Lydia sat, kindly took her hand, and whispered softly, "Would this new home were pleasanter to you, Lydia, and you would not grieve so much for the old one."

"You are very kind," she replied, looking up to him with a grateful smile, at the same time motioning him to leave her. He turned toward the piano, but Thesta had left it, and seated herself in the alcove. He begged her to resume the music, but she coldly declined, and when he persisted in his entreaties, referred him, in a scornful manner, to Miss Vernon.

"Lydia, do you play?" he inquired.

But Lydia had left the room, and did not return. Richard sat down by Thesta, and again used all the fascination of his voice and manner to remove the cloud that had settled upon her brow. For once his power was unavailing. Her pride had been wounded — by a trifle, it is true; nevertheless it was a wound that rankled deeply for the time. "Oh beauty!" thought Richard; "would to Heaven it shone in her spirit as brightly as it irradiates her person!"

The next day Judge Markley and lady returned from their journey. Lydia was a great favorite with the Judge, who,

having had frequent business with her father, had seen much of her from her infancy. He now took her under his special protection, and nearly her whole time was passed in the library, where she assisted him in his writing, and in hunting over his books for the numerous subjects he was daily examining. Nothing could make her happier than the knowledge that she was useful, particularly to one she so much loved and respected.

"You are my right hand," said he to her one day, "and I shall keep you shut up in the library with me, out of sight of the beaux, for I should be undone if any of them were to carry you away."

"I promise never to leave you till you wish it, dear uncle," replied Lydia, smiling.

"What, not if some young lawyer should require your assistance?"

"A circumstance so improbable, uncle, that we will not even imagine it."

"Not at all improbable, Lydia, not at all. There is my son Richard — a splendid lawyer. When he opens an office he will be overrun with business. What if he should come to beg your services?"

"I should not give them to him, for he could hire a dozen better clerks than I should make, besides having Miss Brownell to help him."

"Pshaw! Miss Brownell? *She* help him? No, she would require him to sit at her feet all day in devout homage, thinking of no other object in the universe but *her* will and *her* pleasure. Thesta Brownell? I would see her at the Cape of Good Hope before I would see her the wife of my dear Richard."

"She is a very intellectual woman, indeed, uncle."

"Yes, intellectual, and that is all you can say for her. So are *books* intellectual, and if Richard is going to marry for *mind* only, I advise him to wed my great copy of Lord Francis Bacon, or Locke's 'Treatise on the Understanding.'"

"You wrong Miss Brownell, uncle. She is capable of deep feeling."

"I acknowledge that; but it is deep feeling for *herself*, only. She has strong passions, but no true, pure womanly affections;

no pity for the afflicted; no sympathy for the poor; no self-denial; no noble principles of benevolence and philanthropy; nothing, in short, dear Lydia, worthy the love of a heart like Richard's. He, it is true, has his faults; but they are not so deep-rooted that a gentle and skilful hand could not remove them. If he marries Thesta Brownell, he will become a disappointed, bitter, reckless fellow; if he finds a wife such as I wish, he is capable of becoming an honor to his race."

"You accord great influence to us poor women, uncle."

"I do, Lydia, I do! You have it in your power to make us saints or devils. What the mother fails to do, the wife should finish. We are like wax in your hands, to be moulded as you will."

"I hardly think you will find many men to agree with you," said Lydia, laughing, "for if I were to judge, I should say there were more of the sex composed of iron and adamant than of any softer material. But as for you, dear uncle, I think your heart *is* rather soft, or I never should have been able to make so good an impression."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of some gentlemen on business, and Lydia retired into a little room adjoining the library, which was also used for a study. Here she found Richard, who sat leaning his head on his hand, gazing at the wall, rather than at the book before him. "Ah Lydia," said he as she entered, "I have seen but very little of you since father's return. Does he keep you always at work for him?"

"He asks no more of me than I wish, no, nor so much as I wish, to do for one to whom I owe so much."

"Would that all had your amiable and unselfish disposition, Lydia. Shall I too make a demand upon your good nature, and ask you to read me this hard poem of Schlegel's? I am puzzled to understand his meaning."

"It is a visionary, mystical thing, but I will show you a little prose translation, which will, I think, give you a tolerable idea of *his* idea. 'T is in my chamber; I will bring it."

When Lydia returned to the study, she found Thesta there, and was on the point of retreating as she opened the door; but Richard called her in.

"Excuse me," said Thesta, haughtily. "I did not know, Mr. Markley, that you gave or received private lessons, or I should not have intruded at this time."

"Thesta!" said Richard, reproachfully, as he rose to detain her; "Thesta!" 'T was only a word, but sufficient to cover her face with crimson, as she tore herself from his hands and left the room. Poor Lydia burst into tears, and hid behind the curtain of the window. Richard was at first too much vexed and agitated to speak; but after a moment or two he walked up to the window, and drawing her gently to him, prayed her most earnestly not to be pained by Thesta's unhappy temper, but to despise her taunts as heartily as he did. Unwilling to distress Richard by suffering him to see the pain she felt, Lydia soon regained her usual calm gentleness, and without alluding to what had passed, gave him the translation, and engaged him in conversation upon Schlegel's poem.

Never had Richard been so sincerely charmed with Lydia as now. She united so much sensibility with so much gentleness, and such fine intellectual perceptions, he could not but feel that she realized his ideal of a perfect woman. There was nothing showy about her. Her whole character was as modest and unpretending as the little soft face through which it so transparently shone. But he liked her better that she was not showy. Her soft hazel eyes, and fair, almost pale cheeks, touched his heart more deeply than even Thesta's glorious beauty. "The eagle is a splendid bird, but after all a bird of prey! What so beautiful and winning as a little snow-white dove that one can fold so softly to one's bosom?" thought he, as he detained Lydia at his side a whole hour, addressing questions to her mind and heart, and receiving in every answer a new surprise, and a new delight.

It was very painful to Lydia to be an object of dislike or annoyance to any person; and her situation at Markley Place was anything but a happy one. The Judge and Richard were truly her friends, and treated her at all times with the kindest and most attentive courtesy; but Mrs. Markley and her daughter were only coldly civil, while Thesta, their favorite, gave her daily proofs of the haughtiest contempt and dis-

like. The cause of these feelings poor Lydia in vain conjectured. She never dreamed they sprang from jealousy — from a fear that her gentle temper, winning manners and sweet voice, combined with a highly cultivated mind, would captivate the heart of the proud and courtly Richard. Lydia was an humble being. She never dreamed of aspiring to any man's love — much less to that of one so superior as she regarded her cousin. Even his attentions, so flattering, so affectionate, failed to awaken one silent hope of anything beyond their present kindness. She had penetrated sufficiently into Richard's character to know that his devotion to woman was no partial and exclusive sentiment, but a courtesy universally bestowed; and though he had his favorites, to whom his voice was softer and his glance tenderer than to others, she believed his true love was wholly given to Thesta Brownell; for though he saw her faults, and condemned her injustice toward Lydia, it did not necessarily follow that she had any the less empire over his heart.

Richard was equally at a loss to account for Thesta's capricious conduct toward himself. He knew she loved him. Even her caprices proved it; but why she so highly resented his attentions to Lydia he could not conjecture. He thought jealousy inconsistent with so much pride of character; and besides, his attentions had been nothing more than Lydia's situation in the family and her truly lady-like deportment demanded. He had supposed Thesta too well versed in the courtesies of refined life to regard these attentions as anything worthy of remark, or as exceeding the bounds of ordinary gallantry. But that they *did* offend and vex her had been rendered evident by too many proofs to be longer a matter of doubt; and at the same time that Richard was flattered by his power, he grew disenchanted of his admiration.

Thesta, who observed with keen eyes the slightest change in his manners toward herself, felt that she was losing his love; but instead of attributing it to her own folly, supposed it the effect of Lydia's attractions. Tortured by jealousy, and animated by the bitterest enmity toward the innocent Lydia, Thesta continued in her gloomiest mood for many days after the meeting in the little study. Richard was too much vexed

with her to flatter away her frowns, and too much pleased with Lydia not to persevere in his gentlest attentions, whenever her presence in the parlor gave him an opportunity. But these occasions were so rare that he grew dissatisfied with confining himself wholly to parlor courtesies, and began to make more than daily visits to his father's library. True, Lydia was always too busy to talk with him, but he could stand by the book-shelves, taking down and rustling through numerous volumes, all the while that his eyes were intently perusing her sweet and studious face; and it is singular that the more he perused it, the more interested and absorbed he became in the occupation.

One morning he had stood so long rustling over the books, that the Judge grew somewhat fidgety at the sound, and advised him, if he were searching for any particular subject, to call upon Lydia for assistance, for Lydia knew everything that the library contained, and just the place to find it.

"Do, Lydia, then, come and help me," said the young man, turning toward her with a slight confusion of manner — the first she had ever observed in him. She arose and went towards him, while the Judge, suddenly recollecting an engagement "down town," told her he should have no occasion for her services before another day, and left the room directly. This act was a very simple one, to be sure, but it had the effect of discomposing the young people materially; so much so that, for the first time in his life, Richard was awkward.

"What do you wish to find?" said Lydia.

"That is the very question upon which I need your assistance, for really I do not know!"

"Not know your own wishes! How can I possibly discover them to you?"

"Indeed, I don't know that any better, dear Lydia. But let us look over these books together, and perhaps we may find a solution to the mystery."

So they turned over a multitude of volumes, read aloud numerous passages, made a variety of comments, and at last sat down together in the deep, cushioned window-seat, and turned over the leaves of that beautiful story of Margaret, in

Wordsworth's "Excursion." "Stop, Lydia," said Richard, checking her hand as she was about to turn another leaf, "I wish to read you one passage here.

> 'She was a woman of a steady mind,
> Tender and deep in her excess of love,
> Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
> Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
> Her temper had been framed, as if to make
> A being, who by adding love to peace
> Might live on earth a life of happiness.'

There, Lydia, that is just what I wish to find — such a woman!"

"I trust you have already found one in whom most, if not all, of these qualities unite," replied Lydia, modestly.

"If you refer to Thesta, you are in the wrong. I confess I have been much fascinated by her beauty and intellect, so much so that I fancied myself in love; but the illusion is dispelled; and though I acknowledge her superior gifts, I have no wish to live in the blaze of them. There never has been any pledge between us, and it is certain, dear Lydia, that there never will be."

It was also certain that Lydia's heart beat gladly at this assurance, for though she felt for Thesta the kindest goodwill, she could not sincerely desire to see her the wife of Richard.

"And do you regret, Lydia, that the matter has so terminated?"

"Frankly, Richard, I do not, for I believe, in my heart, that, brilliant and beautiful as Miss Brownell certainly is, she has not the temper to make you happy."

"No, I have always desired a gentler and sweeter, and more trusting wife; one who could forgive my faults, and bear patiently with my caprices. I am selfish, of course, in wishing such a being to unite her destiny with mine; but I do verily believe, could I win one so good and loving, she would mould me into almost anything she desired."

"I dare say you will find such a woman one of these days," replied Lydia, lowering her soft eyes beneath Richard's earnest, penetrating glance.

"Will you pray for my success in the pursuit?" he inquired.

"Certainly; I could not neglect to pray for one who has always treated me with such distinguishing kindness," said Lydia, in soft, trembling tones, that sank into Richard's soul. And as she said this, there was such a swelling of tears in her heart, she dared not remain, but rising from her seat, cast upon Richard a look which said so plainly that she must go, that he relinquished the hand he had taken to detain her, and murmured a heart-felt "God bless you!" that sounded in her ears for many days and weeks.

Richard remained for a long while sitting as she had left him, revolving in his mind a variety of sweet and of perplexing thoughts. These were interrupted by the entrance of his mother.

"You have grown studious of late," she said, taking a seat near him. "What cloud has passed between you and Thesta? Are you aware that she leaves us to-morrow?"

"Indeed, mother, I have been too little in her confidence of late to know any of her intentions. I regret that she leaves so soon."

"You speak very dispassionately, Richard. It is not so indifferent a matter with me that Thesta leaves us, and under circumstances which forbid the hope that she will ever return. Why must you two part, who seem made for each other? She loves you, Richard — most intensely loves you; and but a few weeks since I felt sure your heart was equally hers. Why this caprice?"

"Mother, it is no caprice. Thesta has given me sufficient proof that we can never make each other happy; and believing this, I have ceased to love her. She is proud; so am I. She is exacting; so am I. She is vexed and angry if I am even civil to another woman — and, mother, you know I can never be ruled with such a rod. I used forbearance at first, for I really loved her; but when she revenged herself on me by injuring the feelings of another who had never wronged her — *that* I could not forgive. The spell is broken. I can never marry Thesta Brownell, and you must cease to wish it."

"I know it is vain to urge anything against which you are

resolved, but I cannot cease to *wish* a union in every respect so much to your advantage. Thesta has beauty and accomplishments, and, above all, the mind you so much prize; she belongs to a rich and highly connected family, has always moved in the highest circles of society, and, in short, is the only woman I know, whose circumstances in life at all correspond with your own. Have you thought of all these things, my son?"

"Is it necessary to happiness in wedded life, dear mother, that the parties should have been reared in the same circles, or that their 'circumstances in life' should exactly correspond? 'T is a false theory, to which I cannot subscribe."

"Ah, Richard, Lydia Vernon is at the bottom of all this mischief. I trace these new radical views of marriage distinctly back to their source. I see plainly that in place of a noble, elegant and refined woman, you are resolved on marrying —"

"What? mother."

"Lydia Vernon!"

"Thank you for uttering that simple name. I am not resolved on marrying Lydia, mother, until I ascertain her own wishes upon that point — but, indeed, I know of none nobler, or more elegant and refined, to whom I could possibly aspire."

"What is she, Richard, except for your father's charity, but a homeless pauper?"

"She is the orphan daughter of a distinguished though *poor* man; and immensely rich and independent in her own inward resources. Lydia is by no means a dependent on father's charity, though for the love he bears her, and the ability she has of serving him in his studies, she has consented to accept a home under our roof. Oh, make it a happy one to her, dear mother, as you value your own peace, and the love of Richard! Show her more kindness and respect, and, believe me, you will soon discover how much she deserves it. No one who truly *knows* Lydia can fail to respect and love her."

"I say no more, Richard, except that I am grievously disappointed. From childhood up, you have followed your own will, and it is hopeless for me to combat it; therefore, marry

Lydia, and disgrace yourself and family as much as you desire. I can only grieve for your perversity."

"Mother, dear mother! I will not reason with you, now. If I seem wilful, believe it is a will dictated by conscience, and the voice of that monitor you cannot ask me to disobey."

Mrs. Markley left the room without replying, and, more perplexed than ever, Richard resumed his thoughts.

Lydia, on retiring to her room, gave way to the sweetest and tenderest emotions. She was far above any feeling of envy or revenge, and it was wholly from another principle that she rejoiced in Richard's escape from a connection with Thesta. Superadded to this joy was the first throbbing consciousness of love — a pure, unselfish feeling, that asked nothing, hoped nothing, but was completely happy in its own young and beautiful existence. Richard's tenderness of manner, the gentleness, and reverence, and devotion of his looks and words, had enchained, by degrees, her whole being; but she was too humble and unpresuming to think it possible she had inspired him with similar feelings. She believed his words and looks proceeded from pure kindness alone, and resolved that he should never know the deeper emotions he had excited in her own bosom.

So well did she succeed in this resolution, that several weeks elapsed without Richard's making any progress in her confidence, or even satisfying his own heart whether he had won an abiding place in hers. We have said before, that he loved too well the incense of woman's affection; and, in most cases, it was sufficiently obvious to him when he had obtained it; but so truly and humbly did he now for the first time love, that all his wonted confidence forsook him, and he dared not breathe in words the hopes that centred in his soul.

Near the close of a fine day in September, the Judge called Lydia to the door, to look at a black pony he had been purchasing.

"O, my own dear Jennett!" cried Lydia, flying out into the yard, and throwing her arms around the pony's neck with a burst of joyful tears. "Dear Jennett! how do you do? Have you come back again to your old mistress? How kind in you, dear uncle, to think of me in this!"

"She is yours, Lydia; and you must never part with her again!"

"Mine! Did you say mine? Oh, uncle, how can I ever thank you enough? You must not think me foolish for loving this little creature so much. She is the last remaining relic of home. She has shared with me the caresses of my father's hand. She seems to me almost like a sister!"

Richard, who had followed her to the door, and had witnessed this exhibition of joy and tenderness, inquired how she had happened to part with anything so dear to her.

"Oh, from necessity; nothing else can take away from us what we love," replied Lydia.

"Rather a fine sense of justice than necessity, in this case, except that with you the former phrase is synonymous with the latter," added the Judge. "Lydia parted with Jennett to pay off a last remaining debt of her father's; a sacrifice that few would have made. And now, Lydia, I wish you to tie on your hat, and take a trot through the park, to see if Jennett has forgotten any of her old paces. Richard, of course, will be your esquire."

"Ten thousand thanks, father, for the suggestion. Do not object to it, Lydia."

"Certainly not," said she, tripping gayly into the house. She returned in a few minutes, habited in her green riding-coat, with a pretty little velvet cap and black drooping plume upon her head. She had never looked so graceful and beautiful.

Richard assisted her to the saddle, adjusted her pretty little foot in the stirrup, and then mounted his own horse, whose high head and broad flanks suited the stately bearing of its rider.

"Why, Richard," said the Judge, "you look like an ogre bearing off a nymph!"

"But I can escape him, if I *am* small," cried Lydia, starting off in a canter, that left Richard in the rear for a number of rods. He joined her near the gate of the park, and invited her to extend the ride through a wooded lane on the opposite side of the public road. She consented, and they pursued a leisurely ride of several miles.

"Shall we not return?" said Lydia, as they arrived at the verge of a long circuitous hill.

"Let us descend the hill slowly. There is a beautiful brook at the foot."

Not a word was spoken during the descent. When they reached the brook, Richard dismounted and tied his horse by the roadside. Then taking the reins from Lydia's hand, he guided the pony down to the water's edge. A clematis-vine, in full feather, hung in festoons over the bars of the bridge. From this he plucked some long wreaths, with which he began decorating Jennett's head and neck.

"Lydia," said he, leaning his arm across Jennett's mane, and looking up into the rider's glowing face, his own as glowing, "Lydia, I had a sweet dream as we descended this long hill together."

"Had you, Richard? So had I."

"Indeed! Tell me yours, will you?"

"I dreamed I was at home, in the dear old woodlane at Eastshire; that Jennett was, as she is, my own dear gentle pony; that you were my brother Henry; and that I was teasing him to remain ever with me, and never to try the treacherous sea again. But it was all a dream!"

"Ah, Lydia, you regret the dream, while I am so happy in the reality! But listen to *my* vision, which is not of the past, nor present; perhaps not even of the future, though that remains for you to determine. I thought, Lydia, that this was the hill of life, which you and I were descending together; that this was our own quiet and shaded path; shaded, but not gloomy; with sunshine stealing through every bough, and birds singing on every tree. I thought you looked ever up into my face, as though I were your guide and protector, and gave all your thoughts and feelings into my charge, and regarded me as the only one on earth — the sole Adam in your Paradise! Pardon the dream, Lydia, so full of self-conceit; but I thought your face was so full of joy, and that it turned on me as sweetly and trustingly at the last as at the first; and that when you spoke, the words and tones were all music; and that the sweetest words by which you addressed me — the sweetest, dearest, most thrilling words to which I ever listened, were, '*My dear husband!*' Lydia, it was a dream;

a bright, dazzling dream; can it be no more than this? Oh, say to me, as you dreamed you said to your brother — 'Remain ever with me!'"

"Richard," said Lydia, struggling with the emotions that for some moments had kept her silent; "is this a new dream, for the first time troubling your brain?"

"I have dreamed it for six weeks, Lydia, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. It is not one of my usual 'bewilderments,' as you may possibly suppose, Lydia. I *love* for the first time. I love without much hope, Lydia; aware as I am of my numerous and culpable faults; but, even if I acknowledge a slight hope, founded on our congenial tastes and feelings, you will not deem my vanity unpardonable. I am prepared to hear you say you do not love me; but shut not out all hope that I may some day win a place in your affections. Life would be so dark and worthless to me now, Lydia, if I had not you to share its enjoyments with me!"

"I have never hoped for this," replied Lydia, smiling through her tears. "It is a new and startling thought, that I am loved by one whom I have placed so high above me. Richard, I know not how to speak an untruth; I have loved you, without ever dreaming it possible you cared at all for me. If it be indeed true that I can make you happy, here is my hand, dear Richard. I give it without one feeling of distrust, hoping it may serve you as a faithful minister of my heart. I should not, deeply as I love you, so readily consent to a union that I know your mother thinks will degrade you, were I not sure that it is one of the fondest hopes of your father to see me your wife. Your wishes and his shall rule me — or, rather, is it not, after all, my own wishes, which prompt me to say, *I am ever yours?*"

1847.

ESTHER.

"WILL Mr. Liddell come in the first stage, father?" inquired George Seywood, as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Oh! I hope so," cried Esther, clasping her hands nervously above her plate.

"I hope *not*," muttered Willie, in a demure voice at her side; "it will be nothing but lessons, lessons, *lessons*, then!"

"Will Mr. Liddell pinch ears?" slily asked little Clara of her mother, with a peculiar, roguish smile, that signified some past experience of the chastisement.

"I think he will not arrive before night," replied Mr. Seywood to George's question; "the first stage leaves the city an hour before day."

"That is not very early, if one is going on business," said Esther, pouting a little. She could not bear disappointment.

"O Esther! Let's put some flowers on his table. May n't we, mother?" asked the uneasy little Clara again.

"Yes," was the reply. "If you have finished your breakfast you may each of you gather a bouquet for Mr. Liddell's table."

"Oh, good!" cried the children, springing from their seats, and rushing to the garden. "I'll have the biggest;" "I'll have the prettiest;" "I'll have roses;" "I will get some violets," were the confused shouts that broke in through the window, as they dispersed in their several pursuits.

"I feel anxious about this Mr. Liddell," said Mrs. Seywood to her husband when they were left alone. "The children have been so long under Master Morrell's care, and this gentleman is so young!"

"Young, it is true, but his manners are dignified, and he seems to have uncommon stability of character. Master Morrell is faithful as a teacher, but only think of his manners! Esther, especially, spends half her time in mimicking his peculiarities — shuffling her feet, pulling the tip of her nose, &c., till the poor old man has become nothing but their laughing-stock."

"Esther is a little wild, I fear; and it is particularly on her account that I feel anxious about so young a tutor."

"What!" said Mr. Seywood, laughing. "You don't think Esther old enough to be getting up any romances, do you? Let's see; is she eleven or twelve?"

"Fourteen, last Wednesday. Not old enough for romances, perhaps, but too old to be playing tricks on a young man."

"Poor child, how homely she grows! Her form is a complete bean-pole. What a pity it is her hair cannot change two or three shades darker."

"Her hair! why it is perfectly beautiful, if you could only keep it from flying all over the world. It is as soft and glossy as untwisted silk, and I am sure the color, that beautiful dark brown red, would have quite charmed one of the old painters. I will say nothing of her form and face. She is at a green age, when nothing about her is properly developed; but her brown eyes beam with inexpressible softness and fire when her heart and soul are touched, and her blush is exquisite — but I see you are laughing at me."

"A mother's eyes always look through the glass of the imagination, which will account for the fine coloring you give to poor Esther's charms. I do think, however, the child is remarkable in her character and intellect. Yet she is very odd and ill-tempered. Are you not aware of it?"

"Ill-tempered? Oh no, only irritable from too much sensibility. She has the temperament of genius, for which we must, of course, make allowances."

"The only trouble is, my dear, you allow everything; or at least we may say a few more reproofs would not be without good fruit."

The conversation of the parents was here interrupted by the return of the two younger children; Clara, with a handful of African marigolds, nasturtions and escholtzias, which in her eyes were the pride of the garden; and Willie, who, though not a lazy boy, never accomplished anything, with one or two white lilies and a late summer rose.

The mother smiled, and arranged the bouquets, attaching to each a label with these words, "A gift from Willie," "A gift from Clara." They were set in separate glasses of water, and carefully conveyed to the new tutor's apartment. George came next from the greenhouse, with his tea-roses, his geraniums and camellias, but Esther delayed so long that her mother was just going in search of her, when she returned. She had been more careful in her selection, and yet her bouquet was the least showy of any. A myrtle sprig with a few white buds, a spray of lavender, two splendid pansies, a small moss rose-bud, and an orange flower, with a few forget-me-nots, hidden by a sprig of sweet-scented verbena, completed the assortment. The mother commended the delicacy of her

taste, and Esther begged that she might arrange the label, which she did by neatly printing her name upon a white ribbon, with which she tied the flowers together.

Esther herself arranged the flower-glasses, one at each corner of the student's table. This table stood in the window-niche of a small room which projected from the tutor's sleeping chamber, and opened at one end upon a pleasant balcony. An empty book-case stood ready to receive his library, and everything had been carefully arranged for his comfort and happiness. The children did not expect him in the first stage, oh no! of course he would not like to start so early; but, nevertheless, they ran up the road twenty times in the course of a half hour to see if the stage were not approaching.

At last a shout from George proclaimed its arrival; and father, mother, and children gathered around the door to welcome the stranger. Esther alone was absent. She had stolen away at the first alarm, and with a beating heart stood gazing through the blind of her chamber window, too sensitive to allow her agitation and delight to be observed.

"It may not be he, after all," prudently remarked George, as the vehicle approached the door.

"Yes it is," said Clara, sagaciously; "I see him on the top, with a red shirt on."

This exclamation excited a general laugh, which did not subside till the driver had brought his horses up to the very door-steps.

Mr. Seywood opened the coach door, and a tall figure sprang out, encased in a long linen sack, and covered with an inch or two of dust. "Welcome, Mr. Liddell," said Mr. Seywood, cordially grasping the tutor's hand, and introducing him to his wife and children.

"We hardly looked for you so early," said Mrs. Seywood.

"I took advantage of the cool morning," replied the tutor. "Among my many sage habits, you will find me an early riser."

"A habit which I hope you will teach us all to practise," said Mrs. Seywood, looking particularly at George.

Meanwhile Esther stood at the window above. A scowl gathered on her brow. "I can never be his scholar," she mut-

tered to herself. "Why need he look so much like Apollo? (Esther had read mythology.) If he were only crooked, or lame, or bashful, how I could love him! But he looks up with such clear bright eyes! He is so handsome! How can I ever speak to him?"

Then she thought of her bouquet upon his table, and was frightened at the thought. "To give him flowers, and yet never be able to speak to him; to have welcomed him by so affectionate a messenger, and yet never after to address him a friendly word or look! She would run and take the flowers away. He should have no cause to expect any confidence from her. He should receive his first impression of her from her silence and awkwardness. If he only thought her a fool at first, she should have nothing further to fear."

Such were her meditations as she watched the young tutor while he stood conversing with her father at the door. She ran into his room to remove the flowers. She had just seized the glass that contained them, when she heard footsteps ascending the stairs. "Good Heavens! it was the tutor coming to his room!" How could she escape without meeting him, face to face, at his chamber door. She dropped the flowers, and ran with desperation toward the hall; but as she touched the latch she heard her father's voice immediately without, saying to Mr. Liddell, "We hope you will find your accommodations here agreeable. If any improvement is needed, let us know it. You will find a little room adjoining this chamber, which is at your service for study. Please make yourself entirely at home here, and when you are refreshed from your journey, meet us at the dinner-table."

Esther rushed back into the little study and shut fast the door. She sprang toward the opening that led out upon the balcony, but to her extreme vexation, it was locked, and the key taken away. She had no resource but to remain where she was, and keep the door fast between herself and Mr. Liddell. She stood braced firmly against it, with her hand pressed upon the latch. The tutor came presently and tried to open the door. Pale, trembling, with the perspiration starting from every pore, Esther firmly resisted his efforts. He did not renew them, supposing the door to have been accidentally left

locked. Esther was congratulating herself that at the ringing of the dinner-bell she should escape undetected; but this hope was the next moment frustrated by the entrance of a servant through the balcony door, bringing a ewer of fresh water for Mr. Liddell's chamber.

"How now, Miss Esther, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed in astonishment; but without waiting to reply, Miss Esther had availed herself of the open door, and hurried in mortification to her chamber. Here, overcome by fright, shame, and vexation, she threw herself upon her bed in a paroxysm of tears. The dinner-bell presently rung, but Esther could not compose herself to appear before the family. A servant girl was sent up to tell her that dinner waited. She returned word to her mother that she was sick with a headache, and wished to be excused.

A new source of vexation now occurred to her in the recollection of having, after all, left her bouquet lying, fallen from the glass, upon the floor. She dared not again venture in pursuit of it. So, despite all the annoyance she had suffered, she must at last meet Mr. Liddell under all the disadvantages of a committed friendship.

Mrs. Seywood, who, without knowing all the perplexing things that had occurred to disturb her daughter, suspected that her indisposition was caused by nervous agitation from the dread of encountering her new tutor, came up and administered a composing draught, which soon settled the poor girl into a quiet sleep. This lasted till about five o'clock, when Mrs. Seywood, again entering, found her awake and at the glass arranging her hair.

"If you feel well enough," said the mother, "I will go with you to the schoolroom now. Mr. Liddell is there, prescribing the lessons for to-morrow. He has inquired very kindly for Esther, and wears your flowers on his bosom."

Esther turned pale, but dared not refuse to accompany her mother. Her trembling limbs were hardly able to support her down the stairway. But when she heard her brother's voices in familiar and frank conversation with the dreaded tutor, her courage was a little reassured. Mr. Liddell met her kindly at the door, took her hand, and led her to a seat,

where he stood for some moments, smoothing her hair, praising her flower gift, which he still wore, and expressing many earnest hopes of their long continued friendship for each other.

Mrs. Seywood hastened to reply in Esther's stead, for she, unhappily, had entirely lost her self-command, and was unable to lift her eyelids or to utter a single word.

"Oh, I am such a fool! How he will despise me!" thought Esther.

"Poor child! How she suffers!" thought the mother.

"I like this timidity. Her sensitiveness charms me!" thought the tutor, as each remained silent for a few moments after the introduction.

This day was but the beginning of trials for Esther. The daily recitation hours, and her frequent meetings with Mr. Liddell, so far from overcoming her fear of him, only increased her reserve. She forgot her lessons, though most perfectly committed, blundered at the simplest questions, and almost daily retired from the schoolroom ready to burst into tears the moment she was alone. No one could be kinder, gentler, or more condescending than the tutor. He strove unweariedly to dissipate her embarrassment, and win her confidence. But the more kindness and interest he manifested, the more awe and timidity he inspired. He was puzzled. Was Esther really stupid and ill-humored, or did it all arise from diffidence? He was almost ready to believe in the first, but something in her eye, in her blush, in her very constraint, kept his vigilance on the alert to detect a latent soul.

Esther, on her part, was full of silent grief. More and more conscious every day of her awkwardness and apparent stupidity, she labored more and more every day to atone in private for her deficiencies. Though always a great reader of poetry and fiction, she had never before made such vigorous application to study. Her Italian grammar was entirely at her command when alone, yet she could not correctly decline a single word or quote a single rule in the presence of her teacher. She read through whole poems of Petrarch and tales of Boccacio, understood their beauties even, yet could not translate a line aloud in the schoolroom. When required to write a theme, she borrowed from Hannah More; a forgery

which the tutor could not fail to detect, and for which he gave her a slight reproof which almost broke her heart. After this she could never be induced to bring forward a single line of writing upon any subject. Yet in secret she wrote sheets of romance, of rhyme, of review, that would have done honor to much older intellects.

"He is so beautiful, so good! He knows so much, and talks so divinely! If he could only know that I am not really a dunce — if he could but read my thoughts for a moment! He told me to-day the story of Petrarch, to interest me in the study of Italian. Do I not already know, not only of Petrarch's love and sorrow, but cannot I also repeat his sonnets — yes, and whole tales of Boccacio's besides? But he, '*uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole*' — how can I utter in his presence words that in solitude almost overwhelm me? And then I am so ugly, and he so beautiful! When he fixes his clear bright eye upon me, and speaks to me with that sweetest smile, I feel so ashamed of my sharp nose, my yellow cheeks, and red, flying hair!"

So, in secret, grieved and lamented poor Esther. But in proportion as she suffered, her temper grew more patient and serene. The example of her tutor had great influence upon her unfolding character. His goodness and gentleness ruled and subdued her. Her petulance became restrained, and her kindness more assiduous. Only in his presence she seemed sulky and out of humor.

Two years passed on in this manner, and while each of the other pupils had made rapid progress in study, Esther alone seemed to have derived little advantage from her lessons. So reserved was she, that even her parents knew nothing of her secret attainments. They were often surprised at the intelligence she displayed in her moments of unguarded conversation with them, while in her studies she was apparently so unsuccessful.

"Esther knows more than we think," said Mr. Seywood to his wife one day, as their daughter left the room.

"I don't know how to understand her," replied the mother. "She is the most reserved being I ever knew; and the most of all so to those she best loves. She seems frightened at the

thought that one should notice any signs of intellect in her. I fear the poor girl suffers immeasurably from this timidity."

"Is there no way to overcome it?" asked Mr. Seywood, anxiously.

"I fear not. Every attempt to win her confidence seems to distress her. But she is an excellent girl. Her temper and manners have much improved. No one can be more gentle and kind-hearted than she."

"She is much more interesting in her person, too. I begin to think, with you, that her hair is quite an ornament. If her complexion were only fresher!"

Of late there had been a good deal of village gossip and family comment about Mr. Liddell's attentions to Mary Greeley, the minister's daughter. She was a beautiful and accomplished girl, captivating in her manners, and extremely amiable in disposition. The tutor was evidently much interested in her society. He accompanied her in many of her rides and walks, and spent several evenings of a week at her father's house. Mary, on her part, did not avoid these attentions, and it was currently reported that their mutual friendship had resulted in a matrimonial engagement.

Esther was not deaf to these reports; nor to the railleries daily addressed to Mr. Liddell, at the table. But she heard them all in secret. She never inquired respecting the affair, though her heart was not indifferent to its result. She often watched, through her window-blind, the rides and walks of the young friends as they passed, and some emotions shook her frame, and paled her cheek; but what they were, only her own spirit and the Spirit above her knew.

The term of Mr. Liddell's tutorship at length drew near its close. He was to depart in the autumn for Germany, where he designed entering one of its famed universities. It was already August. George was to enter college, and Willie to continue his studies under Master Morrell. Esther's attention was to be devoted to music and drawing, in the hope that in these accomplishments she might excel her attainments in scholarship.

One evening Mr. Liddell was sitting in one of the summer-houses in the garden, when Esther, Willie, and Clara passed

by without observing him, and stopped under a small grove of trees, furnished with seats.

"Well, Will," said Clara, "you will return again to the sage tutorship of Master Morrell. Tell us, Esther, how it is the old man reads Virgil."

Esther imitated him, pulling the tip of her nose, and shuffling her feet in the dirt. "I never thought before," said Clara, "what made the end of your nose so sharp. You did it by mimicking Master Morrell so much. Now give us a scene from Tutor Liddell."

Esther's eye and cheek brightened, and she drew herself up with dignity. "The Satyr may be imitated, but not Hyperion!" she exclaimed, rebukingly. Clara and Willie laughed, and thenceforth designated the tutors by these names. Mr. Liddell, on his part, was as much surprised as amused by this remark. "Am I really so great in the eyes of this young girl? Then I have never understood her. I have supposed her cold or feeble-hearted; that her nature was not susceptible of enthusiasm. But this does not sound like it. This 'Hyperion' is a strong word from any lips, applied to a mortal man!"

When he afterward met her, it was with renewed kindness and courtesy, and an interest so marked that Esther felt it keenly. But it could not break the crust that had been so long hardening. She could reply only with blushes and monosyllables. These signs, however, were better understood by Mr. Liddell than before. "I have wronged her. She feels *too* keenly. It is this that makes her seem dull and cold. The deepest waters are stillest and least transparent."

The morning of Mr. Liddell's departure having finally arrived, he was leaving his room to take his farewells of the family, when Esther, pale and agitated, met him in the hall. She could not speak, and held out her hand to him, which he kindly and affectionately pressed to his lips. "You must not forget me, Esther," he said; "for when I return my first visit will be here."

Esther replied by a short, sudden glance, that expressed more than a vocabulary of words. Her lips moved tremulously, but no sound was audible. She placed a package of

papers in the tutor's hands, with this inscription: "Esther's soul. Read it when alone, and far out upon the sea."

As this inscription met his eye, he again grasped her hand as she was about to fly from him, and exclaimed, warmly, "Thank you, dear Esther. This is what I have long wished to read, but you would not suffer me."

Tears fell from Esther's eyes upon the hand that detained her. She pressed it fervently for a moment, then tore herself from him, and rushed into her chamber. The tutor stood for some moments much affected by this parting. He had a small book of songs in his hand, which he had intended giving her at his leave-taking, but in the surprise of the occasion he had forgotten it. He now left it at her door, and descended to the parlor, where the other members of the family waited to give him their adieus and good wishes. He could only silently press their hands, and receive their blessings. The parents felt as though parting with a beloved son; the children as though losing a kind elder brother. The tutor's regrets were not less sincere.

We do not intend following either of the personages of our little story very closely through the three years that followed. We wish, however, to look into the contents of that enclosure which Esther had called her *soul*. The tutor obeyed her instructions, and did not break the seal till he was many miles from shore, alone with the sky, the sea, and his own meditations. From among the papers that were enclosed, he first read the following letter:

"My beloved Tutor:—I know not whether I am to excite your contempt or your sympathy by what I write; yet I hope for the latter, when I recollect that in the course of a two years' observation of your character, I have never known you to express contempt for anything beneath the heavens. To this tenderness of nature I appeal in my mortifying confessions.

"How strange a being I am! Stranger to myself than to others, because better understanding the disparity between my secret and my open character; between my esoteric and my exoteric being. (Your philosophic terms have not been lost on me, you see.)

"In your eyes, above all others, I must appear a dunce. No other name can express the dulness and awkwardness I have always manifested, which I should continue to manifest, were I to be in your presence, a thousand years, unless some miracle were to smite the rock beneath which the rapid waters are perpetually gushing. I am not what I seem! Oh, no! something better and nobler, I trust, though weak enough at best. And I have suffered, I desire not to say how much, from the feeling that to *you*, above all others, I could not make myself understood. This suffering has daily grown upon me; and now that you are about to depart, and I have no hope of ever seeing you again, (or if I should, what would it avail, since my lips refuse ever to become the organ of my soul?) I feel that I should die of heart-break, were it not for this resolution I have formed of opening my soul, in *part* only, to your gaze. And this I can do, only in the positive belief that I never again shall meet you, till we meet where all spirits are unveiled, and it needs no speech to reveal the secret thought.

"When I wish to describe myself to you, I feel powerless. How can I make my singularities understood — this desire to be known, and yet this painful shrinking from the slightest revealment of my true nature; this sorrow at being misapprehended, and yet this unconquerable reluctance to explain and justify myself? You, who are so sincere, so frank, cannot, I am sure, divine this conflict between the impulses and the will; and yet not so much *will*, as a necessity laid upon me; some fatal spell, evilly imposed by nature.

"Yet to pass through life unknown, for me, who have such a restless craving for sympathy, is a destiny to which even the inflexible perverseness of my will shall not doom me. To one, at least, — to him who has been my best earthly benefactor, because my best and highest spiritual guide, — to you, my dear tutor, I will in part unfold myself. In the papers that accompany this letter, you will find partial revelations of my soul; fragmentary passages from my book of life. They will surprise you, no doubt; not so much by any elegance or vigor of composition they display, as by the modes of thought and feeling to which you will find my being subject. You

will find that I am not cold; that rather my heart is too much heated and shaken by central flames; that this very reserve that clings about me is but a kind of lava that has stiffened and condensed into an artificial incrustation. You will find that my studies, useless as in your eyes they appear to have been to me, are carefully treasured in my memory, and ready at every mental call. And this will, perhaps, more than anything else, surprise you. You will wonder at the folly, perhaps you will call it perversity, which has made me conceal everything I have acquired; which has often incurred your remonstrance and reproof, rather than betray my secret. This had not been so, were my intellect of the common fashion; but the consciousness of a singular velocity and skilfulness of perception and memory, the penetrating and thrilling certainty of my own genius, (for can I call it otherwise?) has awed and alarmed the sensitiveness of my nature. Oh, it has been so sweet to me to know, and yet so terrible to betray my power! To encounter the wondering glance — to excite astonishment, admiration, and praise — this has been my trembling horror, day and night. Were it only possible to be superior, and have one's superiority discerned without surprise, and appreciated without comment; were it only possible to have all the world born and grow up with a silent recognition of one's greatness, and no admiring aunt or partial friend forever making allusions to one's talent; this were, indeed, a happy sense of fame — this I could have prayed for — this would have made me blest; but my timidity, my sensitiveness, my very soul itself, has fled into darkness at the approach of every curious investigation. I have even taken pride in your reproaches, from a sense of their injustice. I have consoled myself with the feeling that I *am*, and that has atoned for all the bitterness of your suggestions as to what I *ought to be.*

"You will think my present boasting quite inconsistent with my pretended sensitiveness and reserve. But, my dear friend, it is only the simple thought of my heart simply uttered. It is the confession of a veiled soul to the soul under whose glance it would henceforth walk unscreened.

"There is reason why from others I should hide my peculiar gifts. *They* would not understand them. But from

you I had every cause to look for encouragement and sympathy. Why, then, have I so feared you? Because, my friend, you have seemed to me so high, so Hyperion-like, and I, in the contrast, so insignificant. My personal defects have had their share in this humility. My ugliness and awkwardness have been like a nightmare upon my spirits. Had I been beautiful, then you would have looked for intellect, and I should not have feared surprising you. But whenever I would have uttered myself, the thought of exciting your astonishment kept me mute.

"But now, dear tutor, you are far away; and if tones of music reach you from the distance, you will not ask whether the oaten-pipe be played by elf or brownie; whether the wind be blowing through the rugged crevice of an unsightly rock, or touching the strings of a golden lyre. You will only know that the little duncess you could not teach is faithfully taught; that the soulless and almost senseless child has the soul and the sense to suffer deeply, appreciate keenly, and love adoringly.

"You will find a difference of some years between the dates of these papers. Some were written before I knew you. I enclose them, merely that you may see how much I have really developed in mind and character while under your daily influence. There is no completeness in these offsets from my thoughts; scarcely any consistency. They show evidences of continual transition, of a chaotic state, in which the elements of an organization are at work, but in such strange freaks of commotion, that the wisest philosophy would be puzzled to detect a positive determination toward unity. It is not because they are harmonious and finished compositions that I wish you to read them, but because they are my only means of revealing to you my soul, just as it really lives and acts within me.

"And now, my dear tutor, having long enough wearied your patience, I have only to say, in conclusion, that my heart is freer for these confessions, and that in future I shall be happier. I shall live in the delightful consciousness that to one being, and that one most dear and good, I am known in part as I desire to be known. Much freer and nobler do I trust my soul will yet become, as it passes on in its immortal

life. All that you have taught me by precept, and shown me by example, will abide and work within me. The results of my inward efforts and experiences cannot be known to you; for, having sufficiently annoyed you by my present revelations, I retire again into the cloud — the cloud no longer gloomy and dark, but golden with the glow of imaginary, if not real, sympathy. It would be impossible for me ever to meet you again, should circumstances throw us in the same neighborhood. I could never speak to you, or look at you, after what has now passed. It is in spirit, only, I would be known to you; as a being who has lived in your presence, but who lives, henceforth, only in your memory. Farewell! May the Father guide and keep you forever.

ESTHER."

Such was Esther's revelation; and as she said, her heart was freer and happier for having made it. It seemed to have an influence upon her whole conduct. Her sullenness, what remained of it, melted away; her manners became more soft and winning; she interested herself more in life, and in the pursuits of her fellow-beings; was, if not more lovely in character, certainly more amiable in conduct.

Her life flowed on in equable upper-tides, and in strong under-currents that were unseen. She pursued her mental discipline with new vigor, happy only in the acquisition of new truth and beauty, and in the hope of a more perfect and harmonious existence in the future and undying state.

Her imagination, feeding wholly on the celestial and eternal, sublimated her mortal being to something finer and higher than its natural condition. "You might almost say her *body* thought," in the excess of her intellectual life. This mental activity had inevitably its effect upon her health. Her growing body could not gain strength in the fever of so much thought; yet its proportions became graceful, though slender, and her face, if a shade too delicate in hue, was beautiful for the thoughtful earnestness that pervaded it. Even in gayety, it did not lose its pensive softness, and the most joyous excitement only kindled its spiritual radiation into a deeper and intenser beauty.

The delicacy of her constitution did not alarm her parents,

though it made them more watchful and tender. They attributed it to her immature age, and a too rapid growth of intellect; which was, in part, the truth, though there were fires burning beneath which were undetected.

Above a year had elapsed since Mr. Liddell's departure. The family often received letters from him, in which he affectionately alluded to his former pupils, and always with peculiar tenderness to Esther; allusions that made her shrink, and yet which filled her heart with joyous throbbings. "He wishes me to know that he is not angry, that he does not despise me," she thought. "But yet, I almost wish I had not done what I have; that even now he did not know me; and yet that thought would kill me!"

Among her other acquirements, Esther had obtained a good knowledge of German, having studied it secretly during the time that her brother and his tutor were practising it in their ordinary conversation. The desire to listen to these conversations, which were mostly upon literary topics, incited her the more earnestly to the study; and she had made rapid progress before her tutor left. This he discovered by some translations which he met among her papers; and he occasionally sent her a German magazine, in testimony of this discovery.

In one of these, Esther found a poem which she knew emanated from him; a poem too obviously alluding to herself, to be misunderstood. In most delicate, yet fervent words, it expressed the influence which her spirit exerted over his. He likened her to one of those curious little music-boxes, which are passed mutely from hand to hand, and admired for their outward enamel, but from which one who knows the secret, can, by touching a hidden spring, cause an exquisite bird to fly forth, and sing with most surprising melody. Her own kindness had revealed to him that secret. Her soul, like the bird, had sung to him, and its music could never die from his memory. Such, in substance, was the idea of the poem; and it was enough to set poor Esther's soul on fire anew, and to seal her spiritual destiny. Now, then, she might dwell in an exaltation of joy; she might believe herself understood by the only being to whom she desired to be known, by the only one

on earth she could ever love. She should never see him again. No, that was impossible; that was not to be desired; that would break the magic spell of her joy. But she could live in a golden atmosphere of spiritual love; she could feel that in the universe of souls one beautiful one had encountered and recognized her own; and this was all she asked. He might marry, but his soul could never wed; he might die, but his spirit would forever live for her in progressive goodness and beauty.

Fed by the fever of such a love, "the central flames," as Esther termed her thoughts, burned with destructive force. While her spiritual life seemed one of exhilaration and strength, her physical being was tending to a fatal prostration. Nothing vital in her system seemed affected, but there was a nervous agitation and fever perceptibly undermining her strength. This inward fever increased daily as the period approached for the tutor's return from Germany. He had announced it in his last letter as to take place in the month of September; and that season was already appearing upon the crimson boughs of the maple, and the purple clusters of the vine.

"He will soon be here," said Esther, in her own thoughts, "but I shall be away. Will he sigh once at the thought of my absence? Will he mourn that I am dead? He will come in his beauty and goodness, enriched by a thousand new acquisitions from the intercourse of great men, and the impressions of foreign scenes. How eloquent he will be when he speaks of Germany! How much he will say of Goëthe, and Richter, and Schiller! But I shall not hear him. Happy for me that I die, for never could I meet the glance of his soul-penetrating eye! Yes, I die like a poor stunted aspen, growing on the bleak open hills. I am shaken to death. The winds that nerve the oak have rent me into fragments. The faint music I have made has not answered the end for which I was called into being. I shall live on in some nobler condition, and do a higher work, I trust. Oh, my tutor! Could you know with what devotion I have loved you! Could you know how your being has swayed and permeated mine! But the secret goes down to the dust, and you will live on in joy-

ous unconsciousness. You will marry the good and happy Mary. She will bless you with her calm affection; you will never miss poor Esther."

By the time that the tutor arrived, Esther's illness had gained such a hold upon her frame, that she was confined to her chamber, and much of the time to her bed. When told that he had returned, that he was already in the house, that he desired to see her, she was overcome by her emotions. She fainted repeatedly, and could only rest easy when they assured her that the doors of her chamber were locked, and that Mr. Liddell should not be allowed to approach them. He sent up a note, entreating her to see him; assuring her of his grief at her illness, of his earnest attachment, and the extreme sorrow which he experienced at not being permitted to express his feelings to her in person. She sent a reply that she was deeply grateful for his kindness, that she rejoiced at his return, but that to see him in her present state of feeling would be a mortal stroke; and that only when she felt her last breath approaching, could she consent to his admittance. She begged him to remain under the same roof with her as long as her life continued, and closed with the confession that in death as in life, he was to her the dearest and best object upon earth.

To this decision Liddell was forced to submit, though it seemed almost impossible to repress the desire he felt to draw the fluttering and panting dove to his bosom, and make her feel how tenderly he sympathized with her sufferings, and how completely he understood her silent and shrinking nature. Meanwhile he passed the hours in gazing upon a beautiful portrait of Esther, which she had had painted a short time before, with the request that it might be hung in his room till after her death, and then be given to him as her dying legacy. She was taken in the dress of a nun, with one hand throwing back the white veil sufficiently to reveal her face, and the other pressing the crucifix to her bosom. Never was saint more beautiful, never vestal more holy, than this sweet image. Liddell gazed on it till he grew to think it a real saint, in whose presence his whole nature was becoming consecrated. He could not sleep at night, but kept a soft astral burning

beneath the picture, that he might still gaze and gaze with unwearied devotion, and ever deepening love. Until now he had felt toward Esther as a father to a daughter; a tender, protecting friendship, an earnest and holy sympathy, which elevated and softened his nature. But when he gazed on this beautiful face, with its dark and dove-like eyes timidly upturned toward heaven, and its small lips half parted in a serene aspiration, his feeling changed to almost a zealot's devotion; to a reverence and a tenderness too holy to be spoken; which he would not and could not repress, which at once swept away all his past life, and lifted him into a new and ideal existence — a sphere whose only atmosphere was love, and poetry, and serene holiness.

"Must she die? Is there no hope?" asked Liddell of the physician, one morning, as he descended from her apartment.

"The result is uncertain," replied the doctor, drawing the tutor into the parlor, and closing the door. "She has no organic disease. Her symptoms are purely nervous, but may still form a fatal crisis. Everything depends upon the turn her feelings may take. She imagines, fully believes, that she is about to die. When the moment comes for this fancy to operate, she will send for you. Everything depends upon the effect of your interview. You, not I, are the one to save her. If you know her heart, and all that has caused her to suffer, you may have the power to restore it to tranquillity. But though by a happy chance this effect may be produced, you will not be responsible for a different and fatal result. Excess of any emotion at that moment may kill her — joy as soon, yes, sooner than sorrow. Be cautious, therefore, and aim to tranquillize her as much as possible; and be prepared at any moment to receive a summons from her, for evidently she believes her death is very near at hand."

Liddell turned away in the extremest agitation. "Good God!" he cried, "what a responsibility rests upon me! If I kill her — and I shall, poor flower, she is so fragile! — then what remains for me but eternal regret and despair! I cannot survive such a stroke. If she dies, I, too, will go and meet her where there are no such sorrows to disturb us!"

This day wore on in the most breathless suspense. All day

Esther lay with open, brilliant eyes, gazing, as it were, into the world of spirits. Her cheeks glowed, and her lips were moving with inarticulate prayer. The window beside her bed looked out upon the western sky. The sun went down in one of those gorgeous cloud-piles that are peculiar to our September evenings. In the heart of a deep purple range that stretched from north to south, glowed a fiery crimson, shooting out into streaks and fringes of the most radiant gold; the most beautiful assemblage of shapes and colors that ever met a human eye.

Toward this scene Esther's face was turned. Her magnificent hair, which lay in wavy masses upon the pillow, caught a richer tint from the sun-rays that shot upon its shaded redness. The same light played upon her veined and snowy temples, and nestled in the vermil hollows of her youthful cheeks. Her eyes outdazzled the brightness of the sunset. No words can describe their dilated size and splendor. One soft, white hand, not too attenuated, yet wanting the dimpled plumpness of health, was half buried among the heavy folds of her hair. The other lay tranquilly upon her breast.

"Dear mother," she said, in a sweet, cheerful, yet slightly trembling voice, "I wish now to see Mr. Liddell. Leave us alone for a little while."

The mother arose, trembling, to execute this wish. She believed the fatal hour had come, at last, in which she must resign her brightest earthly hope. She tottered into the tutor's room, and speechlessly seizing his hand, pointed to Esther's chamber. He understood her; and pausing one moment, to summon up strength for the trial, he proceeded noiselessly to the bedside of the invalid. Good heavens! what a picture of beauty met him! His strength gave way at once. Tears, rapid and burning, streamed from his eyes in floods that could not be checked. They so blinded him that he could not see the calm smile with which she greeted him. She took his hand and covered it with kisses.

"I could not help loving you," she said; "and just in proportion as I loved, I shrank into myself in terror. To you I am but a simple and romantic child, to whom nature gave conflicting elements of being. I die a child; and the waves of

your memory will soon close over me. But you are to me a ruling genius, every glance of whose eye, and echo of whose thought, is my imperative law. Do not think me foolish for this. 'T is a necessity laid upon me; and in death as in life I cannot resist it. You weep for me in pity; but I am too happy to need tears. Do not weep, dear tutor. Sit down and smile upon me, and let me die gazing into your eyes."

"It is I, sweet spirit, who am misunderstood," he replied, seating himself so that he could throw his arm around her, and with the other hand drawing hers to his bosom. "You do not love me, Esther; you fear me. It is I, only, who love truly. It is I, dear child, whose heart is breaking with vain yearnings. You will not repose in my love. You shrink from me as though I were not good; as though unfit for your pure trust. Esther, sweetest, dearest, purest! Will you die in this cruel way, without one little word or glance to say you believe in my love; that you confide in my eternal faith? Once, it is true, I did not know you — I was unjust to you; — but, from the hour that you so generously let me into your soul, I have loved you, and you only. Now all my being dwells in yours. The future is nothing except as it is filled with thoughts of you. O Esther, one word, one look, to say you believe me!"

While he spoke, her burning eyes were gazing into his soul. Her breath grew shorter and more difficult. Her bosom heaved, and big drops of sweat started out upon her forehead. Still she did not turn away her eyes. Liddell kissed her lips in a passion of love and despair. The warmth of his caresses seemed to renew her strength. "Again! again!" she said. "O, there is life in these — yes, *more* — there is love!" More closely the tutor folded her to his heart; more warmly, more passionately, he covered her lips, and cheeks, and bosom, with his kisses. It was the passion of agonized and intoxicating love; and through the veins of the exhausted invalid it coursed like an elixir of fire. "Raise me," she said. "Raise me in your arms, and let me die upon your good and noble heart. O, yes, I trust in you now! The veil is rent asunder forever, and I look in upon your love, and feel that I am fully repaid for all that I have bestowed. In any other hour I could not have borne this excess of joy."

The tutor supported her in his arms, and they remained thus for a long while, gazing silently into each other's eyes. At length, a repose like sleep seemed settling upon Esther's face. "Is it death?" asked the tutor, with a shudder. "O

Heaven, spare her!" Her eyes finally closed. Her lips parted. Soft breathings, like those of a babe, so soft as to be inaudible, and almost imperceptible, just moved the silken lock that fell upon her cheek. The physician entered; and, when he saw the state in which she lay, his eye brightened, and a smile of hope played upon his lip. The mother, who had stolen for a moment to the door, caught this look of encouragement, and hastened away to weep tears of sweet relief. The tutor sat with an inflexible countenance, repressing, by painful efforts, the violent motion of his chest, which shook like an earthquake beneath the sleeper's head.

For hours he sustained this position, and continued this effort. The twilight deepened into gloom. The stars shone out, awful and bright, as though they knew the mystery of all destiny, and the end of all fate. The moon came up toward midnight, and tipped the western woods with light; that solemn light, so much more impressive than the radiance she pours down from her golden horn when full. The crickets, with a softened chirp, filled the night with their harmonies.

"Will not this sleep exhaust her?" asked Liddell of the doctor, in a low, anxious whisper. The doctor shook his head. "'T is too soft and quiet for that. It lies upon her breast like down."

And so she slept on through the night, in that breathless silence. The father, mother, and doctor, sat round like spectres in the gloom, sleepless, silent, and deep in anxious thought. The brothers and little Clara had fallen asleep upon the sofas and divans in the parlor, too much frightened to retire to their chambers, and yet too young and unused to watching to support the fatigue of suspense. Toward morning, however, the physician persuaded the family to retire, all but himself and the mother, who withdrew outside of the door, but not too far to hear the slightest movement of the sleeper. "She must be alone with Mr. Liddell when she awakes," the doctor said, in reply to the mother's desire to linger at her side. "She is too weak now to bear the slightest disturbance."

How long those dawning hours appeared! From the first distant crowing of the cock till the tint of sunrise on the western clouds, seemed like the passage of an age. Yet Liddell gave no token of weariness. He seemed to have lost all sense of fatigue in the intensity of his solicitude. His arm still surrounded her, her hand still rested softly in his. Now the light, feathery clouds were changing from rose to amber, and gradually deepening into gold. The birds awoke, and filled the heavens with their music. A smile, like the faintest rip-

ple of the air upon a wave, passed over Esther's pallid face. She breathed a low sigh, and slowly opened her languid but still brilliant eyes. She saw the tutor, but no surprise or emotion was visible in her face. She seemed too weak to be even capable of any feeling. Liddell gently relinquished her hand, and touched her lips with a weak cordial which the physician had prepared. She swallowed it, and moved her head slightly, as though weary of her position. The physician approached, and assisted Liddell to remove her carefully to the pillow. She closed her eyes from excessive weakness, but did not sleep. Liddell still kept his watch, and administered the cordial.

In this manner, without much change, the morning wore away. Yet in all hearts there was a deep and growing hope. The crisis had evidently passed, and Esther had escaped the peril. Such gratitude and such joy find not their occasions often in this mortal life.

Not till toward night did Esther speak. It was to her mother, who was bending over her. "I have been thinking whether this be heaven," she said; "for surely some joy, beyond those of mortal life, surrounds and fills me."

"'T is the joy of returning health, my love," said the mother, smiling through her grateful tears.

"'T is something sweeter and deeper than that. It is the atmosphere of a pure and happy love. Is there not some spirit here that loves me still, even as I have dreamed?"

Liddell took her hand. "Yes, Esther, the faithful spirit that will love you forever," he cried.

She pressed his hand. "Did you love me only? she asked, earnestly.

"You only; believe me, dearest!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his heart.

"And our destinies will never be parted?" she continued.

"Never! Life, death, eternity cannot separate us!"

"Then the cloud from my spirit has passed forever. I live as others live, in the open world, with an open heart. I have feared and doubted in all the past, but in all the future I will only love and trust."

Esther's life was true to her promise. As the cherished wife of the man she loved, her heart expanded like a flower in the sunshine. Her timidity and silence toward the world could not be overcome; nor did her tutor wish it. It was enough for him that he could look into the deepest core of the sweet flower, and inhale its richest fragrance. All the more precious was the music-box whose bird sang only for him.

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